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The Pipe of Peace—Hiawatha forms the League of Nations

OPEN SECRETS

Off the Beaten Track in Canada's Story

By

SELWYN P. GRIFFIN

With Illustrations by
T. G. GREENE

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FOREWORD

These brief sketches of colourful incidents from the story of Canada have appeared from time to time as a series in a variety of daily papers from Halifax to Victoria, and in a number of magazines and publications. Special acknowledgment is due *The Canadian Magazine, Willison's Monthly,* the *Queens Quarterly, Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society,* and the *Irish Monthly.* Chosen almost at random from the wealth of romance lying in our annals ready to the hand of all but the most indolent of searchers, they are given merely as appetizers to the more continuous reading of one of the most absorbing histories of the New World.

S. P. G.

Toronto, September, 1929.

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OPEN SECRETS

THE FIRST MODERN LEAGUE OF NATIONS

IT is for the soul's good of the nations of Aryan race that their pride should occasionally be shaken. At the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century A.D. they have evolved a "League of Nations", a fumbling, unsteady arrangement for settling disputes and concerting action. To this they have been driven by a long war of such disastrous magnitude that they live in continual terror of its repetition. At this time of writing, though humanity is hanging on the issue, it is most uncertain whether the arrangement will survive. Hence it is the more interesting to recall that on the American continent there flourished until recently a highly successful league of nations which was founded in the middle of the fifteenth century A.D., long before Europeans had been forced to conceive any such ideal. During the centuries of its existence, this league, though sometimes tested almost to the breaking-point, never failed to operate. Elastic, firm, durable, it could give pointers to the present unproven institution of Europe, and yet it was organized and conducted by a race whom Europeans have agreed to designate as savage.

Among a series of lovely lakes just to the south of the beautiful freshwater sea Ontario, in the present State of New York, there dwelt in the fifteenth century a number of warring tribes of the

same race and stock, known to ethnologists as the Huron-Iroquois. Their common parent-race had formerly occupied the valley of the Saint Lawrence, but had been driven thence in times long past, supposedly by the hostility of the Algonquin nations all around, helped, no doubt, by the increasing of their own population. When the migration took place and how long it endured are lost in the hazy mythology of an unlettered people, but, eventually, the branch of the family which we know as the Mohawk, but who called themselves Canienga, "people of the flint", came to rest in the valley of the river, which still bears their name, a tributary of the Hudson. Here, peacefully inhabiting a rich country, the tribe increased and, one by one, new tribes were thrown off westward, first the Onondagas, then the Senecas, then the Oneidas, then the Tuscaroras. These last went farther west than the others and then south, and ceased their wanderings in that tract which lies between the Neuse and Roanoke rivers in the present State of North Carolina. Then from the Onondagas, who inhabited the region about the present city of Syracuse in New York State, split off the Cayugas, who took up their abode a little to the west of the Onondagas but not so far west as the Senecas. From the latter also there was an off-shoot, the Eries, who dwelt along the southern shore of the great lake, the name of which has perpetuated their memory.

These brother nations did not long remain at peace. For centuries they fought among themselves and with the peoples surrounding. Yet, at home among friends and relatives, they evolved a

rule of conduct so fine and a behaviour so kind and courteous as to call forth the admiration of the Jesuit missionaries, when at length these found opportunity to live in their midst. Crime was rare, poverty unknown and charity universally practised. None went hungry while anyone had food. Mutual assistance in every crisis was the rule and not the admirable exception as with us. Life in the hunter state was, of course, more simple than is ours and was never complicated by the desire for property, that acquisitive impulse from which most of our crime and misery proceeds. Nevertheless, the behaviour of these so-called savages toward each other in their villages was so gentle, their generosity, hospitality, honesty and honour so superb, and their intellect so powerful that Europeans, when they succeeded eventually in knowing them in the every-day life of peace-time, were constantly filled with amazement and have left numerous records of their wonder. This may surprise those who have not taken the trouble to study these people, but it must be remembered that, for the most part, such of their history as is generally known among their successors on this continent, has been written by their enemies, and that only from an acquaintance gained during a long and deadly struggle. For, from that moment in 1609 when Champlain's arquebuses surprised them at Ticonderoga and stretched out their warriors on the earth, though they had had no previous opportunity to know or to quarrel with the French, the issue was never clouded in their councils, nor lost sight of before their clear eyes. It was a war of extermin-

ation. They knew it, though the Europeans often attempted to camouflage their intentions even to themselves. The Iroquois war was savage, but it can hardly be called more savage than the contemporary warfare in Germany between Protestants and Roman Catholics, or the contemporary warfare of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland. Their methods of fighting, learned from the necessities of climate and topography and copied, perhaps, from the wild animals of the forest whom they knew so well, seemed contemptible to the European. To the Iroquois, clever concealment, stealth, the swift blow, the silent and brilliant escape seemed more admirable than the European's method of setting two groups of men a few yards apart in the open to pot each other until the numbers cancelled out or one side's nerves gave way. Yet no one can accuse the Iroquois of lack of courage, for he has proved it too often in the white man's presence and to the white man's satisfaction. There was misunderstanding from the first, and the Iroquois had no literature in which to explain himself and to blacken his enemy. Fortunately there have been French and Anglo-Saxon investigators, before it was too late, whose sense of justice has in some degree made reparation for the general prejudice of the European.

About the year 1450, the Mohawks and the Oneidas were just successfully emerging from a terrible struggle with the Mohegans, a very powerful Algonquin nation living from the Hudson River eastward toward the Atlantic. At the same time the Senecas, dwelling between the Genesee

River and Lake Seneca in the present State of New York, and the Cayugas, situated just eastward about the lake which still bears their name, were both suffering from the oppression of the Onondagas, whose principal town was close to the modern city of Syracuse. The Onondagas were at the time in a condition extremely rare among Indian peoples. They were almost completely dominated by a single man. Atotarho, unequalled in war, boundlessly ambitious, of a force of intellect and personality so irresistible that he had made himself as completely a tyrant over his own nation as the hunter state will allow, was using that nation to extend his sway. So foreign is this mental attitude to the Indian nature and this condition of affairs to Indian experience that to this day the old men, who are the keepers of the Iroquois traditions on the Reserve near Brantford in Ontario, explain Atotarho's character as a madness, the result of an accident. He shot down a peculiar bird which looked like a gull, but which in reality was not. This bird gave off a deadly poison and in handling it Atotarho received the infection which changed his healthy mind into an evil one, ferocious and cruel, with occult powers of destruction.

Among the Onondagas also was a chief of great influence on account of his sagacity and of his unselfish, loveable nature. This man's name was Hiawatha. The name is familiar to Anglo-Saxons through Longfellow's beautiful poem which has become so justly famous. But Longfellow has made him a mythical demigod of the Ojibway Indians, an Algonquin nation whose home was on

the northern shores of Lake Superior. This is not Longfellow's fault, but the fault of Mr. H. R. Schoolcraft, sometime Indian Agent at Sault Ste. Marie, who published a book called *The Hiawatha Legends,* in which he knowingly transferred the name of Hiawatha to certain myths of the Ojibways about their divinity Manabozho. It was this book to which Longfellow went for his information. Hiawatha, however, is no myth, but as well authenticated an historical person as, let us say, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the "Kingmaker", who was living in England at the same time as Hiawatha in the Iroquois country; and he had nothing to do with the Ojibways.

Hiawatha had suffered from Atotarho's lust for power. Three of his sons had died as Atotarho's victims. In sorrow for his nation's plight he had watched Atotarho terrorizing the Onondagas. He had seen him organize a band of fierce young warriors who did his bidding implicitly and who assassinated those who displeased him or stood in his way. He had been present at councils again and again when Atotarho, by his mere appearance, had suppressed discussion, and this was almost intolerable, for the council, peculiar product of the genius of the race, was ordinarily as free and open to the expression of opinion as the course of the wind. He had observed with indignation the attempt of Atotarho to subjugate the Cayugas and the Senecas. His own wrongs caused him to brood over the wrongs of his people and of their neighbours. Silently and apart he developed in his mind a plan for the elimination of war among the Iroquois

nations, and not only among them, but also among all peoples within his ken. In fact, his idea was nothing less ambitious than the abolition of war forever.

Hiawatha's plan was simply a development of the ideas and institutions which he found ready to his hand. Leagues and confederacies were constantly arising among Indian nations, usually designed to meet some transient circumstance. They were ordinarily as transient as the circumstance. Hiawatha proposed no new form. He would merely make another confederacy, but this one should be permanent. Each of the nations should retain its autonomy unimpaired, its local council managing its local affairs, but there should be a great council of the confederacy and the councillors of the local council should form together the great council. All nations, near and far, Huron, Iroquois or Algonquin, as many as were willing should be included.

It was a great idea. Simple and not unfamiliar in its elements, yet, in demanding permanence, it posed the most delicate problem of practical politics. Beginning with his own nation, the Onondagas, Hiawatha summoned a council. Around the council fire squatted a great assemblage, rank on rank of dark and earnest faces, and the tobacco smoke curled upwards from hundreds of decorated pipes as they listened in thoughtful silence while the beloved chief unfolded his idea. Suddenly there stood on the edge of the circle the sinister figure of Atotarho. It was enough. No one dared approve or disapprove. Under the gaze of those terrible eyes discussion was stifled.

One by one the chiefs and warriors rose and departed. Each one knew that he was being watched by many pairs of eyes beside Atotarho's, for throughout the council circle were distributed the members of his execution gang.

Undaunted, Hiawatha sent his summons for a second council. Far fewer came this time. Once more Hiawatha laid out his scheme. Once more there appeared the grim and threatening countenance of Atotarho. As before, the council melted away from before the orator.

While the assemblage had been gathered for the council and the temporary bark huts stood in the open near the forest-edge, the men moving about on the greensward, the women building their cooking-fires, Hiawatha's daughter, last of his children, was carrying a bundle of faggots from the forest to her lodge, very slowly, for she was soon to be a mother. Atotarho stood looking on. Suddenly his shout was heard that a strange bird was flying overhead, and ordering by name one of his band to shoot it. The warrior shot and the bird fell close to Hiawatha's daughter. Almost before it had touched the ground there was a stampede for it from every direction. In the crush the girl was knocked down and trampled, and she died. There was no proof that Atotarho had planned this result. It seemed the merest accident, and yet, those present, carefully remembering every circumstance, remained convinced that it was Atotarho's doing.

For a third time the grief-stricken, indomitable Hiawatha sent forth his runners with the belts of wampum inviting to another council. This time

Atotarho's triumph was complete, for no one came. Then Hiawatha sank upon the ground, drew his soft leather blanket over his head and remained long in sorrowful meditation.

When at last he rose he had taken his resolution. His daughter's death had severed the one remaining link which bound him to his own people. He went forth to the brother nations. As he left the great Onondaga town, he passed, seated just outside at a spring by the forest's edge, the form of Atotarho, the grim face inscrutable, this encounter his tacit triumph.

Along the well-beaten forest trail swung Hiawatha, over mountain and across running water. He made a canoe and traversed Lake Oneida, thence up a stream to the carrying-place where now stands the city of Rome, N.Y. A mile of portage and he was floating on the headwaters of the Mohawk River. Bearing with him, as a sign of peace, strings of small white shells gathered on the beach, perhaps of Lake Oneida, ("wampum" the nations called them), down he paddled till he reached, in the grey dawn, the first village of the Mohawks, the Caniengas. He beached his canoe and sought the clear spring from which the inhabitants of the bark huts drew their water. There he sat and waited, the wampum strings upon his breast. Presently there came a woman with a vessel of sewn bark for water. Awed by the solemn mien of the silent, unmoving stranger, the woman hastily retreated to the lodge. There she told her husband's brother, the great chief Dekanawidah, of what she had seen. "This is a guest," said the chief, "We will make him wel-

come''; and he ordered one of his brothers to bring him in forthwith.

At the first glance Dekanawidah knew Hiawatha for a kindred soul and Hiawatha knew him. Dekanawidah accepted his great idea, grasped its full significance, caught his enthusiasm. Together they presented it to the Caniengas. Council after council debated at length the plan in all its bearings. Finally, the chiefs in conclave officially adopted it for the nation. The start was made.

Next, Dekanawidah sent his brothers as ambassadors to the Oneidas, offshoot of the Caniengas and their closest associates. The plan laid before them in council assembled, the chiefs postponed decision for a year. In the unhurried manner dear to the native of the American forest, they thought it over. When, however, the Canienga ambassadors returned for answer at the time appointed, the Oneidas were ready, and the first treaty of the great league was ratified.

It was now time once again to approach the Onondagas, Hiawatha's own people, and the terrible Atotarho. Dekanawidah, accompanied by an Oneida chief, went straight to the tyrant himself. Haughtily the latter refused to consider the project. Undiscouraged, the ambassadors passed on westward to the Cayugas, latest off-shoot of the Onondagas. To the Cayugas, the scheme seemed heaven-sent, promising relief from the perpetual menace of the fierce Atotarho. Here was made the second treaty of the league.

Three ambassadors, Canienga, Oneida, Cayuga, now presented themselves before Atotarho.

The cumulative effect of these acceptances of the idea which he had long before rejected was beginning to tell upon the tyrant. He was politic and wise, but not so wise as Hiawatha, who was directing every step of the whole movement. The ambassadors made most flattering proposals. Let the Onondagas, central in position, be the foremost nation of the confederacy. Let the great Onondaga town be the capital. Let the councils be held there and let the council fire of the confederacy be lighted there never to die out. Let the Onondaga nation have more members in the great council than any other and let Atotarho be the first in honour among all the councillors. Let him have the right to summon the council and let him have the right to veto any measure. Give him special symbols of high rank and let him have two chieftains always his attendants on state occasions.

His face thus saved, Atotarho, who had no wish to see a powerful confederacy of enemies spring up all around to be a check upon him, yielded gracefully. In full council the third and most important treaty of the league was made. Then four ambassadors sought the Senecas westward beyond the Cayugas. They, too, most populous nation of all, were offered special honours. They should be keepers of the doorway of the league, and their two greatest war-chiefs should bear this title. So the Senecas consented and the league was formed.

The council of the five nations met forthwith at the Onondaga capital near Onondaga Lake. Great crowds of warriors and women and children as-

sembled to look on and listen, perhaps to take some part, for Indian councils rarely were exclusive. Hiawatha, author of the great idea, was present and the guiding genius. Here the league was ratified and its government organized.

The great council was constituted. It was to consist of fifty members. To the Caniengas were given nine seats, to the Oneidas nine, to the Onondagas fourteen, to the Cayugas ten, to the Senecas eight. At this first council each of the five nations was represented in this proportion save the Caniengas. Their delegation was ten, for there was present Dekanawidah, organizer of the league. At his special request none was appointed to fill his place. It was left forever vacant in his memory.

The variation in the numbers of the representation was not important, save as ornament, for each nation had but one voice in the final decision. All the councillors from each nation might speak their mind, but each delegation decided apart by discussion among themselves the stand of that particular nation on the question before the council, and this was announced by the leading one among them. As with our juries in criminal trials, decisions of the council were unanimous. Thus Atotarho's veto was no danger, for each nation possessed a similar veto, and all the concessions to Atotarho were mere compliments, devoid of real authority.

The position of a member of the council was no empty honour. The authority of each was coextensive with the league, and ran, no matter in what territory he found himself within the Iro-

quois confines. There was no greater elevation among the Iroquois than that of a member of the council. The office was made hereditary. These fifty were the Iroquois nobility, they and their families. The Iroquois word which designates them is "royaner", the exact translation of our "nobleman", or "lord". The name of each of these original councillors became a title, which has been assumed by all successors at their investiture through twenty generations, and is still borne by the present representative on the Grand River Reserve near Brantford, in the Province of Ontario. There you may meet the modern Hiawatha, proud of his great title and his descent, as is Norfolk in England, Hamilton in Scotland, Leinster in Ireland, Condé or Richelieu in France. There you may meet the modern Atotarho, *princeps inter pares,* premier peer of the confederacy. There also you will seek in vain a Dekanawidah, honoured by the omission of succession.

Though the titles were and are hereditary, the succession is not by the European right of primogeniture. The son of a nobleman of the League has never succeeded his father. A nephew, or a brother, or a cousin, or a grand-nephew may succeed, for the right of inheritance is through the women of the family, not the men. A brother, a sister's son, an aunt's son, these are eligible, but there is no heir apparent. The oldest woman of the family holds the authority to select among her male descendants. Sometimes she has felt herself incapable of choosing wisely, or has not wished to decide completely, and has submitted to the Council two, or perhaps three, names. The Coun-

cil has then made the final selection, and, with all ceremony, has invested the new member. Never, however, while there remain male relatives of the last nobleman's mother, may the choice be made outside the family.

The Council was all-powerful for the League. Peace and war came only by its decision, alliances were made or broken, embassies were heard. Disposal of the affairs and lands of the subjugated nations in the later times, regulation of disputes within the League, extension of the League, treaties with regard to lands, settlements within the territories of the Iroquois, investiture of noblemen, perchance the deposition of one unworthy, these were matters which constantly engaged the attention of the councillors.

As the years passed on there arose another class of distinguished men by the side of the hereditary oligarchy. These were the chiefs, "men of an elevated name". By exceptional prowess in war, by great wisdom of advice, by the power of eloquence, which last possessed a singular fascination for the Iroquois, they won their eminence. Publicly recognized in their own nation, by the action of the Great Council this eminence became a life-long rank, but not hereditary. Little by little the chiefs were admitted as advisers to the councillors, until eventually their importance almost rivalled that of the nobility. Thus was liberalized the oligarchy of the Iroquois, though from the first its operation had been very democratic. For public opinion had always found utterance and had always exercised a powerful influence on every decision.

When the League was founded and the Council at last was functioning, the great-souled Hiawatha would not allow it to forget the remainder of his lofty purpose. Embassies were sent to all tribes near and far, inviting them also to join the Confederacy. One of these reached even to the hostile Cherokees a thousand miles away. All brought back refusals, save only from the Ojibways by the shores of Lake Superior. Too far away to be admitted to the Council of the League, with them was made a firm alliance which, though occasionally strained, has lasted ever since. The dream of Hiawatha, the elimination of all war, was not accomplished, but it is a magnificent tribute to the heart and intellect of that race, to whom war had been so glorious an exercise, that it should have been willing to reach out after this ideal. It does not detract from the credit that it was largely due to the genius of Hiawatha, whose fervid eloquence and whose charm of personality endeared him to his generation and to all their posterity even unto this day. Though imperfectly realized, his ideal, however, always dominated the Iroquois policy. No appeal for shelter and for admission to the League was ever refused. Even of nations conquered after bitterest warfare, such as the Eries and Hurons, large fragments were adopted. Broken in warfare with the Anglo-Saxons, the Tuscaroras from the south were welcomed and given lands. The Tuteloes and the Saponies, former enemies, received asylum in the League in the hour of their distress. Nations of Algonquin stock also found refuge there; the Mississaugas in our own Niagara Pen-

insula, and the remnants of the Mohegans and Nanticokes. They were not all given representation on the Council, for sentiment had crystallized regarding this venerable institution and it could not be lightly altered even in the smallest detail, but they were granted lands and hunting areas and they came within the circle of the Iroquois Peace.

For the Iroquois called their League the Great Peace. It was so referred to in their national anthem chanted on the occasion of each investiture. There is in this hymn nothing of war or bloodshed of triumph or of exultation, nothing about confounding enemies, nothing of imperial ambition nor of "lesser breeds without the law", only an intense veneration of the founders of the Great Peace and of thanksgiving for it. It places the "ferocious Iroquois" in a light far different from that which the White Man's histories ordinarily throw upon him.

Such was the Iroquois Confederacy, splendid product of a master mind. Had the White Man never come, no doubt it would still be exercising sway over untold leagues of forest, lake and river. It was no flaw in the work of the founders which caused it to go down before the European's relentless march. The Revolutionary War, which rent the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent, split the great Confederacy. The largest part of the Iroquois removed to Canada as loyalists. There they were granted by the British Government a territory twelve miles wide, six miles on either side of the Grand River from its source near the present Orangeville to its mouth on Lake

Erie, lands over which they themselves had recently held rule. Through the shameless cupidity of the white men this tract was gradually whittled away, till the Canadian Government stopped the process and saved for the Iroquois the present Grand River Reserve.

A large number of the Senecas and some few Onondagas and Oneidas clung to the ancient home of their people in New York State. There their descendants may yet be seen. In Canada, the League strove heroically to continue. The Great Council carried on until the year 1925. Now it has been reconstituted on an elective basis by the intervention of the Canadian Government, and the chapter of Hiawatha's work is closed. Small wonder that the hereditary nobility recently made frantic efforts, by appeals to the foot of the Throne and by appeals to the League of Nations, to prevent this disruption of the national tradition so insistently demanded by the present-day youth of their nation. But no doubt the noble families will continue to bear the great ancestral titles, and Hiawatha will succeed Hiawatha, though no longer will there be power to exercise and work to do.

He who knows the Indian only amid our civilization and on its fringes laughs lightly at the myth of the noble Red Man. But the Red Man cannot be judged by his dispirited representative amongst us now, hopeless of his future, subject to the arrogance and contempt born of ignorance. Under similar conditions the Anglo-Saxon would hardly be representative of his race's best achievements. There was, however, not a little

truth in the romantic idea of the "noble Red Man". Granted that he was unsanitary in his personal habits, capricious, cruel in warfare, shocking to the Puritan in sexual relations, stubborn, proud, and that he tortured his prisoners, yet he has displayed to the admiration of those Europeans who have succeeded in knowing him such splendid qualities of heart and brain, such fine feeling and such high standards in his social relations as have caused these Europeans indignantly to repudiate the epithet savage applied to him. The fascination which the hunter state held for the Iroquois and his country's lack of domesticable animals prevented him from raising himself into that condition of human life which we call civilized, though he held in his hands the best part of the means for such effort in his knowledge and practice of agriculture. Even so, had the White Man not come so soon, it is quite conceivable that in the course of the centuries, with the establishment of a wide ascendancy, the League would have developed into a civilization. As it is, however, it remains the finest product of the Red Man's mind and social capacity throughout those vast reaches which have become the United States and Canada.

MAISONNEUVE

OF all the gallant gentlemen of France who laid the foundations of our country and whose names are a glory to our history none possessed a finer, more Christian character than Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve. Founder of that little mission outpost in the heart of heathendom and savagery, which has become the greatest city in Canada, fearless protector of its infancy, arbiter of its daily life and destiny for a quarter of a century, in his life-time he was denied all recognition of his masterly activity and, in the end, after suffering undeserved humiliation at the hands of the Governor of Canada, was ignominiously dismissed without reward save his own sure consciousness of work well done and a life most nobly lived.

Ville-Marie, alternatively bearing the name Montreal, which Jacques Cartier had fastened upon the spot, had passed through its troublous early days and was firmly established. Any inhabitant of the place would have told you that its marvellous survival amid the dangers which had so often threatened to overwhelm it was due to the loving care of its patron, the Blessed Virgin Mary, in whose honour this missionary settlement in the wilderness had been made, and to the serene courage of her devoted knight, the Sieur de Maisonneuve. The latter, as Governor from the beginning, had regulated each daily detail of de-

fence and colonization, had watched with more than fatherly solicitude over the affairs of his struggling colonists, had generously spent his own means in their behalf, and, with that practical wisdom, which was united in him with boldness and force of personality, had succeeded in a hazardous enterprise in which most others would have failed.

In 1663, the King, the Great Louis XIV, took the government of Canada from the hands of the fur company, which had for thirty-six years exploited the colony. The civil wars were over at home; the domination of the mighty Cardinal Mazarin had ended with his death; Louis was gathering into his own hands all the scattered reins of administration, never again to allow them to escape.

Montreal, had, from its foundation in 1642, enjoyed practical independence. The whole island of Montreal had been granted by the King as a feudal estate to the Company of Montreal, a missionary society in France whose sole object was the planting of an outpost of the faith in the very midst of heathendom, of rooting it with colonists in the soil so that it might endure, and of eventually gathering around this nucleus of the Christian religion the tribes of the wilderness whose souls it was its intention to save. It did not enter into the calculations of its members that the spot they had chosen was the best in all Canada for the fur-trade, but they did see how it could be the most advantageous post from which to radiate a Christian influence far into the forests, and to which, by three mighty waterways, to draw

the savage nations. They contemplated no profit from this great estate, but granted land to colonists and maintained them on the most generous conditions, and during twenty-two years poured vast sums from their own resources into this insatiate, wild fief. The King granted them with the estate the right to nominate the Governor of the post, and the right of administering justice both criminal and civil. The place was almost independent of Quebec, much to the chagrin of the latter, and the Governor of Canada enjoyed a very indefinite superiority.

More than one Governor of Canada was piqued at the virtual independence of Montreal, and in his exasperation visited his spleen upon its Governor. Maisonneuve endured insult and calumny and unwarranted abrogation of his authority with meek submission. It was his practice to set an example of instant obedience to a superior officer, and his principles forbade him to seek satisfaction for personal slights. When, however, the prerogatives of his lords, the Company of Montreal, were assailed, he was prompt to move for redress, and he won his points.

In 1665 there came with pomp to Canada the Sieur de Tracy, newly appointed Lieutenant-General of the King throughout the two Americas, backed by a regiment of veterans, the famous Carignan-Salières, to settle the Iroquois, the scourge of the valley of the St. Lawrence, and to reorganize the Government. Apostle of his royal master's increasing absolutism, the old general, who had fought that master's battles all over Europe as friend and assistant of the great

Turenne, could ill brook the unsubordinated self-sufficiency of a rough backwoods fortress settlement of less than five hundred people, even though that independence derived from the King himself by charter. Everything must be centralized at Quebec. Moreover, the Lieutenant-General came prejudiced against the Sieur de Maisonneuve. His mind had been poisoned by the latter's enemies, some of the former administrators of the country who had failed to extend their personal authority over Montreal. One of his first acts was summarily to dismiss the faithful Governor of Montreal. He ordered him to return at once to France as being incapable of maintaining the rank and appointment of Governor which he held. Then, realizing that this act was strictly illegal, in spite of his almost unbounded powers, to prevent enquiry at Court, he appointed Maisonneuve's second-in-command to the vacant post in the following casuistical words: "Having granted permission to M. de Maisonneuve, Governor of Montreal, to journey to France on private business, we are convinced that we could make no worthier choice than of the Sieur Dupuis to command in his absence, and for as long as we shall judge right and fitting."

The citizens of Montreal, surprised and angry, dared utter no word in the face of vice-regal authority. They could scarcely believe that such gross injustice could be done in the name of their most gracious Sovereign. Maisonneuve obediently departed forthwith. He knew himself the victim of a court intrigue, but it was far from his nature to answer intrigue with counter-intrigue,

even if he had been able. But he held his head high. He had wrought a great work. His hands were clean. He left the country far poorer than he had entered it, having resolutely refused either to engage in the immensely lucrative fur-trade or to obtain any seigneurial grant. Both of these would have been easy for him, and both were the common practice of officials from France. Having lived almost entirely upon his own slender private means, actually he was owed a large sum by the colony. This he refused to collect, and made it over to the charities of the place. He had the satisfaction, also, of knowing that he carried with him the esteem of the savage tribes, both friends and enemies, and the admiration of all over whom he had so disinterestedly and reasonably wielded for so many years an authority almost despotic. More, he knew that he carried their affection, and that was enough for him.

Maisonneuve returned to report to the priests of the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, who had taken over the labour of love from the failing hands of the Company of Montreal. These, to show their confidence in him, begged him to accept a substantial pension for life in lieu of the income that had been assured him by contract years before when he had been setting out to found Montreal, and which he had used entirely for the advancement of the colony. Yielding to their pressure, he accepted. Almost immediately, however, he turned this over to a needy friend, to whom the Sulpicians loyally paid the sum until Maisonneuve's death in 1676.

From 1665 he lived obscurely with his faithful

servitor, Louis Frin, in a little, second-floor apartment in the Faubourg Saint-Victor in Paris. Here he was visited occasionally by devoted friends from Canada, whom he entertained to the limit of his resources. He himself would answer their knock at the door, himself would run across to the corner wine-shop for a bottle of welcome, and it seemed to his friends that he waited on his feeble servitor far more than he was waited on by him. In the back-yard of the apartment house he had had built a comfortable log cabin in the Canadian manner, and had furnished it with mementos of the country where his life-work had been done and where his heart remained. It was here that his guests were lodged.

On September 10th, 1676, Maisonneuve was buried from the church of the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine in the Faubourg Saint-Victor. There is no trace of his tomb, but his monument is Montreal in Canada.

> Man, proud man
> Drest in a little brief authority
> Plays sueh fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
> As make the angels weep.

For all his magnificence the Sieur de Tracy is but a little incident in Canada's story, and is hardly remembered at all in the land of his birth. But the name of Maisonneuve, that brave, unselfish soul, who, to the great Vice-Roy was merely a retired army officer in command of a petty up-country station, takes rank forever among the first in the roll of Canada's heroes.

AS SHEEP IN THE MIDST OF WOLVES

THE beginnings of French colonization in Canada and of French missionary effort coincided with the prime and mightiest period of the expansion of the Five Nation Indians, the Iroquois as the French called them. Living in the lands immediately south of Lake Ontario (to which they gave the name), formed into an elastic and strangely durable confederacy, by their superior organization, by the accident of their acquiring firearms from the Dutch before other Indian tribes secured them, by their natural genius for savage warfare, and by the elation which success engenders and which engenders success, they conquered one by one the surrounding tribes for a thousand miles in every direction. One by one they dispersed, reduced to slavery or exterminated these tribes, till their name and their terrible war-whoop were greeted with abject fear from Cape Breton to the western end of Lake Superior and from South Carolina to Hudson's Bay.

In 1649 these irresistible wilderness legionaries fell upon the Huron Nation, of their own race and family, living in the northern half of what is now Simcoe County in Ontario. Their swift and frightful blow unnerved the Hurons, and the onslaught of one more year served to disperse them. By this blow was destroyed the flourishing Chris-

tian mission in the Huron country, built up by the enthusiasm and cruel self-sacrifice of the Jesuit missionaries during almost a quarter of a century.

In this year, 1649, five of those selfless missionaries attained martyrdom at the hands of the conquerors. For men actually looking for death that they might wear the martyr's crown, the threat of death and torture held slight enough terror. Within six years the Jesuit missionaries had established themselves in the very heart and centre of the country of those martyring conquerors, at Onondaga, the council-town of the Confederacy. There are few finer stories than that of the heroism of these men. But this establishment at the heart of the dread confederacy reveals more than their courage. It reveals the consummate policy of the great missionary society which directed them, as well as their own astuteness, adaptability and resource in meeting every situation.

In 1655, the Onondagas, the centre-nation of the five, keeper of the council-house and the undying council-fire, after a series of bloody depredations upon the French settlement changed their line of action. They sent ambassadors to Quebec, who invited the French missionaries to come amongst them and to bring with them a settlement of Frenchmen who should make there a permanent home. Further, they were urgent that the remnant of the Hurons who had been saved by flight and French protection, and were living on the Island of Orleans, should come and be one people with their conquerors.

The invitation was no more startling than might have been a similar invitation from Ger-

many to Belgium, had Germany won the Great War. Yet it had to be considered. There was just a possibility that the fearful Iroquois were sincere, for the invitation came from the most tractable and sweet mannered of the Five Nations. And, if the request were refused, the consequence would be serious, both for the French colony in Canada and for the Christian missions. Moreover, the missionaries would be exposed to the reproach of both the Iroquois and of the home supporters of missions that they had evaded a clear, unmistakable call. For the colony it would probably mean relentless war. There were advantages, on the other hand, worth almost any risk of perfidy. Here was a chance, precarious, but still a chance, to open Christian mission work in the most important field in North America, the key position, in fact. For the civil authorities here was a chance of annexing by civilian habitation a huge tract of fertile country and of seizing a strategic point in the fur-trade. The Dutch were pushing northwestward from the Hudson. The English settlements were creeping up on both sides of the Dutch. This was perhaps the only opportunity that would come of seizing the barrier lands to the southward of the Great Lakes.

The Governor of New France, his counsellors, and the Jesuits held anxious conference in their perplexity. The Jesuits would probably have trusted themselves anywhere without hesitation, provided the least prospect of success showed through the obscurity. It was, however, a serious matter to send off forty or fifty Frenchmen from a tiny population of two thousand or so

spread over the whole St. Lawrence valley, with the probability of their being used as hostages to hamper defensive movements of their brethren against renewed Iroquois aggression, or of simply being massacred to reduce the total of Frenchmen.

To gain time and to test the sincerity of the Onondagas, two Jesuit missionaries were sent to spy out the land, Fathers Dablon and Chaumonot. The first was a comparative newcomer, the second a veteran of the lost Huron mission. They were received with unbounded enthusiasm by the Onondagas and Senecas. They were entertained and fêted with the best that Indian life and manners afforded. Yet, amid all the luxuriant metaphor and picturesque phraseology of the Indian ceremonial welcome Father Chaumonot's practised ear caught occasionally a discordant, a warning, threatening note. All five of the Iroquois nations were not agreed on the policy of introducing this colony of French and Hurons. The Mohawks were jealous of the Onondagas. They felt that the latter were stealing a march on them in acquiring this large number of Hurons to be incorporated as warriors and this colony of French who would, no doubt, open up for them a fur-trade with Quebec. The Mohawks were continually trying to make use of their situation nearest to the Dutch at Albany on the Hudson River to act as middlemen for all the fur-trade with the Dutch, and they resented the prospect of the diversion of Onondaga furs. On the other hand, the Onondagas conveyed the very clear impression to the Fathers that, if the French did not

make up their minds at once, there would be war.

While Father Chaumonot remained with the Onondagas, within six months Father Dablon returned to Quebec bringing word of the welcome undoubtedly awaiting the French, of the general mildness and good nature of the Onondagas, but not concealing the possibility of treachery, nor the lack of unanimity among the Iroquois as a whole on the question. There were more anxious debates. Once more the pros and cons were exhaustively set forth. In the midst of the deliberations suddenly came a Huron slave, escaped from Onondaga. He was positive in his warnings. He had fathomed the Onondaga design, he said. It was to attract to their country as many French and Hurons as possible, and when the time was ripe, to massacre them.

At this news most of the Hurons who had thought of venturing took fright and refused to move. The French, however, in spite of all the suspicious circumstances and the obvious danger, resolved to go. The Governor said that it was necessary to perish in order not to perish and to expose oneself to dangers of all kinds in order to avoid all danger. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church", said the Jesuit missionaries.

On the 17th of May, 1656, the expedition started from Quebec, four Jesuit missionaries, two lay assistants of the Society, and about forty Frenchmen under the command of Major Zacharie Dupuis, up to this moment commandant of the garrison at Quebec. These last were the soldier-workmen to lay the foundations for a permanent colony. There were also in the party a number

of Seneca and Onondaga Iroquois, come as escort. Lastly there were a number of the bolder Hurons, who still found courage to face the pressing welcome of their old and treacherous enemies.

The journey was very arduous and dangerous. Not far from Quebec itself three hundred Mohawks lay hidden. They let the main party pass, and fell upon some straggling canoes, wounded one Frenchman, handled very roughly some Onondagas, and bound as prisoners several Hurons. The Mohawks were showing their jealousy and annoyance at the procedure of the Onondagas in securing the colony of French and Hurons. This incident was almost civil war, as the outraged Onondagas pointed out in no uncertain tones. Thereupon, the Mohawks set every one at liberty, apologized to the Onondagas and to the French, and blandly claimed it was all a regrettable mistake. The expedition proceeded, a bit shaken by the experience.

Four days to Three Rivers, eight days' rest there, three days to Montreal which was reached on May 31st—so went the voyage up the St. Lawrence. From Montreal, then a missionary outpost of three hundred people, a messenger canoe sped off to announce at Onondaga, close to the modern city of Syracuse, New York, the coming of the colonists. On June 8th they took off once more in twenty canoes from Lachine. Through Lake St. Louis, then toiling painfully past Les Faucilles, the Split Rock, the Cascades and the Coteau Rapids, at length on June 17th they paddled out on the smooth waters of beautiful Lake St. Francis. On June 20th they portaged

around the Long Sault Rapids; on June 27th around the Galop Rapids, the last in the climb to the Lake Ontario level. After that the journey was amid the enchantment of the Thousand Islands till they turned southwest, skirting the heaving waste of blue Ontario's waters. On July 7th the mouth of the Oswego River was reached. Up this swift stream, with its wild rapids, the colonists struggled, famine-sick and weary, till welcomed by a party of Onondagas bringing food. It was July 11th when at last they dipped their paddles amid the wavelets of the pretty Lake Gannentaha, Lake Onondaga of to-day. Major Dupuis landed some of his men with five small cannon. These fired a salute which roared across the waters and reverberated among the forest-clad hills, to the astonishment and delight of the multitude of natives waiting a mile or two away on the beach to receive their guests with all due ceremony. Then Dupuis arranged his brigade of canoes in formal order, four abreast, five ranks, and they swept across to the landing place, the white banner of the mission, its device the name JESUS, floating aloft in the afternoon breeze. The Frenchmen landed, formed in line, and fired a volley from their muskets. The natives were immensely pleased.

There on the beach was Father Chaumonot to welcome them. Behind him thronged the Onondagas, men, women and children. Nearby stood two high scaffoldings and thither mounted the principal chiefs. The poetic extravagance of their addresses was cut short, however, by the sudden arrival of a summer shower which sent everyone

scurrying for cover. The welcome was continued individually and less formally. It seemed genuine as well as enthusiastic. Exceedingly thoughtful as hosts, the Onondagas insisted on the tired-out Frenchmen getting early to sleep. They even continued for a while outside the bark huts to croon soft Iroquois lullabys as a soporific.

Next morning the French turned out in ceremonial regalia by the margin of the little lake. They sang the Te Deum as thanksgiving for safe arrival and then, in a special form of words, took possession of the whole country in the name of Jesus Christ, and at the celebration of the Mass consecrated it to Him and to His service.

Thus was founded the Onondaga mission. On Sunday, July 16th, all the French were present at a thanksgiving Mass. On Monday, the seventeenth, work was started on the fort and general buildings. The site was a hill commanding a magnificent view over lake and nearby country. Numerous fresh springs provided abundant drinking water. Trees were felled, logs squared, boards cut, and palisades erected.

Leaving the men at this employment, Father Lemercier, the Superior, and Father Chaumonot, escorted by fifteen French soldiers, visited the great Onondaga town, ten or twelve miles southward. Welcomed by large crowds, harangued in the floweriest metaphor by the chiefs, the Frenchmen were led to the bark cabin of the greatest of the chiefs, which was set apart for their use. Here fruit and game and fish were showered upon them from all sides throughout the ten days of their stay. The families of the town fought with one

another to have one or other of the Frenchmen as guest. Another party of the French, in uniform, came escorting Major Dupuis, flags flying, drums beating as they marched in. The effusion of cordiality reached its height. The French could not believe that there was aught of treachery here.

On the evening of the Jesuit fathers' arrival in the town a council of welcome assembled. There in the dusk about the council fire squatted the representative chiefs from each of the five Iroquois nations, the fire-gleam playing in fitful brilliance upon the colours of the feathered head-dresses and the dark, solemn visages beneath them expressing unutterable dignity. Rank on rank behind the chiefs squatted lithe-limbed, naked warriors with impassive faces, smoking unceasingly. Behind these the women. Each chief presented gifts of welcome. The Onondaga was particularly gracious. The Mohawk, for the sake of the League and custom, gave presents, but his speech was sarcastic and full of innuendo. He railed at the French for giving, at the recent council at Quebec, presents which could not be divided and had therefore necessarily been appropriated entirely by the Mohawks. Father Chaumonot rose to reply. To the astonishment of the Mohawk the Iroquois sentences tripped lightly from his tongue. He had been present at the council in Quebec, and his memory was good. One by one he recalled the presents, for whom and in memory of what given, belts of wampum, blue cloth and red, coats, guns. Were these, he asked, such things as could not be divided or given to those for whom they had been

sent? Reduced to utter confusion, the Mohawk chief thereafter paid the Father most marked civilities.

During their stay the French made every effort to win the confidence of the various representatives. They were present at a condoling council to mourn the death of a Seneca chief and to install his successor. With the other four Iroquois nations, in like manner the French gave symbolic presents to wipe away the tears of the Senecas. Then at the great council of the League, held on July 24th, the French made their most splendid display of gifts, each with its meaning, and it was enthusiastically decided by the councillors that the French should establish themselves in the Iroquois country with the official sanction of the League. Father Chaumonot, master of the Iroquois tongue, took advantage of the occasion to preach the Gospel. The Frenchmen present knelt with bared heads and intoned the hymn *Veni Creator.*

> Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
> And lighten with celestial fire.

Then Father Chaumonot arose, and, in the figurative language so dear to the Indian, set forth a masterly summary of the Christian faith. Deeply moved, the Council listened and approved.

Next day, July 25th, the councillors visited the French in their bark cabin, thanked them for their words and presents, and the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas and Oneidas invited them to go also to their districts. The mission had begun auspiciously.

On July 27th the French, with the exception of two missionaries who remained in the Onondaga town, returned to their labours of construction by the shores of Lake Gannentaha. Throughout August the work was rushed, in spite of mosquitoes and blackflies, in spite of the unpalatable, strange Indian food and the intense and humid heat. One by one the French fell ill, but a cool wave and a change in diet provided by some large catches of fish and bags of game pulled them round. The work went on till blockhouse and palisade, chapel and dormitory had arisen to the satisfaction of Major Dupuis and of the Superior of the Mission, Father Lemercier, and to the astonishment of the natives.

The winter was a time of consolidation. Two of the fathers went to visit the Cayugas and one of these went on to the Senecas. The colonists worked at clearing the land for Spring seeding and at improving the size and comfort of their quarters. In the Spring letters full of hope and rejoicing went to Quebec. Father Lemercier himself took them. With a number of Frenchmen he left Ste. Marie, as they had named their new settlement, on May 17th, and, after a quick journey of two weeks, landed in Quebec on June 1st. His report was most encouraging. Notwithstanding the apprehensions which could not be cleared entirely from the minds of the Jesuits, they determined to send reinforcements. Father Ragueneau went to take charge. Father Lemercier accompanied him back. With them went about twenty Frenchmen, hired-men and volunteers. They started from Montreal on July 26th,

1657, in company with about fifty Onondagas and Senecas who had come to be their escort, and about fifty Christian Hurons, men, women and children, who had been persuaded by the Iroquois to trust themselves to them, believing it better to take their chances in the country of the enemy than to be murdered at that enemy's whim in their settlement on the Island of Orleans.

Trouble developed at the very start. The Onondaga escort were in a vile humour. In shooting the Lachine Rapids on their way down they had lost one of their canoes with its seven men. Privately they had resolved to take revenge on the Hurons and perhaps the French, for these had been the occasion of their coming down and, hence, the cause of their comrades' deaths. Not fifteen miles above Lachine they threw Father Ragueneau's baggage on the beach and refused to have more to do with it. This broke up the French party, for Father Lemercier waited with some of the Frenchmen for other canoes. More Frenchmen were abandoned along the road by the Onondagas hurrying homeward. Having passed the Cascades and the Coteau Rapids, as they were paddling through Lake St. Francis, the French and the Hurons noticed very disquieting signs in the behaviour of the Onondagas and the Senecas. Six Hurons took fright and made off for Quebec. When the expedition reached an island above Lake St. Francis, probably St. Regis Island, suddenly an Onondaga shot a Huron dead. Almost at the same moment an Onondaga chief split the head of a Huron girl who had resisted his amorous advances. It was a signal for gen-

eral slaughter. In spite of Father Ragueneau's frantic protests, the Iroquois fell upon the Hurons, massacred all the men save one, stripped the women naked, despoiled them and the children of everything that they had, and made them slaves. Thinking that they were to be next, the French stood to their arms. Some of the Iroquois seemingly intended that they should be next, but were overborne by the majority, who pointed out that the French at Ste. Marie by Lake Gannentaha might be able to take vengeance, and that there was a large party of Iroquois in the neighbourhood of Quebec, who might easily be the victims of the French Governor's wrath. So the journey was continued.

One of the French was a lad in his teens, Pierre Esprit Radisson, in after years to be the founder of the great Hudson's Bay Company of England. Already having suffered torture at the hands of the Mohawks and having endured a long imprisonment among them, he knew the Iroquois. He has left a graphic and detailed description of that nerve-racking voyage. Never for a moment were the French quite sure that they were safe with these friends of theirs who had come to protect them on their journey. Each morning they awoke surprised to find themselves alive.

Finally, however, they arrived at Fort Ste. Marie by the shores of Lake Gannentaha, where they were warmly received and their troubles were over for the moment. They were astonished to see how fine was the palisade, the blockhouse, the buildings within; astonished also at the extent of the clearings, the fatness of the hogs, which

were rooting about the premises and at the number of hens and chickens. Their arrival was followed quickly by the arrival of the Frenchmen left behind with the baggage. These had come on at high speed with another party of Onondagas. Before the winter set in, Father Lemercier, whose health was broken, went back to Quebec with thirteen Frenchmen.

It was an anxious winter. The French had friends who brought them secretly information even from the Great Council of the League. They knew of the renewed ascendancy of the Mohawks in the Council. They heard how the Mohawks had almost persuaded the Onondagas to massacre them, but had been held off by the counsel of an Onondaga chief, friendly to the French, who reminded his hearers that there were still a number of Iroquois at Quebec, notably some Mohawks held in irons by the Governor as hostages for the safe deliverance of Father Lemoyne from the Mohawk country. "Wait," he advised, "till they come back. The French will still be here. They cannot get away." So a reprieve was won.

The missionaries and that brave officer, Major Dupuis, had determined to hang on while there remained the slightest hope of success. The evidence, however, of the hopelessness of their situation accumulated every day. They could see the young men working themselves up to the murderous deed, becoming daily more insolent. They could see, too, the policy which the councillors were pursuing as clearly as the latter themselves. When the French and the Hurons had been invited to the Onondaga country in 1655, the Iro-

quois were just winning to the end of a terrible war with the western and southern tribes. Since the French and Hurons had arrived the Iroquois had been victorious. They were free from any anxiety and from the desperate need of recruits for their armies. For, the custom of the Iroquois was to adopt the bravest of vanquished enemies into their own ranks to make up battle losses. They had invited the French partly that the Hurons from the Isle of Orleans might have the confidence to come also. Now their thoughts reverted to their ancient grudge against the French, never forgotten from that day in 1609 when Champlain appeared among their enemies, the Hurons and Algonquins, by the shores of Lake Champlain. The Mohawks now represented the time as ripe for sweeping the French from the valley of the St. Lawrence. They would begin with the Onondaga mission.

It was plain to the Father Superior of the mission and to Major Dupuis that to remain was to sacrifice fifty-three French lives quite uselessly. They determined to go. They had until the war-party should return from the lower St. Lawrence in the Spring to devise the means.

At Fort Ste. Marie they possessed twelve birch-bark canoes. These would barely accommodate the company, and certainly no baggage. So they set to work to make two big, flat-bottomed boats. A Huron slave, bringing in a sack of cornmeal from the Onondaga town, saw the structure, recognized its purpose, and remembering the story of Noah and the Deluge, which the fathers had taught him in the Huron country years be-

fore, fled panic-stricken to spread the alarm that there was soon to be another great flood, that the French were building an ark which would save them alone, and that all the rest of the world was about to be drowned. The inevitable council was held forthwith, at which it was decided that the fort should be inspected without delay. The well-bribed French intelligence service, however, was working as excellently as usual. The French had warning, set feverishly to work, and, by the time the Onondaga envoys arrived, they had laid a second floor in the mission-house on top of the half-constructed boat, and the natives, ignorant of carpentry, did not notice the added height from the ground.

From the time of that scare the gates of the fort were strictly guarded. Occasionally the savages insisted and had to be awed with show of arms. Once the attempt was made to remove the sentry by force. He drew his sword, and, in the scuffle, an Onondaga brave was wounded, while the entire garrison poured out in answer to his shouts.

At last the two boats were finished. They were light and broad, drew little water and carried fourteen or fifteen men and the best part of a ton of baggage apiece. They were carefully stowed in a shed, covered up most carefully, and the canoes laid on top of them for the visitors to see.

Meanwhile, the French thought out their stratagem. It was the lad, Pierre Radisson, who suggested it out of his experience as an adopted Mohawk. The chiefs and principal warriors of the Onondaga town were invited to a great feast of friendship. Curiosity, their politeness in such

cases, and their incurable love of a mighty gorge brought them in numbers. For two days they were stuffed, and entertained with music and song. Then they left for home. The Jesuit Father who had been living with them all winter had accompanied them to Ste. Marie. They were hardly a mile on their return journey when the Jesuit slipped and fell. When they picked him up he complained of a broken arm. Genuinely concerned, they carried him back to the Mission, where his arm was put in splints and he was put to bed. It was a ruse. His arm was not broken. There were, however, only one or two in the secret. The rest of the French were patently affected, and this prevented suspicion on the part of the Onondagas. When these had left for their town, the French began to pack up. They had succeeded in calling in the only missionary at the moment outside Ste. Marie, and everything was ready.

Daily the Onondagas sent messengers to enquire about their missionary's health, and, daily, improvement was reported. When all preparations were complete, the pseudo-sick man got up and went around with his arm in a sling.

Then came the master stroke of the stratagem. An invitation was sent again to the Onondaga town in the name of the recovered missionary. He would give a joy-feast for his recovery—one of those "feasts-where-everything-must-be-eaten" —*festin à manger tout* as the French translated the Iroquois phrase. It was a custom with them, a quasi-religious observance, and to the host and to him alone it belonged to give the word

to stop eating. Anyone who cried enough before the word was given was guilty of a gross breach of etiquette, of an offence against the spirits, and he acknowledged himself a weakling.

It was March 20th. Spring was in the air. The guests assembled, both men and women, about two hundred altogether. Throughout the afternoon there was much making of speeches, dancing, playing of music by the French, games of one sort or another played by each in turn, French and Iroquois, and sometimes together, all this with the object of inducing a mighty hunger. During the whole time not one Indian was admitted within the palisades, for there the French were busy putting the finishing touches to their packing. The guests were told that on such occasions it was not the custom of the French to admit even their best friends to see the banquet before it was served, and with unsuspecting courtesy they accepted the explanation.

As soon as it was dark, the trumpet sounded the mess call. The Onondagas were assembled outside of and not far from the fort, in a spacious bark lodge built for the purpose. Here they capered and danced and howled as a last preparation for the ordeal, while the Frenchmen bore out a dozen great caldrons full of a steaming brew of Indian cornmeal and mince-meat. The foremost chief made a speech of thanks, and then the company fell to like wolves. The noise disgusted even young Radisson. Before the guests were done with this there arrived two caldrons of wild turkey stew and two of wild duck—all from the salted and frozen food reserves of the Mission.

Then came kettles of turtles, of eels, of salmon-trout, of suckers freshly caught in the spring-flooded streams, all following so fast one on the heels of the other that the guests were struck with admiration and amazement. There was broiled pork from the Mission hogs, and biscuits of corn-meal. Now the French, who as hosts had eaten nothing, began to feel certain that none of their guests would be able to move very far. Silently some of the soldiers transported the boats and then the baggage to the water's edge from the rear gate of the fort, out of sight of the Onondagas. Others of the French kept up an unearthly noise with their voices and what musical instruments they had, to prevent the Indians falling asleep, and to cover the proceedings of the workers at the fort.

While the Onondagas gorged, the work of loading went stealthily forward. Many of the guests were now in agony, but the host withheld the word to cease. He told them to cheer up for there was more to come. Then arrived more soup, then bear's fat, then the venison. By this time the majority of the guests were a prey to excruciating torture. Finally, about eleven o'clock, came the message that everything was embarked. The missionary for whom the feast had been held cried, "Enough!" In the last stages of exhaustion, the Indians sank down on the floor of the stuffy lodge. Those who remained sufficiently awake were told that the French also would retire to rest. "Be it so," they groaned, and in a moment no one stirred.

It was now that Radisson suggested murdering

the lot. He went further. He urged proceeding to the Onondaga town at daybreak and slaying all that remained, five or six hundred women, about a thousand children, and perhaps a score of men. The rest were still absent on the winter's hunt. This deed, he argued, would be no more than just punishment for having decreed the massacre of the Frenchmen. Let sixteen Frenchmen go down for help to Montreal and the rest could hold this fort for years or until assistance came. Father Ragueneau, however, would have none of it. "We were sent to preach the faith of Jesus Christ," he said, "not to slay. The cross shall be our sword."

Silently they stole away. Leaving stuffed figures just showing here and there inside the fort, they shut the gates. In front of the gates they tied a hog by the foot so that every time it moved it rang a little bell within. A light snow was falling, which covered all traces of their movements. There was ice still in the little lake and it was freezing again this night. Eight canoes and two flat-bottomed boats—fifty-three souls—they had to smash their way the whole length to the outlet through the ice that was forming in the open water. They had not gone farther than the outlet when daylight overtook them. If any of their surfeited guests had awakened and had had the energy to get as far as the beach he could not have failed to see them. But it did not happen.

All that day they swept down the torrential current of the Oswego and toiled around the rapids. The next day they paddled out on Lake Ontario. Here, stormbound for two days, they lay hidden

on a nearby island, apprehensive of pursuit. None came however. It was nearly a week before the Onondagas' suspicions were sufficiently aroused to break open the gate. The tinkling of the bell within and the crowing of the cocks kept them mystified and cautious. When they found the French gone, their amazement knew no bounds. The snow had obliterated all vestiges of embarkation movements and they were certain that the French had not enough canoes and no boats. They concluded that the God of the French had lifted them up bodily and set them down elsewhere, hence that pursuit would be entirely futile.

Meanwhile, the fugitives were painfully working their way down the St. Lawrence amid floes of ice. They were in the Long Sault Rapids before they knew it, and here three men were drowned by the upsetting of a canoe. Somewhat damaged, all the other craft came safely through. Further down they had to cut passages in the ice with their hatchets. Trusting to the Spring flood in the river they shot the Lachine Rapids and arrived at Montreal on April 3rd in the evening. They were told that the ice had just gone down the river that very day.

Almost exhausted by their hardships and the exposure, the company were welcomed by the people of Montreal and given every attention. Held here for two weeks because the ice still blocked the lower stream, at length they reached Three Rivers on April 17th, the ice having cleared that place only on the 16th. Welcomed there again as those risen from the dead, they were once more prevented from proceeding by the ice. Finally,

they landed at Quebec on April 23rd, one day after the ice bridge there had broken. The Governor was inclined to blame them for not having held on at all costs, but the rest of the colony rejoiced at their escape.

So ended the Onondaga mission. By this retreat, all unwitting, its members had put a southern boundary to the Canada that was to be in the far future.

Father Lemoyne came out safely in May from the Mohawk country. It seemed as though the mission to the Iroquois was finished. However, though for a while the whole fury of the Iroquois raged against the French, it was not many years before the Jesuit missionaries were back again in the midst of the enemy. But there was never another French settlement there.

THE FIGHT OF THE ONE WITH THE THREE

DOWN from the north through the centre of Canada reaches a great sea half as large as the Mediterranean. The cold, green waters of that sea, misnamed a Bay, have borne the ships of heroes, and have echoed to the roll of cannon in naval battles fit to rank with the famous sea-fights of the Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's day. One of those Englishmen, Sir Richard Grenville, ran his little *Revenge* in to the heart of the Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels of war somewhere off the islands called the Azores. He lost his ship and his life, but he won an immortal name. The Sieur d'Iberville, Canadian, fought his single ship against three British ships in Hudson Bay, and won his fight. English Canadians, who to-day lay claim to the French as well as to the British story of Canada as the splendid inheritance of all who acknowledge the name Canadian, may well be proud to set the name of d'Iberville beside that of Sir Richard Grenville. It is no shame, but rather a glory, to the English language to be called into service to chronicle a defeat at the hands of so noble a foe.

Pierre Lemoyne, Sieur d'Iberville, was born in Montreal, one of that remarkable family, the "fighting Lemoynes" as they have been called. His twelve brothers were all distinguished in battle or in council, and from his eldest brother is

descended the one title of nobility which has survived from the time of French government in Canada to the present day, that title held by Reginald d'Iberville Charles Grant, the present Baron de Longeuil. However, d'Iberville himself was the most distinguished of his family. They were all seigneurs, that is to say, country gentry, and officers in the Canadian Militia. D'Iberville was an officer in the French Royal Navy as well, and won fame as a fighter, explorer, and planter of colonies. He harried the English on Hudson Bay (he was there almost continuously from the year 1686 to the year 1694); he harried the English and the Dutch on the New York frontier, and on the borders of Acadia; he was the terror of the Spaniards in the Gulf of Mexico, and he founded there the colony of Louisiana. Brilliant by sea as by land, he was only forty-five years of age when he died in 1706.

The winter of 1696-1697 d'Iberville spent in Newfoundland, rooting out the English settlements. In the Spring of 1697, when Joseph Lemoyne, Sieur de Sérigny, arrived from France, conducting a squadron for his elder brother to lead into Hudson Bay once more, d'Iberville had turned Newfoundland almost entirely French. For many months he had served loyally under, and had suffered in silence the insults of de Brouillan, the small-minded, hot tempered, jealous French Governor at Placentia. Joyfully now he assumed command, victualed his ships, equipped the crews for arctic service, and was off northward early in July. Under his orders sailed his two younger brothers, de Sérigny, and the seventeen-year-old

Jean Baptiste Lemoyne, Sieur de Bienville, with several other young Canadian gentlemen, whose names are still familiar ones in Quebec—de Martigny, de Boisbriant, de Montalembert, de Caumont, de Grandville, as well as de la Potherie, who became the chronicler of the expedition.

There were five ships of war, the *Pelican,* which was d'Iberville's flagship, the *Palmier,* the *Wesph,* the *Profond,* the *Esquimau,* which was the supply-ship. They battled for weeks with the southward streaming iceberg fleets, and the *Esquimau was crushed.* She sank with all her cargo; but the crew was saved. At length the squadron was imprisoned in the floes in Hudson Strait. In its ceaseless shiftings, the ice brought in sight the English fleet of three war-vessels and one armed sloop. Both squadrons were in the same predicament, and they soon found themselves within range. The cannon roared out across the grinding, heaving waste. The *Pelican* was the first set free, and she raced for Fort Nelson at the mouth of the Hayes River, on the great Bay's western coast.

D'Iberville arrived in the offing on September 3rd. He waited two days for his support. When it did not come, he put ashore a scouting party of twenty-two, and resolved to attack the English fort without the others. He knew the Bay; Autumn gales were even now brewing, and delay might be fatal. Just then, however, appeared three hulls upon the horizon, tacking to cross the dangerous shallows which extend far out from the mouth of the Nelson River. Exultantly the Frenchmen ran up their ensign of welcome, for

they took the newcomers to be their friends, at last released from the ice. Unanswering, sullenly, the others held their course. It was clear that they were the English, not the French. A garrisoned English fort ashore, three armed English ships outside,—the position was perilous. In an instant d'Iberville had taken his decision: he would fight.

The English vessels were the *Hampshire,* of 52 guns and over 200 crew, the *Dering* of 36 guns and 100 crew, the *Hudson's Bay* of 32 guns and 200 crew. The *Pelican* had only 44 of her fifty guns in action, though she threw a slightly greater weight of metal than the *Hampshire.* With her sick below, and her landing-party ashore, she mustered only 150 crew.

D'Iberville had led his men before; he trusted them, and they worshipped him. The call to action sounded, and officers and men sprang to their stations. De la Potherie ran to command the skilled Canadian snipers on the forecastle; de Bienville and de Ligonde to command the guns and the boarding-party aft; de la Salle and de Granville to command the forward guns and the forward boarding party. Ports were opened, the guns run out, and the gunners stripped to the waist. All was ready in a moment. High on the poop stood the keen, unruffled commander, with his own snipers and his own boarding-party about him, directing everything.

It was nine o'clock in the morning of September 6th. The English bore down in line, the *Hampshire* leading. D'Iberville was prepared for this manoeuvre. He was not the man to be

caught and pounded to pieces in the centre of a circle of fire. Straight for the head of the line he ran. Swiftly the two ships drew together. The French could hear the English shouting, "We've been looking for you, Iberville, and we've got you now! You're done for this time! You needn't look for mercy." The boarding-call rang out from the *Pelican's* poop. Gripping the stays, hatchets in their right hands, here and there a cutlass between locked teeth, the men leaped tense to the gunwale, all eyes on their commander. Thus they awaited the shock. It did not come. Captain Fletcher of the *Hampshire* brailed up his sails and veered in time.

The *Pelican* swept past to rake the *Dering* so close that each crew could hear the other's orders shouted, and to receive a deadly broadside from English gunners and musketeers. She staggered, and then ran on to sweep the *Hudson's Bay* with grape.

By this time the *Hampshire* was turned about and coming back to complete the ring, with her sister ships, about the Frenchman. These sister ships had suffered severely. The *Pelican* headed about, raced back to meet her, and ran the gauntlet of all the English fire. Forty of her men lying dead or wounded on her bloody decks; with sails torn, masts damaged, hull gaping, she closed with the *Hampshire,* each firing all the guns which could be brought to bear. Jockeying for the advantage of the wind, they came together. So close they were that the English sailors could see de la Potherie's face all black with powder, and shouted, "Look at the nigger they've got!" Cap-

tain Fletcher meant this time to board the *Pelican,* and as the gunwales neared each other, he let fly his last broadside, which the French received lying flat upon their decks, to minimize the casualties. Then, at d'Iberville's word of command, they sprang to their cannon, aimed low at the water-line, and fired a terrific volley at pistol range. The *Hampshire* stopped dead in her course, heeled, and sank within one ship's length, all sails set, and taking all her crew.

Three hours of battle, and the *Pelican's* decks were littered with the dead and the dying. Among the wounded lay de Bienville, de Ligonde, and de la Potherie. In the hull there yawned eight great holes; the sails were gaping; the masts were splintered, the rigging cut to pieces. However, before the *Hampshire* had quite disappeared beneath the icy waters, d'Iberville had jammed the *Pelican's* head around for the *Dering.* But the *Dering* had had enough. Crowding on more sail, she drew ahead and got away. The crippled *Pelican* could not follow. But there was still the *Hudson's Bay,* which was meanwhile slipping away for the river's mouth. The *Pelican* stood after her, and, as the grappling-irons bit the gunwale, the *Hudson's Bay* hauled down her flag.

It did not take long for a man of d'Iberville's stamp to refit the prize sufficiently to give chase to the *Dering,* still visible on the horizon. On they sped over the heaving waters; but the quarry had too great a start. Besides, the storm which had been rising during the battle, now broke in the fury of a hurricane. D'Iberville turned back and cast anchor well out to sea. One by one,

however, the cables snapped, and the heroic *Pelican* and her prize were hurled upon the sands some ten miles off the mouth of the River Hayes. As the Arctic sun rose after his few minutes' absence, the two vessels were being pounded to pieces, and the terrible task of transferring the sick and the wounded had begun.

The storm was abating its rage, and d'Iberville bore ashore his helpless personnel, his powder and his shot, on rafts and in canoes. In the piercing cold of that sub-arctic autumn dawn twenty of his poor fellows died.

How the lost three ships came up, and how d'Iberville then captured Fort Nelson is yet another story.

BROTHER ROBERT IGNATIUS CAVELIER, SOCIETY OF JESUS

THAT Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, had enemies who thwarted him at every turn throughout his stormy course of unrelenting purpose is beyond a question. There was a combination of commercial interests in Canada, which had vowed his ruin. They were those who were in opposition to the Governor of the period, Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac. They felt that the Governor was excluding them from profits, which they might have had in the fur trade. With them the contemporary Intendant, the Sieur Duchesneau, made common cause. He could never stomach the pretensions of the proud and distinguished nobleman, and, during his whole tenure of office, he did everything possible to irritate and enrage him. These traders worked in the shelter of the Intendant's royal authority, and if La Salle had not been in their way in the fur trade, as he was, for he controlled Fort Frontenac where Kingston stands to-day on the shores of Lake Ontario, the mere fact that he was a loyal adherent of the Governor's and his protégé would have been sufficient to ensure their enmity.

However, La Salle saw in the succession of calamities which befell him, as by sinister design, not only the hand of these associated traders, but the hand as well of the Society of Jesus. Though the apologist for the Jesuits has disclaimed complic-

ity for his Society, it seems reasonably certain that the Jesuits did make some effort to thwart La Salle, and that they did consider him dangerous and an enemy. They were using every means in their power to check and defeat the Governor in the Colony and to undermine his position in France, and the activities of his partisan naturally fell within the scope of their opposition. In conformity with what were apparently the secret orders of the King and of his great Minister Colbert, Frontenac was engaged in the difficult task of turning the country of Canada from a mission-station controlled by the Jesuit missionaries into a Crown Colony with the civil authority paramount. It is not strange that the missionary organization, a very powerful one throughout Europe, resisted, and that in all sincerity of high conviction.

No doubt La Salle was a menace to the Jesuits' plans for the western missions and particularly for the Mississippi valley missions, for, ever since the voyage in 1673 of Father Marquette as chaplain to Jolliet's expedition of discovery, they had looked upon that field as peculiarly their own, and one to be held as long as possible uncontaminated by the influence of the licentious fur-trader. Probably the Jesuits credited La Salle with the intention of frustrating their great endeavour, although he was merely the vanguard of the inevitable wave, which would eventually overwhelm their missions among the natives who were the object of their efforts. Perhaps, on the other hand, La Salle became somewhat morbid on the subject and saw a Jesuit behind every mischance

in his tense career. The precise proportion of blame or credit cannot be disentangled after all these years, but it would seem to be beyond controversy that the Jesuits had reason to injure La Salle in that they were in constant opposition to the Governor, and La Salle was the Governor's most loyal adherent, as the Governor was his most loyal supporter.

In view of these relations of La Salle with the Jesuits in his later life, it is illuminating to review his close association with this great missionary society in his youth.

René-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, was born in Rouen on November 21st, 1643. His family was a wealthy one, merchant citizens, not nobility. There was a strain of earnestness and intensity in the family, and both Robert and his elder brother, Jean, very early decided on holy orders as their calling. Jean became a priest of the Society of St. Sulpice. Robert, after receiving his primary schooling at the Jesuit college at Rouen (the Jesuit colleges were then the best institutions of secular learning in France, perhaps in Europe), was admitted as a novice in the Society of Jesus at Paris on the 5th of October, 1658, at the age of fifteen years.

For two years he studied in Paris under the care of the skilful and experienced master of novices, Father Mouret. The father found him hard to discipline, stubborn to mould. His ceaselessly active imagination, his restiveness under restraint, his temperamental inability to submit himself to direction and to routine almost put an end to his ecclesiastical life before it was well be-

gun. He had, however, a passionate admiration for that man of action in the church, the founder of the Society of Jesus, Ignatius Loyola. By dint of perpetual striving and of the loving patience of Father Mouret, he arrived at length at such a state of discipline as to be permitted to take the first step toward full clerical membership in the Society. On October 10th, 1660, he took the three religious vows which made him a lay brother, henceforth to be known, in memory of his hero, as Robert Ignatius Cavelier.

The training of a Jesuit has always been a long, thorough process, designed to test, to equip, to reveal the capacities of the candidate. No body of churchmen has ever been prepared by a more gruelling series of mental and spiritual exercises, extending over many years. The new Brother Cavelier started on this heavy road at the distinguished Jesuit College at La Flèche. There he studied Logic and Physical and Mathematical Science for two years under scholarly and famous teachers. Though somewhat erratic in his application, he gave evidence of an exceptional ability in Mathematics and Physics. It was probably in part for this reason that, instead of being put through a third year at La Flèche, devoted entirely to Mathematics as was usual, he was sent by his superiors to teach for a year a junior class in the Jesuit College at Alençon. He returned in 1663 to La Flèche and continued his course, but he was away again in 1664 to teach a higher class in the Jesuit College at Tours. In 1665 he was moved to the Jesuit College at Blois to take charge of a still higher grade. It was only in 1666 that

he came back to La Flèche to take up at last his course in theology.

All this time his superiors were studying him, and reports went in to the headquarters of the Society in Rome. The principal of the College at Tours, Father François de la Faluère, summed up his character in the Latin word "inquietus"—restless. Here was a nature at war with itself, unhappy in its surroundings, uncertain and ill at ease, unable to remain for long in one place and among the same companions. It appears that Brother Cavelier felt no enthusiasm for his work as teacher, and that he did not get along any too well with his classes. Father de la Faluère reported him "not zealous enough, lacking in judgment and discretion". The principal of the College at La Flèche, Father Jacques Benoise, noted of him that he had considerable ability but little judgment and practical wisdom.

It is clear that La Salle felt that he had chosen wrongly his life-work. The whole atmosphere of the institution of which he was now a member was uncongenial to him. His spirit was beating painfully against the bars of this its cage. Manfully he struggled to carry on, as his severest critic, Father de la Faluère, bore witness. He called him "scrupulosus"—trying to be faithful to his engagements. It must have been a terrible struggle. It would seem that he became at length quite nauseated by the atmosphere in which he was living. The class-room, whether he saw it from the pupil's desk or the teacher's, had become a hateful thing to him. Action, adventure, movement, travel, the unknown, the New World, these

were what his spirit craved. He cast desperately about to solve his problem. In his perplexity the mission field loomed in front of his mind's eye. Perhaps, into this work he might put his whole heart, indeed might lose himself, for it would satisfy the yearnings of his energetic nature. Here he might still follow his hero, Saint Ignatius, and keep the vows which he had made as he entered the Society that Ignatius had founded.

So, on April 5th, 1666, while still at Blois, he wrote to Rome to the General of the Society of Jesus, John Paul Oliva, requesting that he might be sent into the foreign mission field. The General had full information upon La Salle before him. He knew what the young man's immediate superiors thought of his character, and he knew exactly the stage of scholastic attainment that he had reached: he had not yet studied Scholastic or Moral Theology. Having considered his case with the kindness of a father, the General very naturally decided that the request was premature, and wrote him in Latin the following letter:

"Rome, May 4th, 1666.

"I approve most heartily the splendid zeal which you disclose in your letter of April 5th, to me. My counsel is that you guard this zeal with courage and increase it in all singleness of purpose, even as you are doing. The time for the fulfilment of your desire for service in the foreign mission field is not yet, however. In the meantime, strive diligently to fit yourself in all things for this service."

La Salle was disappointed, but the inward crisis was too acute to allow him to let things rest at that. He wrote again begging reconsideration. He received the following brief reply:

> "I have received your second letter and have nothing further to add to what I have already written you in my letter of May 4th."

Nevertheless, La Salle was treated with special consideration. Although it was unusual for the young men in training to be permitted to begin their theological course before the age of twenty-eight or thirty, he was allowed to begin his in 1666, at the age of twenty-three. The superiors of the Society did not have their initiative paralyzed by hidebound rules and regulations. They treated every case individually, according to the necessities of each nature. They hoped that by relieving La Salle of the irritation of the classroom and sheltering him in the studious, cultured atmosphere of the theological seminars, his spirit would grow calm and he would regain possession of himself.

At first this was the effect. All his prime enthusiasm for the religious life seemed to return. But, as the year wore on, the imperious needs of his mentality began once more to assert themselves. Sundry bursts of passion, with the subsequent reaction to despair, revealed the incapacity of submission to the discipline required. The struggle commenced afresh. This time La Salle hit upon the expedient of finishing his studies in a Jesuit College in Portugal, far from the familiar faces and the scenes of his spiritual discomfort.

He wrote to ask this favour of the General in Rome, and was refused. Again he wrote, and the General replied:

"Rome, January 18th, 1667.

"I have seen your second letter in which you unfold your plan of proceeding to Portugal to the end that you may the better pursue your studies for the foreign mission field, which is your goal. My judgment, formed independently, remains the same as it previously was, and I do not consider it expedient that you should take this course. Wherefore, remain quietly in your own country until such time as you shall have graduated from your studies and completed the three years of your probation. Then I shall gladly try to satisfy your desires."

This was the last straw. Kind with all its firmness, yet the letter closed to La Salle the last avenue of escape for his tortured spirit within the Society of Jesus. His thought was now only of escape from the Society itself before it was too late. In a long letter to his superior he laid bare his soul, his spiritual and mental anguish, his failings, limitations, hopes and aspirations. This letter came before the local council at La Flèche, and, after thorough consideration there, was forwarded with approval through the Jesuit Headquarters for France to the General at Rome. The General replied to the Superior for France:

"Rome, March 1st, 1667.

"We have entirely weighed the information contained in Your Reverence's letter of Jan-

uary 28th relative to the release of Robert Ignatius Cavelier, student in good standing, from his vows of membership, and now we enjoin you to release him."

At the same time the General sent to La Salle the following letter:

"Rome, 26th February, 1667.

"What you have revealed to me in your letter of January 10th concerning the manifold infirmities to which you are subject has raised in me a great compassion. Now, therefore, you may learn from your Superior in France what, after due examination, I have decided in your case, for to him I have delegated power to absolve and set you free from the vows which you have made. Yet, verily, dear brother, wherever you shall be and in what walk of life, be ever mindful of the calling which you have forsaken, hold fast the memory of the rock from which you have been cut away, and, though far separated in body, yet strive always in spirit to dwell with us and with Jesus, whose grace be ever with you."

Father Camille de Rochemonteix, S.J., who in 1896 unearthed these letters from the archives of the Society of Jesus, did not see fit to give to the world the impassioned epistle which La Salle wrote to his superiors, which so impressed the General at Rome, and in which he set forth so frankly and so fully his failings and his faults. No doubt he considered it, even after the lapse of nearly two and a half centuries, too personal and

private a matter, a soul's confession, to be as sacredly kept from the curiosity of posterity as from the gossips of 1667. However, he seems to have read it and to have been surprised at the seriousness of the revelation. Without the information contained in this letter, the question inevitably arises in our minds: In the state of mind to which he had worked himself, desperately twisting and turning for release from the conditions which had become for him intolerable, did La Salle instinctively exaggerate his own moral obliquity, knowing, half-unconsciously perhaps, that this was the surest way to obtain absolution from his vows? This is at least possible, for, though his enemies afterward in Canada tried very hard, they were never able to fasten on his reputation any stain of immorality, of evil living or of irreligious attitude. That La Salle had grave defects of character (as who has not?) is undeniable; and perhaps these—his pride, his self-will, his sudden temper, his stubborness beneath authority—may have formed the theme of his confession and have been considered by the General as sufficient warrant for release. At any rate, there stands a terse Latin entry in the records of the Society of Jesus: "March 28th, 1667. Master Robert Ignatius Cavelier departed from the College of La Flèche."

La Salle was now free of the bonds that had galled him. He turned homeward at the age of twenty-four to make a fresh start in life. He was penniless. His father had died while he was a member of the Society of Jesus. No legacy came to him, for a recent law of Louis XIV's had pro-

hibited the inheriting of family funds by members who withdrew from religious orders and societies. The family, probably his mother, gave him an allowance of about three hundred livres a year, perhaps equivalent to three hundred dollars of our values to-day. The capital of this income was paid over to him and he started at once for Canada, where his brother Jean, priest of St. Sulpice, was living at Montreal.

What his mother and sisters and the family in general thought of Robert and said to him can only be conjectured. But it is probable that he rested somewhat under a cloud, that he was regarded as a failure. The leaving of the Society of Jesus may have influenced, too, the family's attitude in the later years when they appointed his elder brother, the Abbé Jean Cavelier, to supervise Robert's spending of the money which they invested in his schemes of exploration. It may also have influenced La Salle himself. The memory of the false start may have given him an animus against the Jesuits, and his unhappy experience in the Society may have given him his suspicion of continual pursuit and persecution by its members. At all events, the methods and practices which had so irritated him in France, roused his ire when he saw them operating in Canada, and he was thrown immediately into the camp of the opposition.

Altogether, this early experience in the Society of Jesus explains much in the character of La Salle. He remained always sensitive about it, and was excited to wrath by the Récollet, Father Hennepin, who taunted him on shipboard, crossing

from France in 1675, with having been a petty schoolmaster. It is just possible, too, that the incident of his release from the Society may explain in some measure the attitude of the Jesuits toward La Salle, for, perhaps, all the members did not think of nor refer to his exit in the fatherly spirit or in the words of the General. Might one not be pardoned for catching from the past, from Jesuit discussions in Canada about La Salle and his projects, imaginary echoes of such expressions as "defection"—"failure"—"let out"—"ejected"?

The sensitive spirit, the restless soul, the iron will of La Salle found their field of action in the limitless wilds of the American continent. The insatiable curiosity, the piercing intellect, the soaring imagination of the man built a mighty and hypothetical empire for France, which neither he nor his country had the resources to seize and hold. The tragedy of this indisciplinable personality was that he had the brain to command the power of a great kingdom to this end, but lacked the patience to consolidate the occupation of the smaller areas commensurate with the comparatively humble means at his disposal. Never has there been another so splendid exploration on a "shoe-string", never another such race with time and petty creditors, usurers, and venemous enemies, never so slight a margin for accident in the preparation of so magnificent an enterprise. It would seem that the keen-eyed master of novices who had watched the explorer when a boy, and the rector of the College where he taught, had not been mistaken in their estimate when they found

him endowed with brilliant qualities, but lacking humility and discretion. As in the great stories of Greek drama, nemesis pursued this heroic soul to a pitiful failure and death amid the swamps of Texas, but the nemesis of this high tragedy was within the victim-hero himself, that nature proud, visionary, restless—in a word, "inquietus". And yet, had La Salle been content to garrison and colonize Forts Frontenac and Niagara, and nothing more, what a thrilling, deathless story had been lost to the world!

BOAST OF HERALDRY

IT was the sunlit morning of June 14th, 1671. On a hill overlooking the foot of the rapids of Ste. Marie, where Lake Superior's waters foam down into Lake Huron, squatted a great concourse of savages from north and south and west—Pottawatomies, Sacs, Ottawas, Winnebagoes, Menomonees, Foxes, Mascoutins, Kickapous, Miamis, Crees, Ojibways, Nipissings, Beavers, Assiniboines, Monsonis, Amikoués, in addition to the Saulteurs whose home was by the rapids. In the centre of the conclave stood an officer of France, Simon François Daumont, Sieur de Saint-Lusson. About him were gathered the lithe, swarthy Frenchmen of his party, fifteen of them, among whom were Louis Joliet, two years later to become famous as the discoverer and explorer of the Upper Mississippi, and Nicholas Perrot, the interpreter, master of Algonquin dialects, master of woodcraft and the vagaries of Indian mentality. It was the latter who had visited these tribes as envoy with invitation and persuasion to assemble here. Close by stood four Jesuit missionaries, all brilliant in their priestly vestments—Fathers Claude Dablon, Gabriel Druillettes, Claude Allouez, Louis André.

The occasion was a solemn one. By command of Jean Talon, Intendant of the King of France in Canada, his officer was in the act of taking possession in His Majesty's name of all the region of the

western lakes and beyond to the Arctic Ocean, to the Pacific Ocean and to the Gulf of Mexico, comprehending all lands discovered or to be discovered. By this impressive ceremony he was attempting to engrave upon the land and water, upon the minds of these savage hearers, unstable as the wind, upon history the fact that all this vast interior of a continent was now, henceforth and forever under the sway and dominion of the Great Louis and his heirs.

On the ground lay a great cross of wood. Reverently, with heads uncovered, the French assistants raised it, sank and tamped it in the hole prepared, while, hat in hand, all the other Frenchmen sang aloud that splendid chant of Christian discovery, which has so often echoed through the forests and over the waters of North America, and whose sonorous Latin words, eleven years later, were to ring out to the winds of the Gulf of Mexico at the mouth of the Mississippi—the "Vexilla Regis":

> The Royal banners forward go,
> The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
> Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
> Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

The savages looked on attentively, listened, smoked and wondered.

Near where had lain the cross there lay a post of cedar. To it was nailed a metal plate bearing the royal arms of France. This was now raised and sunk beside the cross, while the Frenchmen's voices once more rang out, this time in the psalm "Exaudiat Te Jehova—The Lord hear thee in the

day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee";—the national anthem of France before the day of the Marseillaise.

When the Amen had died away, Saint-Lusson came forward, sword in hand. In his other hand he raised aloft a sod of earth. Then, in a loud voice, three times he proclaimed the procès verbal, the formal legal declaration of possession: "In the name of the Most High, Most Mighty, Most Redoubtable Monarch, Louis, Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and of Navarre, we take possession of this place, Sainte Marie du Sault, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Manitoulin and of all other countries, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous and adjacent thereto, whether discovered or yet to be discovered, to the shores of the northern and the western oceans on the one hand, and on the other to the southern seas, in all their length and breadth."

As he finished, the woods resounded to the loud French shouts of "Vive le Roi!" and to the roll of volleyed musketry, while the savages drew hard upon their pipes and wondered.

Saint-Lusson addressed the assemblage. "Henceforth," he said, "from this present, all nations inhabiting these lands, whether French or aboriginal, are dependents of His Most Christian Majesty, bound to obey his laws and to follow his customs. He on his part promises you his protection from incursion and invasion by your enemies, which promise he will most faithfully keep and perform. To all potentates and powers, to all princes, sovereigns, to all kingdoms and re-

publics, to them and to their subjects, we hereby give notice and warning that they neither can nor shall possess themselves of any spot within these lands, nor dwell in any part thereof, save by permission and under the good pleasure of His Most Christian Majesty or of his representative holding rule and authority in these countries, under pain of incurring his displeasure and the chastisement of his arms; and that none may plead the excuse of ignorance we have affixed behind the crest of France there before you raised aloft a copy of this our declaration of possession. Vive le Roi!"

When the echoes of the shouting had died away over the summer landscape, Father Allouez stood out and in Algonquin spoke these words: "Brothers, it is a good day's work, an important work that has brought us together in this great council. Look up at that Cross which towers above you. It was upon that Cross that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who made Himself man from the love of men, was nailed and died, to make atonement with the Eternal Father for our sins. He is the lord of our lives, the ruler of Heaven, Earth and Hell. . . . .

"But look at this post to which are nailed the arms of the great chief of France whom we call King. He lives beyond the sea. He is chief over the greatest chiefs, and has no equal upon earth. All the chiefs whom you have ever known are as babes beside him. . . . "

He finished. Fusillades were fired; more "Vive le Rois!" were shouted. The chiefs and warriors grunted "Ho! Ho!" in polite approval, and rose

with their presents and the inevitable belts of wampum exchanged that day. They did not understand what the Sieur de Saint-Lusson had said, but it had had a lofty ring. They did not understand that he had claimed for his sovereign all America west of the Alleghany Mountains. Nevertheless, as soon as his canoes had melted into the horizon, they stripped the post of its evil charm.

THE WHITE MAN'S LAW

IN the 1670's there came to Canada a gentleman of France, a member of His Majesty's own bodyguard, every private in which bore a noble name and an ancient and honourable blazon. He had seen service in the field and had held the appointment of squire to his lordship, the Marquis de Lassay, officer in the bodyguard. It was Daniel Greysolon, Sieur du Lhut, destined for thirty years to range as herald of European civilization the far western Canadian wilderness, to choose for settlement the spot where to-day stands the Canadian city of Fort William, and to leave his name to be borne into the long future by the United States city of Duluth at the extreme westerly point of that great lake whose secrets he so thoroughly sought out. With du Lhut came his brother, Charles Greysolon, Sieur de la Tourette, and together they took to the wild, free life of the forest as though to that manner bred, just as did so many gallant members of their class both from France and Canada. Fitted by nature to command, du Lhut penetrated farther into the west than any before him save Radisson and Groseilliers, leading a troop of wild *coureurs de bois,* incapable of discipline, but courageous and indefatigable. He gained an unrivalled knowledge of the western savages, their languages, customs and mentalities.

Bitten far more deeply with the virus which

Du Lhut enforces the White Man's Law

fires the insatiable explorer than with the passion for the wealth which his work brought to other men, du Lhut was a splendid representative of his sovereign and of the white man's law amid the wastes of savagery. In June, 1680, he rescued from slavery among the Sioux, in what is now the state of Minnesota, Father Hennepin, a Récollet missionary of the party of the indomitable La Salle, and in the manner of a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police of a later day, caused the ferocious Sioux to make apology and reparation.

In 1683, du Lhut accomplished another feat in the execution of justice, which, again, would do credit to the fine traditions of the red-coated Riders of the Plains. In October of that year du Lhut was at Michillimackinac on the strait between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. There he heard that two Frenchmen, fur-traders, had been murdered somewhere on the southern shores of Lake Superior by an Indian, a member of the Wild Rice tribe. Then came word that this Wild Rice Indian had come to Sault Ste. Marie with a number of the Saulteurs, an Algonquin tribe who lived beside the Rapids. There were twelve Frenchmen at the Sault, but they dared not arrest the murderer, surrounded as he was by relatives and friends who declared that never should their soil be reddened by his blood.

De Lhut felt that he would be failing in his duty to the Governor of New France, whose commission he carried, and to his race, if he allowed this murder to go unavenged, the murderer unpunished. Unhesitatingly he started for Sault

Ste. Marie. With him went a few *coureurs de bois* and one of the Jesuit missionaries at Michillimackinac, Father Enjalran. Three miles from the Indian village, which was hard by the trading post, du Lhut landed with two gentlemen adventurers of his company and the missionary. They struck across country, that they might arrive unseen and unheralded, lest some of the savages warn the Wild Rice and he disappear. Suddenly du Lhut and his men stood in the Indian lodge, and arrested the astonished object of their search with all due ceremony in the face of a blackly scowling assemblage of relatives and allies, who, cowed by the Frenchman's high-handed procedure, made no move. With hearts beating furiously and with unconcerned mien, they bore him off to lodge him behind the palisades in a cell in the fort. There, by du Lhut's orders, six Frenchmen stood guard night and day.

Practised forest diplomat as he was, du Lhut knew that what he had accomplished was but the least part of his task. Immediately he called a council of the chiefs and braves. They came in sullen silence, smoked infinite tobacco as they squatted on the ground, and listened. De Lhut addressed them. "Brothers," he said, "Onontio, your father at Quebec, has given orders to me, his servant, that if there should chance to be any whose minds are so evil that they should kill without cause, in time of peace, any of their French brethren, I should diligently seek out the guilty from the innocent. For, your Father wills not that the whole people should suffer for the crime of one or two, unless, perchance, they shield the criminals.

"Brothers, it is for you to declare yourselves in this matter, so that, if there be any mischievous spirits among you, who are the accomplices of the Wild Rice, I may know who they are. You shall see that no fear whatever shall prevent me from doing my duty."

Deep, guttural Ho! Ho's! came from the inscrutable savage faces. One by one the warriors rose and left.

Then followed council after council of the savages among themselves. Finally, they called in du Lhut. It was not this Wild Rice who was guilty, they said, but Achiganaga, an Ottawa chief, and his two sons. They lived at Kiaonan, the modern Keewenaw, some two hundred miles away along the southern coast of Lake Superior, where the murder had been committed. In their craft, they thought that du Lhut would be unable to seize Achiganaga amid his own people and in such an inaccessible spot. Du Lhut, however, had anticipated them. Some time before, he had heard of the complicity of Achiganaga and his sons. The Sieur Péré, at the head of a party of French soldiers and fur-traders, was already far on the way. The Saulteurs asked that the Wild Rice be set at liberty.

Du Lhut replied that the Sieur Péré would certainly return with Achiganaga and his sons. If harm came to him, there would be a war with the French. The French would undoubtedly obtain possession of these men dead or alive. If no further proof developed against the Wild Rice, he should then be released.

This ended the councils. Taking the Wild Rice,

and accompanied by only twelve Frenchmen, du Lhut defied the young fire-brands who vowed that they would rescue the Wild Rice, and returned by canoe to Michillimackinac, there to await Péré and his prisoners.

These arrived on November 25th. Péré had acquitted himself of his commission most skilfully. In spite of the large number of warriors whom Achiganaga had kept with him, when they should have scattered on the winter hunt, Péré, showing a resolute front, had arrested the chief and his sons, and had encountered no opposition. It smoothed his path that there were eighteen Frenchmen wintering at Kiaonan. The prisoners were lodged in the guard-room at Michillimackinac.

Summoned by du Lhut, the chiefs and the sachems assembled next day from Sault Ste. Marie and from all around, to attend his great council. Squatting in a circle, rank behind rank of dark, mask-like visages, keen with the eyes of the hawk, they smoked and watched and listened. The court was opened. The Wild Rice was called, with two of his relatives to act as counsel for him. Du Lhut proceeded to cross-examine him. Seated on the ground, a French gentleman, acting as court stenographer, wrote down the question and the answer. The cross-examination finished, the court stenographer stood up and in Algonquin and in Huron read out the record. The Wild Rice acknowledged that these were the words which he had spoken. He was forthwith removed under escort.

Then were called the two sons of Achiganaga.

They were subjected to the same treatment. Impressed by the solemnity of the occasion and of the assemblage, artlessly they told their story. There was little need of witnesses, for they accused each other. When they had heard their words recalled from the little white sheet of the court stenographer, astounded and dazed they admitted them, and they in their turn, were led away by the guard.

Then came Achiganaga himself. The Wild Rice, with his simple cunning, had implicated the old chief, perhaps as catching at his eminence and influence for salvation. Stoutly the old man denied that he had ever had knowledge of the villainous plot. Du Lhut's most searching questions could not shake him, nor open any loophole in his testimony.

Du Lhut recalled the Wild Rice and Achiganaga's two sons, and dramatically confronted them with the old man. Once more reading them their answers, he put them afresh through a gruelling cross-examination. The sachems and the chiefs drew hard upon their pipes as the piece rose to its climax. The three young prisoners admitted their guilt and failed to implicate the old man, who was able by his questioning of them and by the convincing character of his story to establish his innocence of all complicity.

"Ho! Ho!" the sachems cried in their excitement, "Each of you accuses the others and convicts himself. It is enough. Your lives are at the mercy of the Frenchmen."

The trial was over. The jury had rendered its verdict. Achiganaga was released.

Next day, du Lhut convened the sachems and the chiefs in another council. "Brothers," he said in summing up, "It is established that two Frenchmen have been robbed and murdered. The murderers are known and have been convicted. You know what is the custom amongst you in such cases. What say you?"

There was no response. One by one the savage aristocracy arose and stalked silently away.

Next day the indefatigably diplomatic du Lhut assembled yet another council, this time, on account of the weather, in the spacious cabin of the Ottawa chief, Brochet. "Brothers," he addressed them, "you heard my question yesterday. Tell me what is the custom with you in such cases?"

Du Lhut waited. There came no answer.

Du Lhut spoke again. "Since you are unwilling to declare yourselves, I will undertake to settle this case. To-morrow you shall know my sentence upon the prisoners."

Again the savage dignitaries strode out in silence.

Du Lhut knew their custom. It was that, when the nation of the murderers wished to remain at peace with the nation of the murdered, the nearest relatives of the guilty slew them themselves, one man for each victim of the murder. He wanted to force the Indians to render the French the same justice as they would each other. It was useless, he saw, however, to hold more councils, which only resulted in a prodigious consumption of tobacco.

On November 29th du Lhut convened a court of

all the leading Frenchmen there. The stenographic record of the trial was read. The unanimous opinion was that, as all were self-confessed murderers, all three should die.

Du Lhut was very cautious. He was setting a precedent for the future. The relations of the French with all the western Indians hung upon his actions. He decided to avoid the slightest suspicion of vindictiveness. He recommended to the court that, as two Frenchmen only had been killed, two Indians should die, no more. After considerable discussion, the court adopted this sentence; namely that the Wild Rice and the elder of the sons of Achiganaga be condemned to death, and that the younger son receive the Governor's pardon and go free.

Immediately du Lhut proceeded, with six French gentlemen, to Brochet's lodge, where the chiefs and sachems were again assembled. He spoke with decision. He reproached them that none of them had been willing to pronounce sentence to right the wrong done to the French nation. "Onontio, your French Father," he went on, "has suffered loss of blood. Blood must be shed in satisfaction. Two different tribes have participated in the crime. One murderer from each shall die. By the same death as they meted to the Frenchmen shall they die, that is to say, they shall be shot. To the third criminal Onontio, out of the love he bears you, grants life and freedom."

Squatting in a circle in the gloom of the long, bark-roofed cabin, the slanting ray from the trough of light along the ridge illumining some

of the furrowed, harsh, inscrutable faces, the flickering beams of the fire in the centre of the earthen floor playing on others, the chiefs sat motionless. There was no "Ho! Ho!", no grunt of approval, but all drew hard upon their pipes, and the smoke puffed furiously upward. They had not thought that this Frenchman, alone with a handful of his people in a far wilderness populous with their kin, would have dared to carry out this sentence. Then arose Le Talon, chief among the Ottawas. He pleaded for mercy, adduced the friendship of his nation for the French, and their many services, and concluded that, if Onontio had the merciful disposition of which the French had spoken, he would grant the prisoners life. Another Ottawa chief reminded du Lhut that Governor de Courcelles had once demanded from him some Iroquois prisoners whom he had taken, that he had handed them over and that the Governor had set them at liberty. The French ought now to repay this act by handing over these prisoners of theirs. Oumamins, chief of the Saulteurs, thanked the French for their restraint. No others spoke.

Du Lhut replied that, if the prisoners had been prisoners of war, nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to grant them life and liberty, but they were assassins, and it was necessary to make an example, as a deterrent to others. They all knew well, he said, his friendly disposition toward themselves, but that he feared none of them sufficiently to turn aside from his duty. He arraigned them as guilty of the deaths of these young men. They had allowed their youth to think that murder was of no great consequence,

inasmuch as it could be condoned for a bale of beaver skins or a gift of a slave. That murderers among them had in the past suffered nothing more serious than this had resulted in the present evil issues, which would never have followed, had the old men been wise enough long ago to have let the young men understand that the whole nation would abandon them, if they were guilty of a crime.

Abruptly du Lhut left the council. He suggested to the missionaries that now was their opportunity to baptize the prisoners. This they did forthwith.

Within an hour the preparations were all made. The condemned men were marched out to an open space two hundred paces from the Indian village. The Frenchmen paraded full strength, forty-two. Four hundred saturnine Indians stood silent, immobile behind the Frenchmen. The firing-party stepped out to its place in front. Du Lhut's sword flashed, the muskets spoke, the murderers fell dead.

Such was the first trial and execution by a European court in the far west. Du Lhut had played his role with skill. Detective, policeman, attorney-general, judge, crown attorney, sheriff, executioner all in one, he had upheld the prestige of the white race, and given example of the white man's justice in the heart of New World savagery. The lesson sank deep.

For two days the chiefs and sachems sat sullen in their lodges. Then they held a council, to which they invited du Lhut. Each of the three tribes of Ottawas presented two belts of wampum,

one to cover over, as their picturesque phraseology had it, the graves of the murdered Frenchmen, and the other to wipe away the blood, that henceforth their land might be clean. One hour later, after du Lhut's exit, they repeated the same ceremony for Achiganaga and for the father of the Wild Rice.

The next day du Lhut gave a feast in the lodge of Brochet to pacify him because the sentence of death had been there pronounced without his permission. At this feast the Hurons presented three belts of wampum to du Lhut to clear away all memory of the ugly affair. They presented also three belts on behalf of the Saulteurs, who had left.

Two days later, presented by du Lhut with everything they needed — blankets, shirts, guns, powder, shot, molasses, tobacco, hatchets, knives, cord for beaver-nets, and two sacks of wheat, Achiganaga and his family set out for their distant home. The incident was closed.

A MEMORABLE SERMON

THE city of Montreal was founded, as a missionary venture, in 1642. The King of France granted as a seigneury to the missionary society, whose high and noble enterprise it was, the whole Island of Montreal, with the right to nominate the Governor and to administer both civil and criminal justice. For twenty-three years the Sieur de Maisonneuve, first Governor, wisely, sympathetically and in virtual independence save for his allegiance to the society, managed the affairs of the struggling settlement, a veritable outpost of peril. Then in 1663, Louis XIV, just released from the dominance of his mighty minister of state, Cardinal Mazarin, by the latter's death, took into his own royal hands the government of New France, thus far managed, or rather mismanaged, by a fur-trading monopolistic corporation. He was gathering up all the reins of government at home and abroad and initiating that centralizing movement which reached such a pitch of cumbrous perfection before his death.

The King's first act with regard to Canada was to send out a Governor and over him a temporary Vice-roy, backed by a regiment of veteran troops, to put an end to the colony's perpetual fear of extermination at the hands of its relentless savage enemies, the Iroquois, and to see the new governmental machinery fairly started. This Vice-roy, the Sieur de Tracy, was imbued with his royal

master's centralizing spirit. He could not brook the apparent independence of the petty up-river station, Montreal. Mainly to assert the authority of the government at Quebec, he summarily dismissed and sent home that gallant Christian knight, Maisonneuve. Montreal bowed, but the Sulpician Society of priests in Paris, who had taken over the heavy burden of the distant station from the failing hands of the missionary society, protested the invasion of its charter rights. Though Maisonneuve never went back, the Sulpicians largely won their point.

During the next ten years the Governors of Montreal gained again a considerable part of their independence, although never again could the halcyon days of Maisonneuve return. Then, in 1672, came Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, a distinguished soldier, and a member of the high nobility of France, to govern Canada. His was not the disposition to suffer Montreal to affect any of the airs of a separate authority. The Governor of Montreal was then M. Perrot, married to a niece of the great Intendant of New France, Jean Talon, who was just returning to France to become a Count and privy councillor of his sovereign. Perrot was not a lovely character; indeed he was somewhat of a brute, a clever and unscrupulous one. He debauched the society of Montreal by his laxity in dealing with the *coureurs de bois,* adventurous Frenchmen who had taken to the wild life of the woods in the interest of the private fur-trade. He himself profited enormously from the fur-trade through the agency of these same gentry, many of whom were

deserters from the army. Indeed he went into the trade in a very business-like manner. He established a depot on an island, to the west of the Island of Montreal, and to this day called Isle Perrot. This island, though granted to him as a seigneury, was outside his own jurisdiction as Governor of Montreal. Therefore, he could not be officially blamed for what might happen there, nor for the crowds of *coureurs de bois* who might assemble thus close to Montreal in spite of the royal edicts against them and their mode of life.

Frontenac passed through Montreal in the summer of 1673 on his way up the St. Lawrence to establish, with the requisitioned and unpaid labour of the colonists, a post at Cataraqui at the lower end of Lake Ontario, where to-day stands the city of Kingston. He noted Perrot's virtual independence, his laxity regarding the *coureurs de bois,* even his scarcely covert support of them. He noted also his avaricious activity in the immensely lucrative fur-trade. He determined to strike soon and hard. The matter of the *coureurs de bois* should be his handle.

The opportunity came quickly. In the autumn of that same year two *coureurs de bois* returned and openly lodged with M. Carion, an officer of the garrison of Montreal and a personal friend of M. Perrot's. The royal judge at Montreal, M. d'Ailleboust, issued an order for their arrest, in accordance with the recently-repeated instructions from the King. The constable was roughly handled and returned without his prisoners. The Governor of Montreal sharply reprimanded the judge and threatened him with arrest for himself.

The judge reported at once to the Comte de Frontenac, who forthwith sent an officer and three guards to arrest M. Carion. This officer had a letter of notification from the Governor-General to the Governor of Montreal, which he unwisely did not present until after he had taken M. Carion into custody. The Governor of Montreal appeared on the scene with his guard, liberated Carion, and imprisoned Frontenac's officer for infringing his jurisdiction. The latter was released, however, next day and sent off to Frontenac with a letter. He took with him an affadavit attesting his arrest, signed by several prominent citizens, witnesses of the affair.

This was Frontenac's chance. He requested Perrot to come to Quebec to report concerning his conduct. He wrote also to the Abbé Fénelon, one of the priests of the Sulpician Order at Montreal, with whom he was on friendly terms, asking him to urge the Governor to comply, in order that these differences might be settled with the least possible fuss. The Abbé Fénelon, flattered to act as mediator between two such important people, prevailed upon Perrot to go to Quebec. Together they tramped down on snowshoes. There was only one interview, a brief one. Perrot had been in the room hardly five minutes when his stubbornness and hauteur raised the ire of the Count, who cut the scene short by ordering him under arrest. He was promptly taken in charge by the same officer whom he had imprisoned at Montreal, and forthwith lodged in a cell under the Château St. Louis, the Governor's Palace, which stood in that magnificent situation on the edge of the Rock,

now occupied by the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel, the Château Frontenac. There he remained untried, in solitary confinement, for the next nine months. Frontenac appointed an acting Governor of Montreal in his place. The Abbé Fénelon tramped back to Montreal alone, indignant, feeling himself the dupe of the Governor-General.

There was lodging in Montreal this winter of 1673-1674, at the house of the wealthy fur-trader LeBer, a young adventurer, Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. He had come to Canada in 1667, and, probably through the influence of his elder brother, the Abbé Jean Cavelier, one of the Sulpician priests at Montreal, had been given a large seigneury where now is the village of Lachine. His restless, ambitious nature had led him to sell this grant in 1669 to go exploring westward, at first in company with two Sulpician priests, and then alone. He had returned, and in 1671 had gone out again. In 1672 he had nearly reached the Mississippi by way of the Illinois River. In 1673, when Frontenac came to Montreal, already acquainted with and relying on La Salle, he sent him on ahead to invite the Iroquois to come from their country south of Lake Ontario to the great pow-wow to be held at Cataraqui.

During the quarrel between the Governor of Canada and the Governor of Montreal, the citizens of Montreal were divided. The Sulpician priests, on the other hand, seigneurs of the Island of Montreal, tried to maintain a strict neutrality. The Abbé Fénelon, returning furious from Quebec, almost upset this policy.

On Easter Sunday, some weeks later, it chanced that the Abbé Fénelon was the priest chosen to preach the sermon in the chapel of the Hotel-Dieu, which was being used as the parish church until the new church, then building, should be finished. M. Perrot, the curé, in other words the parish priest, of the same name, but no relative of the imprisoned Governor, was the celebrant at mass in the absence of the Superior of the Sulpicians, Father Dollier de Casson, who was ill in bed. He sat beside the altar. The Abbé Jean Cavelier acted as deacon and Father Rémy as sub-deacon. The church was small and crowded. All the dignitaries of Montreal were present. La Salle sat at the back near the door.

The gospel read, the Abbé Fénelon mounted the pulpit and announced that he would speak of that two-fold necessity of the Christian—to die with Christ and to rise with Him. Following the age-old doctrine of the Church, as elaborated by St. Thomas Aquinas, he spoke of the life of man as vegetative, sensitive, rational. The vices devastating the life of each of these states must die in Christ that the new man may rise with Christ, purged in all three aspects. Regarding the sensitive aspect, the preacher enlarged upon the attitude which Christians of various social degrees would manifest at the Easter of their soul with Christ. "The Magistrate," he said, "quickened with the spirit of Christ arisen, will show great diligence in chastising those who offend against the person and authority of his Sovereign, but will be equally as diligent in pardoning those who offend against his own person."

La Salle began to take a vivid interest in the sermon. So far, the generalities were those with which he was very familiar from his early training, for he had, not so many years before, been a scholastic member of the Society of Jesus—the Jesuits—and had at his own request been set free by the General of that Society before taking the final step toward ordination. But this last sentence sounded suspiciously like comment upon the political situation in Montreal.

The preacher went on to say, "The Christian magistrate will abound in reverence for the sacred ministry before the altar; he will never subject its members to indignity when, in pursuance of their holy duty, they labour to bring into harmony those who strive as enemies, and to establish peace on every hand."

This was too much. Flushed with anger La Salle suddenly rose to his feet. The preacher was using the pulpit to spread propaganda against the Governor of Canada, his hero, his chief, and entitled to the allegiance of everyone present. He said nothing, but his excited gestures were almost as loud as the shouted word. With these he called the attention of the various dignitaries of state there present to the offending words, among them being several officers and, most important, de Bellefontaine, brigade commander of the Comte de Frontenac's guard, and de la Naudière, the acting Governor of Montreal.

The preacher could not help but see La Salle. He hesitated; his face grew pale, but he continued. "The Christian magistrate will not surround himself with servile creatures to sing his

praises to his face; nor will he oppress, urging specious charges, those his brother magistrates, vested even as he is with authority, and servants of the same sovereign, who happen to oppose his projects; he will use his power to maintain the prestige of his sovereign master and not to promote his own interests; he will regard his subjects as his children, treat them as a father should, and, content with the emolument vouchsafed by his sovereign, will not burden and disturb the commerce of the land nor ill-treat those who object to sharing their profits with him. Finally, he will not harass his people by unjustly and without precedent exacting forced labour for purposes of his own under cover of his sovereign's name and without his sovereign being aware of the extent and grievous weight of such practices."

The recent forced labour to build Fort Frontenac, the present quarrel with M. Perrot gave every word a keen-edged meaning to the whole population. La Salle was furious. He motioned to the curé seated beside the altar, who caught his eye, but merely shrugged his shoulders as though to deprecate all violence and disorder. Finally, La Salle sat down, a scowl upon his flushed and handsome face, having effectively called the attention of everyone to the political significance of the sermon, and having effectively created a "scene". The preacher finished. As the Abbé Fénelon stepped out from the chancel, the Abbé Perrot said to him in a low voice, "Really, my dear sir, you have gone into unnecessary detail, calculated to stir up trouble." Father Perrot said afterward that he had been on the point of

rising and intoning the Creed to cut short the preacher's indiscreet remarks.

The Governor of Canada was notified immediately; La Salle saw to that. But already the Sulpicians had acted swiftly. The Superior, Father Dollier de Casson, rose from his sick-bed to go personally to assure the acting-Governor of Montreal that they were not responsible for the Abbé Fénelon's words and that the Abbé should never preach again while he was Superior. The Abbé Fénelon himself, extraordinarily enough, gave his word as priest and gentleman that his remarks had been general and that he had not consciously pointed them at any one in particular.

Frontenac rose in his wrath. He ordered the Sulpicians to expel the Abbé Fénelon from their midst. This they refused to do, as indeed they could not by ecclesiastical law, but the Abbé resigned. This was his privilege, the Sulpicians being a society of priests and not a regular religious order. He became for a time the parish priest at Lachine. The Governor of Canada sent down commissioners who held an investigation. Father Fénelon was summoned to Quebec to be tried before the Sovereign Council. This tribunal he defied, and was finally shipped to France, along with M. Perrot, never to return. The latter was lectured by the King, disciplined with a few weeks in the Bastille, and then sent back to his governorship. The Comte de Frontenac was publicly vindicated, but privately reproved by his royal master. However, he had broken Perrot and Montreal.

La Salle proceeded about the same time in the

Autumn of 1674 to France armed with powerful recommendations from Frontenac, and was granted letters patent of nobility by the King together with possession of the seigneury and the new fort at Cataraqui, called Fort Frontenac. He had lost nothing by his championship of the cause of the Governor of Canada.

A GENTLEMAN SEES RED

THE picturesque young Baron de Lahontan arrived in Canada as an officer of French regulars in the Autumn of 1683. The cold, but not entirely unenjoyable winter he spent mainly in a comfortable billet at Beaupré, famous to-day for its shrine of St. Anne. In the summer of 1684 he took part in a futile and mismanaged expedition against the Iroquois, which expedition was led by the incompetent Governor, Lefebvre de la Barre. For the next two years he was quartered on the inhabitants at various places. He hunted a great deal with the Indians and the *coureurs de bois,* and succeeded, amid considerable pleasure and excitement, in picking up a valuable knowledge of the country and particularly of the language, habits, and the mentality of the savages. Then, in 1687, there took place another invasion of the Iroquois country. This time the young Baron, now just twenty years of age, was marked for interesting adventure.

After the recall of the great Frontenac in 1682, the Court of France sent as Governors to Canada two gentlemen utterly unable to cope with the difficult problem of defence, first Colonel Lefebvre de la Barre, and second the Marquis de Denonville. The first of these, by his avarice and weakness, lowered the prestige of the French with the savages, allies and enemies alike. The second, though more efficient, could never understand the

Indians, failed to capture their imagination, and ended by quite losing control of the situation. To begin with he tried his hand at overawing the Iroquois, the ferocious savages living just south of Lake Ontario, who were making life intolerable for the sparse and straggling colony. He assembled on St. Helen's Island, in the St. Lawrence in front of Montreal, the largest military force so far assembled in Canada, consisting of 830 regulars, 930 militia and 300 Indians, in all over two thousand troops. More were to meet him at Kingston. His intention was to invade the country of the Senecas, one of the five Iroquois tribes, destroy their villages and, if possible, completely crush them.

A few days before this force left St. Helen's Island under the command of the Marquis de Denonville himself, there proceeded up the St. Lawrence a strong advance party led by the Intendant, de Champigny. The latter's mission was no high and honourable enterprise, and he was not squeamish as to his methods. The Governor had formerly received orders from the King to send to France a batch of Iroquois captives. Since these savages were of powerful and muscular physique they would do splendidly for service in the royal galleys, which were insatiable in their demands for human motive power. The life of the galley-slave was perhaps the cruellest torture of that age, so much more cruel than our own, but the King must have his galleys for despatch service and for naval warfare in the Mediterranean. The Governor realized that this demand from his Sovereign was based on a misconception of the situa-

tion, for the Iroquois were seldom caught, never in any number, and indeed, rarely seen except with tomahawk and gun in hand, or dead. However, an old, distinguished soldier, he would find it difficult to explain all this to the Court of France; so he planned one of the most dastardly pieces of treachery ever planned in Canada, and entrusted to the Intendant its execution. The incident is remarkable, for, in the main, throughout their long régime, the French most scrupulously kept faith with the Red Man.

On the north shore of the Bay of Quinté, some twenty-five miles or so west of the present Kingston, stood some distance apart two small Iroquois villages, Quinté and Ganneious. They were the home of members of the Onondaga tribe whom Sulpician missionaries from Montreal had induced to settle there in order to form a colony of Christian Iroquois. They were peaceful, unoffending, friendly to the French and useful to the garrison at Fort Frontenac, for they traded there and provided a constant supply of fish and game.

On his way up the St. Lawrence Champigny entrapped some small parties of unsuspecting Iroquois, wandering on their summer fishing expedition, with their wives and children. Arrived at Fort Frontenac, where Kingston stands to-day, he invited the inhabitants of the village of Quinté to assemble there for a feast at the fort. Unsuspicious of perfidy they came, thirty men and ninety women and children. No sooner were they seated than Champigny had them surrounded with three hundred Frenchmen. The thirty men were secured and bound. Meanwhile, he had sent

on an officer named Perré with a large escort to the village of Ganneious, where the latter surprised and captured eighteen young men and returned with these. Sixty women and children trailed after. The mighty task was now complete.

Eventually, the women and children were all forcibly baptized and distributed as extra wives and progeny among the villages of Christian Indians. Fifty-one men in all were captured. A few were freed for various reasons of policy. A number were given to their relatives in the Christian missions, and the rest, to the number of thirty-five, were baptized and sent overseas to the galleys.

In the meantime, the Baron de Lahontan arrived with the main body of the expedition, a few days after the round-up. A strange sight met his eyes as he entered the gateway of the fort. Along the side of the parade-ground stood a line of posts. To each post was bound, stark-naked, an Iroquois brave with cords around his neck, hands and feet, so that he could neither sleep nor protect himself from the mosquitoes which hung about like a cloud in the early summer weather. Lahontan stopped, fascinated with horror at this cruelty, gazed at the disgusting sight and was told that the victims were given no food nor drink except what their squaws could obtain for them. He listened to the death-song which each of the sufferers chanted continually, and he knew enough of their language to understand something of what they were saying. They were complaining of the perfidy of their captors; relating how in peace and friendliness they had supplied the wants of

the garrison; how, without cause, they had seen their old men struck down before their eyes by these same French whom the missionaries had held up to them as men of faith and honour. They were calling upon their relatives, the Iroquois tribes across the lake, to avenge their anguish, and they promised an undying memory of this treachery among their people.

Lahonton was further horrified to recognize in one of the sufferers a young savage whom he had known three years before, when he had been at this same post for six weeks, attached to La Barre's unsuccessful expedition, and who had entertained him in his lodge. The Baron went over to him and started to talk in the Algonquin language which both could speak. He said that he was very grieved to see him in this terrible plight, and would undertake that he should receive food and drink twice daily. He promised to furnish him with letters to his friends in Montreal and Quebec, who would mitigate his sufferings as he passed through.

The young savage answered that he had noted how horror-stricken were most of the French when they first came upon the sight of himself and his companions thus tortured. He refused, however, to receive any favour or relief which his fellow-sufferers did not share. He went on to say that throughout his life he had been friendly to the French and had on numerous occasions rendered them services, only to be treated in this heartless and barbarous manner in the end. With that he dropped his head upon his breast and wrapped himself in silence.

Lahontan was deeply affected. Looking around at length, he noticed several naked young men and small children of the Christian Indians, allies of the French, running up with lighted pipes in their hands. He saw them squat down and set to work with fiendish glee to burn off in the pipe-bowls the fingers and toes of the helpless captives. He saw others with live coals in the ends of split sticks burning holes in the living flesh. This was the usual practice in any Indian village when prisoners of war were brought in, and by this time the French had become somewhat hardened to hearing of it, seeing it, and sometimes even to undergoing this torture themselves. Lahontan's overwrought nerves, however, snapped. Beside himself with rage, he ran down the long line thrashing right and left with his cane, which fell with resounding cuts upon the bare backs of the young tormentors and drove them howling away.

Instantly, the whole parade-ground was alive. A dozen French militia officers launched themselves upon the Baron and overpowered him. Not a moment too soon, for the Indian allies of the French, who, squatting on the fringes of the scene, had been watching the work of their offspring with fond parental indulgence, not to say with keen enjoyment, though at first paralyzed with astonishment at this unheard of, outrageous behaviour of the wild Frenchman, had quickly recovered their powers of action and dashed yelling to their lodges to get their guns. Back they bounded emitting those blood-curdling screeches known as the war-whoop, brandishing the tomahawk with murderous intent, and struggling to get

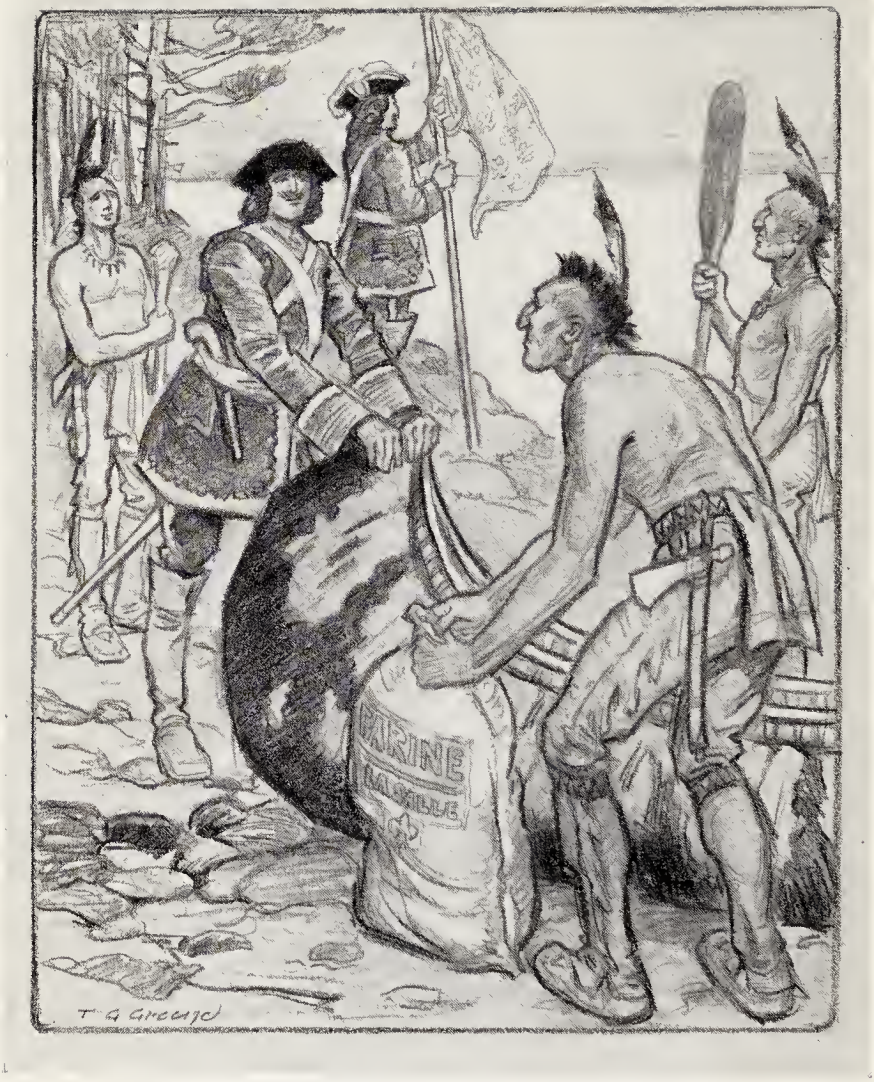
at Lahontan through the quickly-collecting crowd of French. The parade-ground was now a seething mob of gesticulating excited French and Indians, for the first war-whoop had brought every man of the garrison on the run.

The senior French militia officers took charge of the Indians, frantically explaining that the Baron de Lahontan was drunk, that the least drop of liquor sent him raving mad, that all French officers and men had been strictly forbidden to give him anything intoxicating. Gradually the Indians were appeased, for amongst them madness and drunkenness were privileged, and liquor would explain anything. The senior regular officers were by this time upon the spot, and the Baron was forthwith arrested. In disgrace he was confined to his quarters for a week. As he sat solitary, however, he reflected with satisfaction on the number and quality of the blows he had dealt, and his only regret was that he had not had time to reach more of the young whelps before he was borne down.

The innocent prisoners were despatched to Montreal. The expedition proceeded to a somewhat barren success in the Seneca country. In spite of his indiscretion, Lahontan held the confidence of the Governor, and, in the Autumn, much to his own disgust, was given command of a fort at the northern end of the St. Clair River because of his knowledge of the Indian character and language.

After two years of heart-breaking misery in the galleys, during which time a number of these wild children of the forest died from the constraint and

the cruelty, the survivors were brought back by the great Frontenac, when he came a second time as Governor of Canada in 1689. He treated them in princely fashion as reparation for the wrongs they had suffered, and endeavoured to use them as ambassadors to their own people, the Iroquois, in his preliminary effort to draw these ferocious tribes beneath his powerful influence again. In this he was only partially successful, but some of these erstwhile galley-slaves continued his devoted friends throughout his remaining days.



La Salle on Lake Ontario

BLUDGEONINGS OF CHANCE

FEBRUARY, 1680, found the Sieur de la Salle on the far-off banks of the Illinois River. There, at Fort Crèvecoeur—Heart-break Fort—he took stock of his precarious position. Six of his skilled workmen, who were to have built a ship to bear his expedition down the Illinois and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico and thence home to France, had deserted. His ship, the *Griffon,* bearing all his wealth of furs wherewith to pay his creditors, and all the equipment necessary to his great expedition, had, he now felt sure, been lost upon Lake Huron. His whole vast scheme hung in the balance. His presence was necessary among the mutinous men still left him, but he alone could procure new equipment far away in Montreal. He took the risk, and, at the beginning of March, with four Frenchmen and an Indian hunter, he struck overland to Fort Frontenac, his seigneury, where Kingston, Ontario, stands to-day — a perilous journey of a thousand miles and more.

Sixty-five days it took him—days and nights of ceaseless toil, exposure, privation, suffering. His pace was killing. Never dry, always hungry, through slush and ice, under torrential rains they tramped on. One by one he wore out all his men. He alone kept heart and health, he of the iron will and constitution. At his stockade above Niagara Falls awaited him the certainty that his vessel, the

Griffon, lay at the bottom of Lake Huron; also the crushing news that another vessel of his, out from France, was a wreck in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and her priceless cargo of essential equipment beneath the salt waves; finally, the information that the skilled mechanics who had been hired for him in France had arrived at Quebec, had been maliciously told that he was dead and had returned to France.

No rest, no repining for La Salle. With fresh men he was off immediately. A few days' furious paddling along the south coast of Lake Ontario brought him, rain-soaked but with unquenched energy, to Fort Frontenac.

Nor was there rest here. A few days' hurried appraisal of resources and La Salle was off again down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, a long and dangerous journey in those days before steam power and before canals around the rapids. There he met his creditors and calmed them, faced his enemies, laid the mischievous rumours of his ruin and his death, obtained new credits, collected large supplies of the equipment so vital to his success, and, within a week, was on his way back to Fort Frontenac.

At Fort Frontenac there was work enough to keep him many months. While the master eye had not been on them both officers and men had loafed. But where La Salle was men did not loaf. Days instead of months, however, must suffice, for he had to be off once more, before the Autumn set in, to regain Fort Crèvecoeur and relieve his trusted lieutenant, Tonty, there in command.

It was on July 22nd that there arrived at Fort

Frontenac two Frenchmen of the party he had left at Fort Crèvecoeur by the Illinois, Jacques Messier and Nicolas Laurent, messengers from Tonty. The letter which they brought contained news of the final overwhelming blow. La Salle had hardly left Crèvecoeur when all the carpenters, the blacksmith, the joiner, and most of the other workmen busy upon the new ship on the banks of the Illinois, had deserted. Before they had gone they had, moreover, broken open and plundered his stores of furs, of merchandise for exchange with the Indians, and of ammunition. They had also wrecked the palisade and the buildings. Tampered with by La Salle's far-reaching and powerful enemies, they had accomplished the purpose of those enemies and had gone off believing the ruin of their master now complete, yet leaving untouched as worthless the skeleton of the ship upon the stocks.

La Salle never bowed before the strokes of Fate; he took them erect and challenging. This news spurred him to sudden, swift action. Familiarity with the men and the country left him little doubt of the route the mutineers would follow. Immediately he started out to find them on Lake Ontario. Nine men sailed with him in one little barque; fifteen more had orders to follow quickly in another. Over the green waters, curling white, the tiny ship fought westward against the relentless prevailing wind. More than once it was driven back nearly to Fort Frontenac. At length, after a ten days' struggle, La Salle found himself no further than off the coast of what is now Prince Edward County. Here, in a sheltered

bay, he anchored his ship. It was the second of August. About four in the afternoon a canoe shot around the point. Two men were in it, but, instead of turning tail at the sight of the ship, they paddled swiftly toward her. They were not the mutineers. As they stumbled, spent and breathless, to the deck and began to stammer out their story, La Salle recognized two of the faithful colonists from his seigneury at Fort Frontenac. Night and day they had paddled from the west to warn their seigneur, for his life was in danger. Along the northern shore of Lake Ontario they had met the villains, had learned from their boastings and their attempted persuasion to mutiny the list of their black deeds and blacker intentions. Twenty in number, they had left La Salle's work in ruins by the far Illinois, and had journeyed north to the southern end of Lake Michigan, where they had pillaged and burnt the storehouse of their master at the mouth of the St. Joseph River. Thence they had proceeded still northward to Michillimackinac and had seized the large consignment of furs which La Salle had lying in depot there. From there they had followed the shore of Lake Huron, the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, the Detroit River, Lake Erie and the Niagara River to the stockaded warehouse of their master a short distance above Niagara Falls. This they had plundered and burnt. Then they had divided the spoils. Eight of the scoundrels had proceeded eastward along the southern coast of Lake Ontario, bound for Albany on the Hudson by way of the Oswego River and the Mohawk River through the heart of

the Iroquois country. The other twelve, lustful of more spoil or vengeful of fancied wrongs, came around the western end of Lake Ontario and along the northern coast (this was not the usual route) intent upon surprising Fort Frontenac itself, murdering their master, La Salle, and sacking the place, before they, too, picked their way through the wilderness to Albany, there to dispose of their blood-guilty wealth and there to enjoy immunity from the long reach of French law.

The two faithful retainers gave descriptions of the men, said they were in two canoes, six in each, and could not be far behind. La Salle was confirmed in all his reckoning, for, knowing the characters of the mutineers, he had suspected that some of them would take this longer way around to work him harm at the very base of all his enterprise. It was for this reason that he had come this way, instead of searching along the southern coast.

The two exhausted messengers were sent on home to Fort Frontenac, carrying orders that the garrison and all the personnel of the settlement should turn out armed. In three parties they should watch in three key positions, probably near the western end of Wolfe Island, that, if he, La Salle, should fail to catch the mutineers, these parties might.

Then, leaving the little ship tucked safely in a cove and guarded by five of his nine men, La Salle set out with the four others in a canoe. Fifteen miles or so westward he waited under the shadow of a point as the day dawned. There,

straight in front, crossing the mouth of a wide bay, came the two canoes, a mile or two apart. As the one ahead rounded the point La Salle's canoe shot out behind it, his four men paddling swiftly and keeping dead in the wake of the prey, its one blind spot, for none of the occupants could turn around in the delicately balanced craft to deal with the pursuers, without overturning it. La Salle's canoe, unladen, was swifter than the other which bore, deep in the water, its burden of stolen furs. Close upon the tail of the pursued, La Salle, his gun levelled, called out a demand for instant surrender, and at this moment two of his men shipped their paddles, seized and aimed their muskets. The game was up. The five mutineers and would-be murderers gave in without a struggle and handed their arms across the gunwale. Under the muzzle of La Salle's gun they paddled to the beach. There the outraged master bade them transfer the furs to his canoe, then their food, then their ammunition and their personal baggage. With nothing allowed them on which or by which to subsist in the wilderness, flight was now impossible, and La Salle left them while his canoe shot out again to meet the second party of the scoundrels. There were only two men in this canoe, and, recognizing, with a paralysis of fear, the man they had robbed and were on their way to kill, they yielded without struggle or attempted flight.

Assembled on the shore in a solemn court of enquiry, sullenly the mutineers admitted in the presence of La Salle's four witnesses all that Tonty had written concerning their actions and

all that of which La Salle's two settlers had brought him word. They added that the other five had stayed to make a third canoe and were following on more slowly. Formally he charged them with their crimes, the most serious possible, save murder, in that country—mutiny, desertion, sabotage; as serious as mutiny or piracy at sea.

Back to the barque they paddled in front of La Salle. Once aboard, it was hardly half a day's run before the steady southwest gale to Fort Frontenac, where La Salle put his prisoners in irons and was off immediately to find the remaining five.

It was six o'clock on the afternoon of August the fourth. The barque was tacking off the rocky coast near Amherst Island. Three miles or more away La Salle spied the watched-for canoe. At once his two canoes, each manned with four men, darted off to get between it and the shore. He was five miles, the deserters only a mile and a half from the shore. They saw his manoeuvre and frantically paddled for land. There, in the long line of rock against which the breakers were dashing and which offered for miles no possible landing for a frail canoe, they found a tiny stretch of beach. Here they leaped ashore and took post, each behind a tree. When La Salle's canoes drew near his men, straining their eyes, could make out the glint of the sunset on the barrels of five muskets levelled beside the tree-trunks. The four men who were paddling La Salle refused to carry their master into range, so he sent the other four along the shore to find a landing and take the mutineers in the rear. Some of the latter, how-

ever, followed them along, ready to fire if they showed signs of coming in. The canoe, swifter than their impeded walk, outdistanced the mutineers and found a landing three miles away. But here the darkness overtook them. So they reembarked and paddled back close inshore to surprise, if possible, the mutineers at their own landing place. Halfway back they came upon their quarry stealing softly by in their canoe, for, in spite of La Salle's close watch, they had managed to push off silently in the dark. La Salle's loyal men called to the mutineers to give themselves up. There came no answer save muttered threats, the click of a trigger, the lighting of a fuse. La Salle's men fired first. Shrieks, curses, groans followed as the reverberations rolled among the rocks and trees. La Salle's men were upon them in the moment of confusion and the three of the mutineers who remained alive surrendered their arms. They were conducted in triumph to La Salle, whose canoe came darting through the night in the direction of the shooting.

Out paddled the three canoes to the barque riding at anchor not far off, and it was only a few hours before these last three sat in irons, with their companions in crime, in the dungeon at Fort Frontenac.

Next morning La Salle was off once more in the barque, this time southward along what is now the United States coast, to head off the eight remaining rogues who were making for Albany on the Hudson. Now, however, the wind was so strong against his course that, after a futile struggle of several days, rather than waste more

time, he put back to Fort Frontenac. The moments were precious, for the faithful Tonty was in peril by the far Illinois among hostile Indians stirred to warfare by the intrigues of La Salle's powerful, insidious enemies. He must be rescued, even if eight mutineers escaped.

So, leaving orders for his sergeant to ambush these, La Salle made out a written accusation against the prisoners in the fort, attached to it what documentary evidence he had, and left the whole for the consideration of the Comte de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, who was expected shortly to arrive. He himself set out with twenty-five men to go by way of Toronto, the Humber River, Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay to Lake Michigan and the headwaters of the Illinois. On the shores of Lake Simcoe he captured two more of the deserters from his posts and regained some of his furs.

The prisoners at Fort Frontenac were eventually sent down to Montreal for trial. There the influence of La Salle's powerful enemies, supported by the malice of the Intendant, the almost irresponsible chief law officer of the colony, served to protect these scoundrels from their richly deserved punishment and to defeat the ends of justice.

Such was a summer's incident in the career of the great La Salle, who with such poor human material as these wretches, and against the odds of such official corruption, was reaching out from Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario to the Gulf of Mexico in a race against time, his implacable enemies among his own people, the English colon-

ials and the Spaniards, to seize and hold the vast basin of the unknown Mississippi for his beloved France and to open to the march of the lily standard all the limitless, mysterious west.

At the Chateau St. Louis, 1692

THE MATCHMAKER FOILED

THEY were marriage-mad in Canada from the 1660's to the 1690's. So great was the Administration's hurry to grow an indigenous French population that bachelors over twenty years of age were legally penalized, and fathers who had not found husbands for their sixteen-year-old daughters were subject to heavy disabilities. The great Colbert, minister of state to Louis XIV, wrote in his master's name to the Intendant of New France, Talon:

"I pray you commend it to the consideration of all in the country that their prosperity, their subsistence and all that is vital to their welfare depend upon a general resolution, never to be contravened, to marry the young men at eighteen or nineteen years of age and the girls at fourteen or fifteen. I pray you to cause them to suppress the objection that they have not sufficient on which to live, because in those countries, and in Canada especially, where everyone works for his living, there is no one who cannot gain the necessities, and abundance can never come to them except through abundance of men. It would be well to double the taxation and feudal duties upon those young men who do not get married at such an age, and as for those who would seem to have definitely rejected the idea of marriage, it would be to the purpose greatly to increase the burden of their taxes, to deprive them of all

chance of public honour, even to add some mark of public disgrace.

"Although the Kingdom of France be as populous as any country in the world, it is certain that it would be difficult to maintain large armies and at the same time send out a large emigration to establish colonies in far-off lands. Hence, we must limit ourselves to withdrawing with the greatest care a minimum of citizens of both sexes each year as emigrants to Canada, and to base the increase of population in the colony mainly upon the increase in the number of marriages as the colonial population grows."

That was written in 1668, but the spirit of these words continued dominant at least to the end of the century. All the royal officials conspired to see that no one remained single save priests of the church and nuns. The King was particularly benevolent toward young officers of his forces who resigned their commissions to marry in Canada and to live there the life of a seigneur. He could spare them more easily, perhaps, than humbler colonists, for he had always crowds of young gentlemen hanging about, intriguing for military employment and advancement. Jean Talon, the great Intendant of New France from 1665 to 1672, rigorously applied the principle outlined, and the Comte de Frontenac, even when he came out the second time as governor in 1689, was still keenly interested in promoting each and every advance, no matter how slight, that might lead to a wedding.

In the winter of 1691-1692 the young Baron de Lahontan was stationed in Quebec and a constant guest at the Château St. Louis, the palace of the

Governor, which stood on the spot where to-day stands the gigantic Canadian Pacific Railway hotel, the Château Frontenac. The old Count, brilliant wit, accomplished *litterateur,* and accustomed to the most polished and cultured society of the Europe of his time, liked the young man's repartee, and also took pity on his misfortunes as those of a fellow member of the aristocracy. For the Baron had been cheated out of his estates near Pau in the south of France while he was absent on service in Canada, and had just learned that recovery was out of the question.

The Governor held a court each winter at the Château St. Louis, which was brilliant by contrast with the puritan missionary spirit of the colony, and which drew the reprobation of the Bishop and the clergy. Around him he gathered the bright, young spirits among the officers, representatives of the French gentry who, polished in the manner of the Court of Louis, brought a dash of vivid colour to the sombre sternness of the business of hewing a colony out of the wilderness. This winter there was present a genial stranger to add a touch of piquancy, the wealthy Mr. Nelson, an Englishman from Boston, who traded in furs and had been brought captive to Quebec from French territory in Acadia where he had been caught poaching. The Governor treated him as the gentleman he was and, putting him upon his word of honour, allowed him the freedom of the city, and constantly entertained him at the Château St. Louis.

The trouble all started at a baptism. On the 11th of December, 1691, there was baptized in the

Cathedral, Geneviève, infant daughter of Pierre Moisan, a pilot of the port, and of his wife, Barbe Rateau. The godfather was the Baron de Lahontan, for Barbe Rateau's family came from near his home in Gascony. The godmother was the lovely Geneviève Damours, daughter of Mathieu Damours, Sieur Deschauffours, Keeper of the Seal of the Sovereign Council, and one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of Quebec. There, of course, lay the elements of romance, and the romance developed.

Now, Geneviève Damours was herself the goddaughter of the Governor. She was, perhaps on this account, more often than might otherwise have been the case, a guest at the Château St. Louis, though, in any event, her charm would have brought her many of these coveted invitations. The young Baron had not neglected his opportunities. He had more than once felt that his godfatherly duties necessitated his calling to consult the fair Geneviève at her home about their joint responsibility concerning the Moisan child. He liked her society and was delighted when, time and again, he found her beside him at the sumptuous dinner-table of the Governor. In fact, he seems to have taken no pains to conceal his satisfaction when she was about, least of all from the girl herself, who appeared not ill-content. He was, in his absorption, oblivious to the keen glances of those match-making officials, the Governor, the Intendant and the Bishop, practised to detect the first incipient signs as a matter of political importance.

A sudden check brought the Baron to his senses.

No less a person than his chief, the Governor himself, hinted one day, nay, broadly questioned him as to when he would be ready to marry the lovely one. For a moment he was seized with a panic. He liked the young lady immensely—as a playmate; he enjoyed the Governor's hospitality keenly; he did not relish the thought of losing either, but to marry anyone at all was the last thing he had any intention of doing. He knew, too, how relentless these people could be in such matters. His quick wit, however, saved him for the moment. Hinting vaguely at delicacy, he begged for two months' grace. Indulgently the Governor granted this, and the merry round of festivity ran on.

Crowd them as he would with pleasure, the two months came to an end. There was a conference this time. The Bishop was present when the Governor asked the Baron whether he had made up his mind. The young man wanted to see if his first suit would take another trick, and pleaded for another two months. The old Count, who had commanded many a young shuffler in his years of army experience, recognized the signs and refused. The good Bishop, perhaps only to gain his point against the Governor, interceded. The Governor yielded, and Lahontan received his two months' reprieve. He continued to enjoy exceedingly both the companionship of the fair lady and the hospitality of the Château St. Louis.

It all came to an end in a blaze of glory. When the second two months had slipped away, the genial Mr. Nelson gave a splendid banquet in honour of the Governor's goddaughter and of her

fiancé, for everyone looked upon the match as a foregone conclusion. The Governor, the Bishop, the Intendant were present, as were all the prominent seigneurs and officers in the city at the moment. With the after-dinner wine came the speeches. The host stood up and offered a thousand crowns as a wedding-present, to be paid on the wedding-day. He counted Mathieu Damours and his sons among his best friends, for they had traded with one another for many a long year. The Bishop rose and promised another thousand crowns as his wedding-present. Mathieu Damours himself mentioned casually that his daughter would have a dowry of a thousand crowns from him. The gallant old Count capped the climax with the promise of trading and other privileges worth seven or eight thousand crowns, and hinted at promotion for the lucky husband. Eleven thousand crowns and certain promotion as an inducement to marry the loveliest girl in Quebec—what more could a penniless young nobleman ask? But there he sat in a blue funk, feverishly tossing off bumper after bumper of wine so that, when they should ask him to sign that contract lying spread on the table over there, he might plead that he was too drunk to write his name. They carried him home and put him to bed.

Next day he did not get up, but lay desperately plotting some escape from his predicament. He liked the girl, but he could not bring himself to sacrifice his freedom to any woman. However, there appeared to be no loophole in the wall of official purpose this time. Frank confession, he decided, was his only course, and a dangerous one.

As he expected, a message came from the Governor curtly demanding instant compliance and at the same time reminding him that the Governor had been very lenient in allowing him so long a time to make up his mind.

There was nothing for it but to dress and climb to the Château. There he found the Governor with the Bishop, the Intendant and several senior officers. Addressing the Governor he said that he felt unable to go through with the betrothal. The rest of the company gasped, while the fiery old Count demanded an explanation. The Baron's ready wit did not forsake him. He replied that he had given the matter some thought and had found himself unworthy of the lady. He realized that he lacked the gift and the inclination to settle down, that he was volatile and lacked balance. "If you have respect for the lady, my lord," he continued, "pray do not suffer her to marry a young spark who is so apt to be swayed by extravagant and absurd ideals. For myself sir, I protest sincerely that the little reason and free judgment that is left me will serve to comfort me for the loss of her, and teach me to repent having desired to make her as unhappy as myself."

The bystanders were incredulous; the Governor was angry. Yet, in spite of his anger, he was forced to smile as the young rascal finished by remarking drily that any man who was capable of taking four months to make up his mind about marrying such a girl, was a scoundrel or a fool if he went through with it.

For a while Lahontan lay under the cloud of the

Comte de Frontenac's displeasure, and a junior officer received the promotion which would ordinarily have come to him. For the rest, his wit, his nonchalance, his title, his personal charm saved him from any attempt at social ostracism. It was not long, moreover, before his fertile brain concocted an excellent scheme of defence for the Upper Lakes, which brought him into prime favour again.

As for Geneviève Damours, undoubtedly she was in love with this most eligible young scapegrace, but apparently she accepted his explanations with outward calm and courtesy. The romance of the winter was over. Whether her heart was broken or not, it was long before she married. Twelve years later, in 1703, she became the bride of a young officer, the Chevalier Jean-Baptiste Céleron de Blainville. Poor girl, she died within two months of her wedding-day, carried off by an epidemic.

GUN-SHOT ECHOES FROM THE PAST

A THOUSAND savage Iroquois were lying in wait at the mouth of the harbour as a little schooner, manned by twelve sailors and a chaplain, slipped her moorings in front of Fort Frontenac and stood out for the open of Lake Ontario. That happened two hundred and forty-two years ago, but he who walks the parks and boulevards of the beautiful Kingston in Ontario to-day sees only part of that magnificent sea-scape before him, if he cannot by imagination place on those blue waters the staunch little vessels which sailed there long ago, and watch the grim struggles of the men who founded our civilization by the shores of the Great Lakes.

It was September 14th, 1687. The five Iroquois nations had risen against the French to avenge the punitive expedition which the Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Denonville, had led in July into the Seneca country, in the neighbourhood of the present city of Rochester, New York. They had also to avenge the treachery of the noble marquis in seizing a number of Iroquois friendly to the French, presumably because he could not lay his hands on any of those who were hostile, and in sending them to the awful slavery of the galleys in France, as a warning to all Iroquois. Warriors of the Five Nations infested all the waterways, and there were no alternative

routes for the French. Sadly, indeed, the latter missed the strong arm and mighty presence of their late Governor, the Comte de Frontenac, absent these five long years in France since his recall by the King. Roundly they cursed the ineffectual motions of their present Governor.

The little schooner was one of the fleet whose origin dated back some thirteen years to the time when the great La Salle had taken possession of his seigneury at Fort Frontenac here where Lake and River meet. Even at this moment the body of La Salle lay mouldering in a far-off swamp in Texas where his treacherous men had murdered him in March of this same year, but, as yet, Fort Frontenac knew naught of the pitiful fate of its seigneur. Even if it had known, there would have been scant leisure to think about it, so perilous was the position of the outpost.

But, if Fort Frontenac's position was perilous, that of Fort Niagara was yet more so. Founded as a warehouse for his furs by the same La Salle nine years back, at the south-east corner of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario, it had recently been better fortified by order of the Governor. The gallant Chevalier de Troyes commanded there, the shadow of his own fast approaching death and of that of the most of his faithful garrison hanging black over the beauty of that earthly paradise. Beleaguered day and night by hosts of Iroquois, unable to scout the autumn woods for the abundant game around them, their provisions failing fast, the dread scurvy beginning to show itself here and there, believing themselves forgotten by the Governor,

those brave fellows hung on from day to day, hoping against hope.

It was to relieve the garrison at Fort Niagara that the schooner had been loaded at Fort Frontenac. The crew heard mass, for the mission was a life and death concern for them as well as for their distant comrades starving. Their chaplain, Father de Lamberville, Jesuit, officiated, and accompanied them aboard. Then, with a light breeze from the north-east behind her, the little vessel slowly cleared the harbour at the mouth of the Cataraqui River.

As the loading had been proceeding, here and there in the offing had flitted an Iroquois canoe, here and there on the far shore of the harbour swarthy figures had appeared and disappeared along the beach. The day previous the besiegers had come boldly in and had fired upon the ships moored to the quay, upon the houses and the store-sheds, even upon the fort itself. The only casualty had been a sergeant, who had died from his wounds. It was no surprise now to the vessel's crew when, as they turned south-westward past the site of the present dry-dock and then past that of the martello tower, they heard the clatter of musketry from the woods and found the bullets spattering masts and deck.

This was the signal. The Senecas and Cayugas were carousing in their camp close by, in celebration of a recent triumph. A day or so previously they had lain in wait ninety miles down the river, near the site of the present town of Cornwall, and had fallen upon a brigade of six French canoes coming up from Montreal. They had at-

tacked them at the head of the Long Sault Rapids, just as the French were getting off again in smooth water after their long portage. Very few French had escaped, and two of these were now aboard the little schooner. At the sound of the musket shots the savages swarmed along the shore. In a moment the harbour-mouth was alive with canoes. The women, children, and old men and those warriors who were not taking part ran along between the woods and the water. The Cayuga and Seneca warriors had expressly invited all the Iroquois in the neighbourhood to see the fun. They were certain of their quarry, and the viands at the feast afterwards were to include the foodstuffs in the cargo of the vessel, the live cattle aboard destined for the garrison of Fort Niagara, as well as the flesh of the Frenchmen of the crew.

In a few moments the schooner was surrounded. The French could see still other warriors rushing their canoes from the woods into the water. They could see also a flock of canoes putting off ahead to reach the tiny Snake Island three and a half miles on, in order to fall upon them there if they escaped those already around them, for the schooner would have to pass within half a mile of Snake Island.

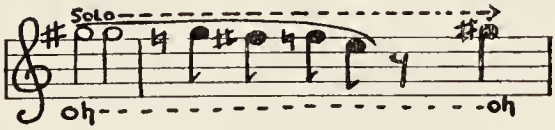
Suddenly the wind fell. The schooner lay becalmed, probably between Myles Shoal and Penitentiary Shoal. As the sails flapped lazily, the canoes circled swiftly about, just out of effective musket-range. Most of them were very long and carried seventeen warriors, all armed with guns. Then the cordon began to tighten.

Seeing the desperateness of their situation, the

twelve Frenchmen fell on their knees, while the chaplain said a swift prayer. He added a word or two of exhortation, insisting that now was the time to avenge the ambush of a few days before at the Long Sault. He said further that it would be better to die fighting than to be taken by the Iroquois, put to the awful torture of which they were past masters, and finally be eaten. All were resolute. The two who had suffered in the recent disaster at the Rapids, where they had lost everything they possessed, were white with fury for revenge.

The decks of the schooner were level with her sides. There were no bulwarks. Worse, the decks were encumbered with piles of hawser for Fort Niagara. The hold was so full that not an inch of space remained for the hawsers. To fire the men had to lie flat amid the cordage. The available weapons consisted of four little swivel-guns, two musketoons, six bombs and twelve muskets. The captain ordered that no volleys should be fired, for fear that the savages should reach the vessel while reloading was in process. Two men were told off as loading specialists. The others were to fire individually, and only at those who came nearest.

The war-cry, the terrible



of the Iroquois was sounding from a thousand throats as the canoes closed in. A spattering of balls, then a veritable hail swept the deck. Lying flat, the crew came through unscathed. Sails,

masts, tackle, sides were scarred and pitted. The Frenchmen were rationed to ten musket-shots from the two sides and the bow. They picked off the nearest, but as fast as the wounded drew away their places were filled with canoes from behind. Again the war-cry and again a hail of lead. Once more the Frenchmen, lying flat, escaped, for the Iroquois, though standing erect in their canoes, were firing from nearer the water, and the trajectory of their musket-balls, if close, passed sufficiently above them. The masts were badly chipped; some of the upper spars were broken. Then the Frenchmen fired their swivels in rotation, few shots, but each shot telling with terrible effect. Four canoes, especially, dashed in to seize the prey, but they were arrested by two well aimed musketoon discharges of eight balls each and one discharge from a swivel-gun loaded with thirty balls.

This gave the enemy pause and stopped his howling and his firing. The circle began to widen. To assist the savages in this idea the swivel-gun was fired again, and another ten musket-shots rang out from amid the cordage on the deck. The French could see the canoes which had suffered making for Snake Island, there to unload their wounded and to undergo repairs.

It was only the respite of a moment. The circle began again to narrow about the schooner. The canoes came on more swiftly this time and dashed in closer. The French could hear the chiefs exhorting their braves, shouting that half the French were already dead, that the vessel was theirs for the boarding. The savages could see

that, helpless without a wind, she had drifted almost upon Myles shoal. With an infernal clatter of musketry they came on. The French lay hidden, waiting, allowing their overheated guns to cool.

While the majority of the canoes swarmed alongside, a few stole swiftly in by the stern. Here there was no loophole and no window. They had almost reached the ship's boat and the canoes which swung there at the end of a rope when, by chance, a soldier-sailor on the schooner noticed what was happening. He emitted a blood-curdling yell to the effect that the savages were boarding, and then sprang for his cutlass. The crew seized cutlasses and bombs. Father de Lamberville rushed to the package of which he was the custodian, and began to stuff musket-balls into the most important letters, for the purpose of sinking them. Some of the men made hasty vows to Saint Anne, others prayed to Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin.

Then the miracle happened. Just as the ship lay on the verge of the shoal, and before the savages had had time to put their hands on the ship's boats astern, there came a breath of air, just a suspicion of a summer zephyr. The sails filled, they bellied out. Gently, oh, so gently, the schooner moved out of reach. Yells of exasperation rose from the Iroquois cheated of their prey. The hail of musket-balls redoubled. Not a soul of the crew dared show his head. The men who crawled to reload the swivel-guns, raised up on their iron stands, flirted with death.

Leisurely, deliberately the soft and gentle

breeze wafted them out of the murderous circle. They had still, however, to run the gauntlet between Snake Island and Carruthers Point. As they ranged slowly past the long, rounded mud-bank of Snake Island on their left, there came the most deadly fire of the day, at thirty paces range, from the long line of canoes waiting there on each side of the lane. From amid the cordage on the deck the French returned the fire; some knelt up, in their enthusiasm, to get a better aim.

Loopholes were smashed in the stern and the musketoons shoved through to settle the persistent young fiends who still followed closely there. The breeze began to strengthen from the northeast—straight behind. The ship moved more swiftly toward the open lake. One of the chiefs on Snake Island, seeing the quarry slipping from his grasp, tumbled half a dozen braves into a canoe and came leaping toward the schooner. The French watched him in amazement. What could he do alone with his half dozen when the other canoes all around were falling away? A few yards from the vessel this fearless savage stopped his craft, stood upright, and carefully surveyed the vessel from stem to stern. The French were firing, but they missed him. He directed his warriors, with perfect *sang froid* and deliberation, to pick off the pilot and a sailor, who were the defenders at the prow. His warriors fired, and buried their shots a few inches below the prostrate Frenchmen, in the planking of the ship's side. The two Frenchmen fired in their turn and got their man. They stretched him lifeless in the bottom of his canoe.

The warriors of this chief, a Cayuga, did not

retire. They came straight on with the body. Watching them with wonder, the French fired and missed. Then a Breton soldier, a veteran of other wars, ran in the open along the deck through the shower of deadly lead still whistling across, to the only swivel-gun which bore upon this fearless attacker. He pointed his gun without cover; bullets went through his clothes, as he stood there applying the match. When the smoke cleared only one living man was to be seen in the wrecked canoe, and he was fighting his way toward Snake Island not far off. Crowds waded out on the sandbar to meet him. They loaded the dead on their backs and staggered ashore.

The schooner was moving now with speed. The savages lost hope of staying her by direct attack. The operation of paddling, of firing and reloading, is too slow and cumbersome to allow of effective work against a ship progressing with any swiftness. There was, however, yet a chance of disabling her by wrecking her motor mechanics. All guns were turned on mast and sails. Hundreds of balls were poured through the rigging. They tore great holes in the sails and chipped splinters from the masts, but they missed, by excess of good fortune, the hoisting tackle, and in this again the French saw the intervention of the angel of the Lord. The Iroquois saw their failure. One by one they gave up. They could not follow her out into the lake where the water was roughening and where there would be no chance for a pierced canoe. Their chiefs could be heard calling off the warriors. Gradually they dropped astern. The fight was over.

But not the danger. Hardly had the schooner reached the Lower Gap, off the eastern end of Amherst Island, three miles or so from Snake Island, when once again the wind dropped suddenly. The Frenchmen cast their anchor, and waited for a renewal of the attack. It did not come, however. So the French held a service of thanksgiving for their deliverance. They sang with David of old, "Benedictus Deus qui non dedit nos in captionem dentibus eorum.—Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth."

The Iroquois had one card left to play. A large band of them stole off southward along the coast of Wolfe Island and crossed during the night to The Ducks, a group of islands which lies out in Lake Ontario, about twenty-five miles southwest of Kingston. There they lay in wait for the Frenchmen, believing that when these were passing they would put in and shoot some game to relieve the strain on the ship's stores. It was not at all an unreasonable expectation, for they knew that on many occasions French vessels on the Lake did this.

In the morning a strong west wind arose. The schooner got under weigh, and tacked all day almost into the wind. It was night-time when she passed close by The Ducks. The wind was wild and a heavy sea was running. This alone would have forced her to keep her distance from the Islands, but a further incentive for so doing was provided by the fires of the Iroquois, which the French could see along the beaches. Then they realized how once again the elements had been

used to their advantage, for they had known nothing of the ambush in The Ducks.

Once past the danger of the Iroquois, however, they faced the greater danger of the western tempest. More than once the crew believed their last hour had come, as, day after day, they fought their way westward. They dared not run for shelter to the bays and inlets of the coast, lest they should be unable once more to get away quickly in case of renewed attack from the ubiquitous Iroquois. They were now not far off the southern shore, and that was the country and home of these same Iroquois. So they worked and prayed, and prayed and worked, and at the end of fourteen days of terrible struggle they sighted joyfully the fleur-de-lys which floated over Fort Niagara. Think of it, ye yachtsmen, who run between Kingston and Toronto in a day and a night, two whole weeks on Lake Ontario between Kingston and Niagara, a distance of a hundred and seventy miles at most!

There was joy unbounded in the fort as the little schooner tacked into the mouth of the Niagara River and came to anchor in the calm behind the point. They were not entirely forgotten after all. Poor fellows! Not a handful of them was to live to see another French ship in that or any anchorage. The dread scurvy and the awful spectre of starvation were yet to be more familiar to them than even the sight of the painted Iroquois. These latter the crew of the vessel could see darting along the shore, or in and out of the encircling forest. Some of them were wearing white shirts, probably trophies from French

victims, or at least prizes from captured French baggage. Numbers of them came out repeatedly from their cover, evidently to inspect and to admire the new fortifications, the stout palisades, the ditch with its rows of sharpened stakes. They displayed a scalp, a Frenchman's scalp, eloquent reminder of the suicidal risk of attempting to supplement the scanty stores of the fort by hunting game in the surrounding country.

The wind was still from the west. The commander of the fort, the Chevalier de Troyes, sent off the ship, as soon as the unloading had been finished, for the officer commanding at Fort Frontenac would already be anxiously awaiting news of its fate. He even spared a few of the men from the inadequate garrison to augment the ship's defence, in case they had to fight their way back into Fort Frontenac as they had had to fight their way out. Besides, he would have fewer to feed.

Once more Providence seemed to interpose. It was the 18th of October when again the little schooner sailed past Snake Island and in at the mouth of Cataraqui River. Only the day before, October 17th, had the besieging army departed. They had waited a month for the schooner and had finally lost patience.

The garrison of Fort Frontenac had almost been caught, however. Not aware of the enemy's continued presence, they had allowed themselves a little more freedom of movement. Then, when the savages, grown tired of waiting and resolving to attempt something fresh against the fort, prepared an ambush, the garrison was saved as

though by accident. A pile of two hundred cords of firewood, the winter's supply, lay just outside the gate of the fort. This the Iroquois used for their ambush. They were discovered just in time, but the soldier who discovered them, and raised the alarm, paid with his life.

In disgust the Iroquois raised the siege, but first they set fire to the pile of cordwood and watched it burn to ash. With sinking hearts the garrison also watched it burn, for they knew how great the labour would be to replace it with green wood from the forest.

The next day the little schooner sailed in, battle-scarred but safe.

There is no hint in the vista of blue waters which enchants the eye of the visitor to Kingston of the grim struggles of men dead these two centuries and more. Only a scrap of paper in the British Museum, only a letter from a Jesuit missionary to a friend at home, these tell the story of a nameless little schooner and her gallant crew, and add an episode to the human tradition of our Great Lakes.

DOMINION OVER PALM AND PINE

FAR cry as it is from Kingston in Ontario and from Longeuil near Montreal to the mouth of the River Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, there is a romantic link of the past which binds these spots on the continent of North America, notwithstanding the vast separating distances and the differing flags which float above them now. From Kingston in Ontario the indomitable La Salle set forth upon his great expedition which revealed the course of the Mississippi to the discharge of its muddy white waters amid the blue waves of the Gulf of Mexico. At the manor house of Longeuil on the banks of the St. Lawrence there grew up the young Pierre Lemoyne, Sieur d'Iberville, destined to become the hero of French Canada and to establish the lilies of France upon the shores of Hudson Bay and in the midst of the semi-tropical vegetation of Louisiana.

It was in the year 1684 that Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, nobleman of France in Canada, recently explorer of the Mississippi and discoverer of its mouth, set out from France with four ships bearing his colony which was to ensure the grip of France upon that same great river's mouth and all its valley. A tragic fate awaited almost all on board. Largely on account of the stubborn snobbishness of Admiral de Beaujeu,

naval officer in charge of navigation for the expedition, whose behaviour, on account of his acute sense of his own superiority of social rank, service in the forces, and intelligence, was vexatious, and detrimental to the conduct of the expedition, La Salle was unable to find the mouth of the Mississippi. It is hard enough to find it even now. Although he had, three years before, come out through it in his canoe upon the salt sea water, yet, having no instrument for the finding of longitude at that time, he now went too far west. Undoubtedly he would have eventually discovered the mouth from the sea had de Beaujeu stood by and done his duty. The latter sailed for France, however, and La Salle, still in perplexity as to his whereabouts, landed his colony on the barren sands of Matagorda Bay. The two ships left him were soon, through the treachery or stupidity of his pilots, total wrecks on the shoals, and the great explorer, who had quickly realized approximately where he was, saw himself deprived of means of transportation to search once more, and of equipment to maintain his colony where it lay. Unyielding, inflexible La Salle set out overland to find the Mississippi—four hundred miles away, though he knew it not. Twice he tried and twice he returned, well-nigh broken, to the little palisaded settlement. Meanwhile, the number of his servants and his settlers melted away. Men died; provisions and equipment failed. A third time La Salle set out. This time he must not fail to reach the Mississippi, ascend it to the Great Lakes, descend these and bring help from Fort Frontenac or from Montreal—three

thousand five hundred miles or more. This was his last and only chance, and, without success, both he and his party and those left at Matagorda Bay were doomed.

No lapse of years can obscure this epic of serene and dauntless heroism, the matchless story of this tight-lipped Frenchman's fight with odds beyond the power of mortal man to cope with. Within eight years Fate had strewn the line of his career with the wreck of five of his precious ships, each bearing vital and ruinously expensive equipment for his mighty enterprises. Desertion and mutiny, battle and murder, organized by enemies to stop him, had but delayed him. His powerful foes, men of his own nation and of his own faith, had reached out a thousand miles across the savage wilderness to snare and ruin him, but he had triumphed. Now, in this his supreme need, once again, as in crises of his life before, it was a strand or two of the human material under his hand which snapped beneath the strain. Surrounded by hostile tribes whom La Salle alone knew how to control, his men could not easily desert. Mutiny they did, however, and, in a moment of madness, sent a bullet through the brain which held within itself the empire of France in the West. La Salle lay dead that morning of March 17th, 1687, near what is now called the River Trinity, in Texas. His faithful friend and lieutenant, Henri de Tonty, wrote: "Such was the fate of one of the greatest men of this age, a splendid intellect, adequate to the undertaking of any exploration."

Meanwhile, more than a thousand miles up the

Mississippi, on the banks of its tributary, the Illinois, waited that same Tonty, at Fort St. Louis, which La Salle had established. By order of the King himself, Tonty, as representative of La Salle, had been reinstated in this place from which La Salle and he had been wrongfully ejected by the corrupt Governor of Canada, Lefebvre de la Barre. Tonty waited now for word of or from La Salle. Toward the end of 1685 he became restless, and journeyed six hundred miles or so northward to Michillimackinac, where Lake Michigan enters Lake Huron, to seek news of his commander. There a letter of the new Governor, the Marquis de Denonville, told him how La Salle had landed amid disaster on the sands in February of that year. Southward hastened Tonty to his St. Louis on the Illinois, his imagination working feverishly upon all possibilities. By February, 1686, he had a relief expedition ready, and set out swiftly down the Mississippi. Toward the end of March he reached the sea. For nearly a hundred miles on either side of the mouth he searched and found no trace of La Salle or of his colony. Heavy-hearted he turned northward again. Some hundred miles upstream, at the village of the Quinipissas, later to be known to the French as the Mougoulachas, he wrote a letter to La Salle, and with due ceremony, entrusted it to an ancient chief, impressing upon him that a white man, his master, who had once passed that way, would come northward from the mouth to receive it some day.

Years passed. The memory of La Salle began to fade at the Court which had so buzzed with ex-

citement in those days when he had just arrived to tell of his high adventures in the conquest of the long-mysterious Mississippi. Failure and death had dimmed the brightness of his reputation, and the powerful enemies who had so often wrecked his enterprises during his life were able, after his death, to cast a cloud of suspicion over all his magnificent achievement. There were hearts, however, which burned with indignation at the obloquy which had settled upon the name of the man in whom they had had, and in whom they still had faith. The hour of their triumph and of his vindication was drawing nigh.

Fresh from his third conquest of Hudson Bay the young Canadian nobleman, the Sieur d'Iberville, captain in the Royal Navy of France, officer of militia in Canada, arrived in France in November, 1697, to receive the thanks of his Sovereign and a new commission from his Sovereign's young minister of state. This commission was none other than to find by sea the mouth of the Mississippi, which La Salle had missed on that tragic last voyage, and to establish there a colony to hold the river and its valley for France. D'Iberville owed his selection to his amphibious prowess, a master of warfare both by sea and land. There was needed for this work a naval officer of highest merit, otherwise the honour had gone to Henri de Tonty, the faithful, self-sacrificing, fearless lieutenant of La Salle, who had twice been at the mouth now once more to be sought, and who, because of his splendid services, deserved this recognition more than any other.

In October, 1698, d'Iberville sailed westward

from Brest with two frigates and was met at sea by a first class battleship as escort. At San Domingo, then a French possession, the young commander (he was thirty-seven) refitted. Thence he sailed, on January 1st, 1699, westward to the point of Cuba and then due north, till on January 23rd, he sighted land near Apalachicola in the present State of Florida. Slowly and thoroughly he searched the coast westward until, on March 2nd, in a furious storm, almost by accident, he ran his little skiff for shelter through a gap in the rock-barred sands, and found himself afloat on the waters of the Mississippi, white with the sediment of half a continent torn down by the swollen spring torrents, as white, he remembered, as La Salle himself had once told him they were. He pressed on up the stream for many days, certain in his own mind that this was indeed the great river, but seeking proof to stop the scoffing mouths of the armchair explorers in France. Everywhere he heard from the Indians of Tonty's last visit, thirteen years before, and now and then a reference to La Salle's famous passage, seventeen years gone by. Three hundred miles or so from the sea d'Iberville was at the end of his provisions. He was forced to return. He himself took a short cut by way of what is now the Manchac Pass and Lake Pontchartrain. His young brothers, the Sieur de Sauvolle and the Sieur de Bienville, he ordered to follow down the stream.

At the village of the Bayagoulas and the Mougoulachas, whom La Salle had known as the Quinipissas, de Sauvolle and de Bienville rested

on their way. In the morning an old chief approached with ceremony. Pipes were smoked in council, and the chief, addressing de Sauvolle, delivered the letter he had received from Tonty and which he had guarded carefully for thirteen years, waiting for the white chief who should come to claim it. De Sauvolle presented the old man with an iron hatchet as reward and, fingers trembling with excitement, tore open the paper and read:

"At the Village of the Quinipissas
April 20th, 1686.

"To M. de la Salle
Governor-General of Louisana.

"Sir:

The post on which you had raised aloft the arms of the King I found uprooted by the trees which the spring floods swept down. I have had another planted beyond, about twenty miles from the sea, and I have left a letter in a tree beside it, in a hole in the rear side, with a notice above it. Since the Quinipissas have danced for me the calumet dance, I have left with them this letter to assure you of my humble devotion and to let you know that when news reached me at Fort St. Louis that you had lost a ship, that the savages were plundering you of your supplies, and that you were engaged in warfare with them, I came down the river with twenty-five Frenchmen, five Shawnee and five Illinois Indians. All the tribes have danced the peace dance for me. They are all in terror of us since you defeated the people of this village. I can-

not help but tell you how great a disappointment it is for me that we are returning so unfortunate as not to have found you, although two of our canoes have searched the coast—one toward Mexico for ninety miles and the other toward Florida for seventy-five. They were obliged to turn back on account of shortage of fresh water. Although we have heard nothing of you nor seen any trace, I do not despair of God yet granting this your expedition a successful issue. I wish this with all my heart, forasmuch as you have no more faithful servant than I, one who is staking his all in the search for you.''

Choked with the surge of emotion which the pathos of this letter could not have failed to raise in his imaginative soul, seated there above the far-stretching reedbeds of the Mississippi's edge, with the tall cypresses rising from the borders of the near-by swamps, with the red cedars and the oaks massing upon the higher ground, their leaves rustling to the soft airs of the tropical spring, which wafted to him the scent of the magnolia blossoms, watching beyond the ring of dark-skinned, naked savages the brilliant cardinal birds amid the green, half-hearing the glorious trill of the mocking bird, prince of American native singsters, de Sauvolle must have cast his thoughts over the acts of that tragedy of the great La Salle and said a swift prayer for his soul. For the rest, this little written evidence of the loyalty of Henri de Tonty and of the truth of his words in France when he had at length reached home, was to his elder brother, d'Iber-

ville, the most valuable proof he could carry back to silence the poison-tongued sceptics.

Here, in the spring of the year 1699, had come to successful fruition at last the vast scheme launched twenty years before by the young La Salle, that scheme which had been his glorious dream for years before, as it was to become his passion later, and his doom. The great Louis of France was served in Canada during his long reign, a reign throughout which all France seemed to be on tiptoe with a wonderful elation, by many a splendid personality, but by none more splendid and romantic than the Canadian and the Frenchman whose names are forever linked on that far-off, muddy estuary of the Father of Waters, Mississippi.

THE BARON DE LAHONTAN WRITES HIS STORY

PROCONSULAR PREROGATIVE

THOUGH the events mentioned in this sketch occurred in Newfoundland, the characters are prominent in Canadian story. The youthful Baron de Lahontan had been serving as an officer of regulars for ten years in Canada. His experiences had been varied. He had taken part in several campaigns against the ferocious Iroquois, had hunted far and wide with the Huron and Algonquin allies of the French, and thus acquired a thorough knowledge of Indian life, of Canadian game large and small, and of the Indian methods of hunting and trapping. He had commanded a desolate outpost at the outlet of Lake Huron and had gone exploring in the far west. He had lived with the Comte de Frontenac in the Château St. Louis on the Rock at Quebec, and had participated in the gaiety of the court there, as well as undergone more than one strange experience there and elsewhere in the vast new country. While he was thus employed abroad, his deceased father's creditors had by devious methods seized his hereditary estates at home in the south of France, and he found himself powerless to regain them and consequently penniless.

In 1692 the Comte de Frontenac, who liked the Baron for his wit and insouciant repartee, and pitied the misfortunes of a brother aristocrat, sent him home to France to present to the Court the proposals for a guardian flotilla on the Great

Lakes, which he, Lahontan, had worked out. On the way over Lahontan's ship put in at Placentia on the southern coast of Newfoundland, just in time to find the place besieged by a British fleet. In the subsequent fighting Lahontan's energy and ability showed to distinct advantage. The British were driven off with loss. The Governor of the French settlement, de Brouillan, gave the Baron special mention in his despatches to the Minister in France.

At Versailles Lahontan found the authorities apathetic concerning his proposals for the defence of the Great Lakes, and found himself without sufficient influence to obtain redress in his personal affairs. He was, however, commended for his conduct at the siege of Placentia. Quite unexpectedly and without solicitation, he was forthwith appointed the King's Lieutenant at that same Placentia. It was a promotion certainly, but so out of the beaten path of advancement and in such a wild and barren spot that it amounted to an exile rather than an honour. There was nothing for it, however, but to accept and obey. On June 20th, 1693, he landed again at Placentia, called on the Governor, M. de Brouillan, and presented his credentials.

M. de Brouillan, an old officer who for twenty years had served with credit in the regular infantry, had come to Newfoundland two years before and had started in at once with the most appalling avidity, in the approved manner of the French colonial official of the period, to pile up a private fortune by peculation. He sequestered his soldiers' pay, sold large quantities of the com-

missariat supplies, and pocketed the proceeds. He endeavoured to seize for himself the control of the trade in codfish and in furs. Further, he was intent on gathering his family about him to share the loot. His nephew was already in the garrison, and he had been using all his influence to have his brother appointed to the post to which Lahontan, much against his will, had been assigned. One can easily imagine that the Baron was not welcome. The Governor was not exactly a polished gentleman, and moreover, he had the most imperfect command of a very violent temper. When the suave young officer appeared he could not contain his wrath. Instead of answering with civility the courteous address of his new second-in-command, he burst out in a series of harsh reproaches. He charged Lahontan with having gone over his head in obtaining this position, of concealing his purpose from him when he had been at Placentia the year previous, and of having put forward sham proposals concerning the defence of the Great Lakes merely as a cloak for his design.

Lahontan answered most truthfully and earnestly that such was not the case. He could have added that Newfoundland was the last spot in the world in which he wanted to be, but for once he was polite enough to restrain his keen-edged tongue. He saw, however, how matters stood, and the prospect was not a pleasant one for him. Nevertheless, he landed his effects and started immediately to have a house built for himself. For this purpose the captains of the various French fishing vessels at the moment in the harbour lent

him their ships' carpenters free of charge, for he seems, on account of his gay, nonchalant manner and of his social rank, to have been very popular with these people.

The Governor evidently determined to drive Lahontan from the place, if possible. He proceeded to make his life miserable. This he knew how to do most expertly. Day by day the Lieutenant of the King was subjected to a series of petty annoyances, mortifications, infringements of his rank and dignity. The high-spirited Baron was not the man to submit tamely to such treatment, but his situation was difficult, for under the stern rules of military life then in force—not so greatly changed even yet—the subordinate was always in the wrong, and it was well-nigh impossible for him to get past his superior officer to higher authority unless he had the strongest influence at Court. There were stormy scenes between the two, and at times Lahontan would refuse to go near the Governor for days. All the while, however, de Brouillan was keeping a detailed list of all petty infractions of discipline to which he was driving his assistant, and every now and then would send the dossier in a plaintive, injured-innocent sort of despatch to the Minister.

After a summer of this treatment, seeing no possibility of legal redress, Lahontan, embittered, began to regard his position as hopeless. His mercurial Gascon temperament, however, must have some outlet, and he found his satisfaction and heart's ease in the savage delight of writing anonymous satirical ballads upon the subject of his chief. They seem to have been very clever,

very funny, and probably no names were mentioned. Nevertheless, the whole population, who hated the Governor for his temper, his injustice, his avaricious misgovernment, and sympathized with Lahontan smarting under his injuries, knew instantly who was meant and what were the incidents referred to. The ballads were taken up with alacrity and sung with gusto by fishermen, sailors and soldiers in the taverns, to the great joy of all. In so small a settlement—a few fishing villages on the southern coast of the Island—the English occupied the East coast—it was not long before rumours of these songs came to the Governor himself, and finally he managed to secure copies. In apoplectic fury he read them. He knew at once who had composed them. There was only one man in Newfoundland who could do it; but how, without openly lowering his dignity, was he to bring the accusation home to him? There was one means and one only of which he could think and that was covert force.

One night in November, 1693, the Baron was entertaining some of the principal inhabitants in his comfortably built, comfortably furnished house. He always did himself extremely well when at all possible. The company had become genially mellow and were probably singing some of their host's latest and most brilliant minstrel efforts, when suddenly there came an appalling crash of glass, and in through the wrecked windows sprang a crowd of armed, masked men. Among them the keen eye of Lahontan detected the figure of the Governor himself. They seized tables and overturned them, sending plates, dishes,

glasses and bottles smashing to the floor; they upset all the furniture, upturned the sideboard, swept out the cupboards, and even cleaned out the drawers in the chests into the general pell-mell confusion heaped in the middle of the room. The Baron sprang into his bedroom to get his pistols, but before he could get one of them loaded and get out again the vicious intruders had departed by the gaping windows as they had come. Lahontan was in the act of springing out after them when some of his guests, also having recognized the Governor, caught him and dragged him back.

The Baron was almost beside himself with fury at this outrage. But there was more to come. Next morning the servants of the Governor waylaid his servants in the street and assaulted them with clubs, beating them till they barely escaped with their lives. Lahontan began to lay his plans for revenge, but the Récollet Fathers, who were bent on acting as peacemakers, after considerable effort, dissuaded him. The end was not yet, however. It was the custom for the senior officers of the garrison to employ soldiers from time to time as labourers. The King's Lieutenant had a right to do this, and he sent two of his men to reap some hay in the meadows not far away. They were absent from quarters two nights, and the Governor ordered out a search party which arrested them as deserters—a palpable injustice. It would have gone hard with these two innocent men, for the Governor intended to proceed to extremities, had not the Récollet Fathers interceded and saved them from the capital penalty.

The Récollets then urged Lahontan, for the

good of the King's service, to call on the Governor to pacify him. Much against his inclination Lahontan agreed. Alone with his assistant, de Brouillan poured out such a torrent of abuse, demanding satisfaction for the insults he said he had received, that Lahontan, restraining himself with unwonted care, left him talking, shut himself up permanently in his house and read his books, for he had a classical library with him, probably the only library then in Newfoundland.

Again the Récollets intervened. Both they and the Baron were unaware that the Governor had been scheming to get rid of his assistant in another way if he should fail to drive him out. He had sent memoranda to the Minister enlarging upon the deplorable state of the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon on the edge of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, explaining how important they were as harbours of refuge and refitting stations to the French codfishermen, how exposed they were to attack, and how insolent and independent were the handful of inhabitants there with practically no government. He suggested fortification, and recommended that Lahontan be appointed Governor, inasmuch as he understood that the Baron had been applying for this position. That Lahontan had ever thought of such a thing is incredible. The two little islands are mere wind-swept, treeless rocks, and the lively young man would as soon have applied for a prison term in the Bastille as for the governorship of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

The Récollets were successful. Lahontan visited the Governor again. There was a recon-

ciliation. De Brouillan dissembled his enmity while awaiting the results of his poisonous reports at Court. The two embraced each other and outwardly the government of the colony was in unity once more.

Meanwhile, the Governor was preparing his final dossier on the King's Lieutenant, which he had good reason to believe would ruin his career when it arrived at Versailles. Fortunately this document has survived and we can estimate the Governor's malevolence and his duplicity. By some chance the Récollet Fathers saw it and gave Lahontan warning. Thereupon the latter managed in some way to get hold of the papers and read them himself. He was appalled. If these accusations ever came to the notice of the Minister he was done for. In all probability he would not even be heard. He saw the gates of the Bastille opening for him, that terrible prison into which so many entered never to appear again, not even for trial. He did not know, as we do now, nor did de Brouillan, that the year before the Minister had commissioned some naval officers whose ships were to call at Placentia, to make a report upon de Brouillan himself, that this report was sufficiently damning, and that the Minister even then had it in his hands.

Lahontan saw only one course, instant flight. True, that would put him forever out of court and exile him, for he would be committing the crowning military offence, that of an officer deserting his post. But he could imagine no chance of presenting his case, and it is difficult even now to conceive of there

having been any. The Governor got wind of his intention, for Lahontan was by no means suffering silently. By the last mail of the autumn he wrote the Governors of the seaports on the west coast of France to arrest the Baron de Lahontan if he should land there. He also wrote the Minister what he had heard of Lahontan's intention, and his attitude was "I told you so; I knew he was that kind of man." Lahontan heard that these letters were going. There was no time for wavering now. The Governor had left no loophole, had decided his course for him. It was the 14th of December. There was one little fishing vessel in the harbour, the last. He bargained for a passage. The captain mulcted him a thousand crowns, an outrageous sum. On that very day he sailed. He was forced to leave his furniture, his library and most of his personal effects behind, escaping with his life and freedom alone.

After a terrible, storm-harried passage, during which the vessel was twice chased by pirates, it apprached the coast of France. Lahontan was obliged to add three hundred pistoles as a bribe to avoid that coast and proceed directly to Portugal. There he disembarked at Viana on January 31st, 1694, broken in purse and in his career. From Portugal he proceeded with a passport from the Dutch Minister to Holland, "there to wait until M. de Pontchartrain (the King's chief Minister) should be pleased to set out for Paradise."

Lahontan moved heaven and earth to get back to France, but the King was inflexible. He would allow no hearing of a junior officer against his

superior. Lahontan remained an exile for the remainder of his days. Holland was full of French political exiles. Lahontan did not much like their company and moved to Germany, then successively to Denmark, Spain and England. When reduced to penury he published his letters home from Canada, and wrote a book on his travels and on the customs of the American Indians. These books were translated into German, Dutch, Italian and English, enjoyed an immense popularity all over Europe until long after the middle of the eighteenth century, and ran into a vast number of editions. The first English edition, of 1703, was dedicated "to His Grace, William Duke of Devonshire", ancestor of the recent Govvernor-General of Canada. Lahontan died in exile in 1715, aged only forty-nine.

De Brouillan, successful in removing the objectionable second-in-command who stood in the way of his peculations, successful also in retaining his position in spite of the damning evidence against him in the pigeonholes of the offices of Government, and notwithstanding the yearly complaints of the inhabitants, plundered his troops and the French King's subjects in Newfoundland for eight years more. In 1701 he was promoted to be Governor of Acadia with headquarters at Port Royal, the modern Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia. For four years he plundered then the troops and inhabitants of Acadia, despite the bitter complaints of the latter, until they were relieved by his death at sea in 1705.

HIS EXCELLENCY IS GRACIOUSLY PLEASED

LOUIS DE BUADE, Comte de Frontenac, by far the most picturesque and powerful personality among the French Governors of Canada, arrived in the country in the autumn of 1672. For ten years he dominated the colony in the valley of the St. Lawrence and the savage tribes to the west—ten restless, surging years of effort, and of magnificent planning for the mighty empire of the future in the heart of the American Continent. They were years of bitter internal strife also, for the impetuous and regal disposition of the great Count would brook no division of command, and such division the King, in his wisdom, had most definitely wrought into the constitution of the colony. For something over two years there was no Intendant to impinge upon the Governor's prerogative, and he used that period to reduce to abject submission the town and Island of Montreal which had still retained some show of partial independence of the central authority at Quebec. Then came the Sieur Duchesneau as Intendant, an office which was that of Secretary of State, Minister of Justice, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Postmaster-General, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Finance, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Customs, Min-

ister of Inland Revenue—all in one. There was nothing left to the Governor but titular supremacy, Defence, and Indian Affairs. For awhile Frontenac attempted to assert an equivocal right to sit as President of the Council, but after bitter quarrelling and as bitter complaints to the Court, the King awarded this last also unequivocally to the Intendant. From that moment the strife was unrestrained, and the entire colony was divided into two warring factions that actually came to blows in the streets of Quebec and kept the country seething.

With every boat there arrived in France hot, recriminatory despatches from both officials, through which interminable documents the patient, hard-working Sovereign himself dutifully laboured. There was poetic justice in this, the inevitable result of his pinning his faith to such a clumsy system. However, in the end he wearied, and, for the sake of peace, in 1682 recalled both Governor and Intendant.

During the next seven years the colony was governed first by Colonel de la Barre, and second by the Marquis de Denonville. Both succeeded in lowering the prestige of the French among the Indian tribes both enemy and ally, while the old Count kicked his heels in genteel poverty at Court, enjoyed the stimulating society of his charming, brilliant, famous but independent Countess, or made one of the select group of sparkling literary and artistic wits who met at the grand Paris house of his sister, Madame de Montmort. When finally the situation of New France had become desperate by reason of the protracted and

paralyzing warfare carried on by the Iroquois, against whom the Marquis de Denonville was helpless, the King turned in his anxiety to his faithful and impoverished old servant, Frontenac, the occasional sight of whom, wandering about without employment for that fiery energy and near genius of his, may have caused him some twinge of remorse. Calling him into audience, he commissioned him a second time as Governor of Canada. "I ask nothing more of you," the Sovereign said, "than that you will serve me as ably as you did when you were there before."

The task which faced the Count, now sixty-nine years of age, was appalling, but he sniffed the scent of battle, planned immense activity, and was happy. Had he not, moreover, the unqualified approval of his royal master? Would he not be now indisputably lord of the colony? The Jesuits, who had been his enemies and had intrigued for his recall; the Bishop, who had sided against him; the Sovereign Council, which had thwarted, checked and exasperated him so often—he would and could now discipline them; he would make them crawl. There was a new Intendant. He should never be allowed to begin assuming airs in opposition to the Governor.

The vigorous old man landed in October in Quebec, welcomed ecstatically by torchlight by the whole population, who saw in him their saviour. From October till February he was unrestingly occupied with the pressing business of the little colony's defence, much of the time at Montreal. Even when he returned to Quebec he paid little attention to the details of domestic affairs and

ignored the Sovereign Council. The members of the latter, most of whom had held their positions continuously for many years, and therefore during the stormy period of Frontenac's first administration, were chagrined at the Governor's neglect. Moreover, his continued absence crippled their transactions, to validate which the Governor's presence was necessary. Finally, they realized that the Governor was waiting till they should humbly suplicate him to take his place amongst them.

The Council sat now in the newly-completed Intendant's Palace in the Lower Town (where Boswell's brewery stands to-day), instead of, as formerly, in the Governor's residence on the Rock, the Château St. Louis, above whose foundations towers the present Canadian Pacific Railway hotel, the Château Frontenac. There, in the fine new council-chamber on the second floor, on Monday, February 20th, 1690, met the councillors, their main business being the problem of persuading the Governor to attend. The Attorney-General reported that on several occasions he had urgently invited the Governor to fill his vacant chair. The Intendant added that he had also done so. At the last meeting it had been decided that the Attorney-General should wait upon the Governor to learn his wishes. The Attorney-General now reported that his lordship had replied that the Council knew its duties and that when the King's service demanded his presence in the Council he would be found there.

The Attorney-General saw in this remark a hint that the Governor was expecting some definite

show of respect on the part of the Council. He suggested that, inasmuch as the Council had no precedent as to the ceremony to be observed in receiving the Governor, now that it no longer sat in the Château St. Louis, it should commission certain of its members to wait upon the Count and invite him to take his seat and to name the day.

The Councillors solemnly debated this. The records of the proceedings of former years were brought in and diligent search was made as to how Governors, Bishops and Intendants had previously been received. After considerable discussion it was decided that four councillors should wait upon the Governor, invite him to take his place, and tactfully request his views as to how he ought to be received. Further, it was decided to ask the Governor and the Intendant both to write to His Majesty for a precise ruling concerning the ceremony to be followed in such cases in the future.

At the next meeting, on Monday, February 27th, there were present the Intendant and five councillors. The senior councillor, M. Rouer de Villeray, reported that, as decided at the previous meeting, he and his three colleagues had waited on the Governor, and, as spokesman he had said:

"Your Excellency, we are come on behalf of the Sovereign Council to invite you to take your place with that body. We should have come earlier had it not been that the Council, having no precedent, is at a loss as to the precise ceremony befitting the occasion of receiving the Governor, and also the Bishop and Intendant. We should be happy to know Your Excellency's wishes concerning your reception, assuring Your Excellency

that our whole intention is to render cheerfully all observance due to your person.''

M. de Villeray went on to say that the Governor had replied that he was astounded at the forgetfulness of the Council; that it was the Council's place to inform him of their arrangements, and that when the Council did so he would consider what he should do. However, he thanked the Council for honouring him with the deputation, and he thanked the deputation for their courtesy in coming.

Forthwith there followed warm discussion. Finally, it was decided that the senior councillor should proceed immediately to the Governor's presence to inform him that the Council proposed that, when he should be pleased first to take his seat, four councillors would meet him at the head of the stairs in the Intendant's Palace and conduct him into the Council-chamber and to his seat.

Up the steep ascent of Mountain Hill toiled M. de Villeray to the Château St. Louis, while his colleagues sat idly waiting his return. To the lordly old Count humbly he set forth the Council's proposal, adding that the Council was ready to receive him with every mark of honour in its power. The Governor replied that the suggested procedure did not tally with that followed by Sovereign Councils in France in similar circumstances. To this M. de Villeray answered that the Council had found no sure rule, though it had searched industriously, but that it had hoped its proposal would please him. Would His Excellency be so kind as to tell the Council exactly what observance obtained in France? The Governor

replied briefly that the Council could find out from the Bishop.

When the senior councillor reported this conversation to his anxiously-waiting colleagues in the Lower Town, they passed a resolution that the Bishop should be invited to take his place in the Council to throw what light he could upon the subject. They then adjourned.

The next Monday, March 6th, found the Council once more assembled, the Intendant, the Attorney-General and five councillors present. The Intendant reported that, in accordance with the resolution of the last meeting, he had spoken to the Bishop, who had begged to be excused as he had no idea what honours should be paid the Governor when he arrived to assume his place. On the motion of the Attorney-General it was then decided that the senior councillor should again climb to the Château St. Louis and lay before the Governor the Council's new proposal that four councillors should present themselves at the Château St. Louis to accompany him thence to the Council-hall in the Palace, and that, if this was not acceptable, let him only name the honours he wished and they would render them. The senior councillor was given power to promise anything.

M. de Villeray climbed and returned. He reported that the Governor seemed satisfied with the Council's proposal for his first reception but wanted to know how it proposed to receive him each time afterward. Moreover, he insisted on seeing the minutes of the Council recording the discussions upon the whole subject.

The Intendant lost his temper. He said that

the Council had honestly done its best to satisfy the dignity of the Governor. He thought that, pending a precise ruling from His Majesty, nothing more ought to be done for the everyday reception of the Governor than what had been so far the usual practice. Thereupon he went out.

The Attorney-General moved that the minute-book be shown the Governor, and that the senior councillor once more wait upon the Governor to propose that he be received each time of attendance by two councillors either at the entrance to the ante-chamber or at the head of the stairs. If this was not enough the senior councillor should have power to offer any ceremony within reason. The motion was adopted.

A week later, Monday, March 13th, to the council once more assembled, this time minus the Intendant who was disgusted with the whole affair, M. de Villeray reported that he had offered the minute-book for the Governor's inspection and delivered the message from the Council. The Governor had graciously replied on perusal of the minutes that he recognized with pleasure the sincere endeavour of the Council to omit nothing due his rank and person, and that if it had proposed anything beyond the minimum required he would most certainly have forbidden it, inasmuch as he was very jealous of the dignity of a body of which he was head. He said that he would be satisfied if at his first appearance four councillors conducted him from the Château St. Louis, and if at each subsequent appearance two councillors met him at the head of the stairs in the Palace. In genial humour he thanked the Council for its con-

sideration, and remarked that he would take his place after Easter.

The Council had crawled most abjectly for five weeks. It had learned its lesson, been taught its political manners. The Governor could afford to be genial. The Bishop had most cautiously kept clear of the controversy and the Intendant had withdrawn in undisguised pique. To emphasize the point the Governor kept the Council waiting seven weeks longer.

It was Wednesday, May 3rd, that Frontenac named as the day on which he would grace the council-chamber. On that day the entire membership was present—the Bishop, the Intendant, the Attorney-General and six councillors. At the hour appointed four of the councillors, headed by M. de Villeray, left their colleagues waiting, climbed the steep streets and presented themselves at the Château St. Louis. There they waited till the Comte de Frontenac appeared. Down through the town they marched, two ahead and two behind the Governor, up the stairs and into the council-chamber where the five were standing to receive him. The tall, commanding figure of the old Count, veteran campaigner and courtier, always struck something of awe into the companies he frequented, and probably more so on this occasion than usually. Majestically he moved to his throne at the head of the room and being seated, thanked the assembly in that most polished manner of which he was master when the circumstances required. Frontenac had begun his second administration in the major key which he was to maintain for the eight years which remained to him of life and rule.

A DREAM OF LORDSHIP

PATHOS pervades the history of French dominion in Acadia. So few, so brave, so cheerful in the face of appalling odds, slowly successful in spite of callous neglect by their own sovereign and of perpetual armed interference on the part of their Anglo-Saxon neighbours of New England, these virile Frenchmen went down to a bitter, undeserved defeat in the end, their heroic labours of a century and more seemingly unrewarded, their very houses and lands enjoyed by strangers. The Destiny of this vast continent has broken many a racial stock of human beings and cast it aside in the laboratory of its pitiless, age-long experimentation. The French of Acadia are only one in the list, but in their case the experiment has not yet been drawn to a conclusion, and there is an indomitable residue which may still give surprising reactions.

The story of the little settlements at the extreme eastern end of the Bay of Fundy is an epitome of the story of Acadia. To Port Royal, the present Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia, there came about 1650 a strong lad of eighteen years or so, Pierre Thibaudeau. Simple countryman of Poitou, just off the farm, he had signed on at La Rochelle for a term of three or four years as jack-of-all-trades and general labourer about the seigneury of Port Royal. He intended to see the New World, have his adventure, and return to the

parental acres. Fate took charge of him, however, in the person of the pretty Jeanne Terriau, and he never saw his native land again. Instead he received his grant of land in the seigneury of Port Royal so that Jeanne might be near her parents, who had been among the earliest immigrants. The next few years were hard in the little log cabin between the forest and the dikes by the shores of the beautiful Basin of Port Royal. It was a bitter struggle to provide even the necessities for the inevitable procession of infants expected, desired, prized in all Acadian homes. But this hardy son of the soil won his fight, as did so many of his compatriots. Gradually there came a little ease, quite contemptible, perhaps, in the eyes of even the poorest of pampered moderns, but very real to these simple, plain-living souls. Pierre's energy won freedom for the spirit of enterprise that was in him. At the Pré-Ronde, six miles up the river from Port Royal, in a clearing amid the splendid forest which stretched far along the uplands, he established a mill. Frugality, caution, untiring labour brought him and his Jeanne a competence which passed for wealth in that naïve and struggling colony. As *habitant* in possession of a rich farm and as seigneurial miller, Pierre Thibaudeau became a man of consequence, of substance. Moreover, one of his many daughters was married to the Sieur Desgouttins, a kind of general secretary to the government of the settlement, whose duties included those of magistrate, judge, provincial secretary and treasurer. Pierre had prospered, indeed, and yet it had not all been without reverse.

Among the royal orders which were spasmodically, capriciously enforced upon the self-willed, independent population was one forbidding the sale of brandy to the Indians. Thibaudeau disregarded it, as, indeed, did all the *habitants* when they could. Now that he was able to pay for brandy he found a use for his capital and a vast profit in the furs which he received. However, the Governor at the time, the Sieur de Menneval, got wind of it, and owing to Thibaudeau's prominence, made an example of him. He was imprisoned for a time and forced to pay a fine, and this at the very time when his eldest daughter's marriage to the Sieur Desgouttins was approaching. However, Thibaudeau was too well known in the settlement, the arbitrary exercise of power was too often suffered, for the affair to leave a stigma. And Thibaudeau's justification in the eyes of his fellow men was, no doubt, that, if he did not sell the Indians brandy for their furs, the English from Boston, whose ships were forever haunting the coasts, would sell them rum; and further, that they were all engaged according to their opportunities in the same practice and liable to the same summary punishment.

In the 1670's an old settler and prominent citizen of Port Royal, Jacques Bourgeois, founded a settlement for the improvement of his family fortunes at the eastern extremity of the Bay of Fundy on the shores of Chignecto Bay. In 1676, when, by his energy and thrift and that of his numerous sons and friends, there began to appear broad meadows behind the painfully built dikes at the edge of the tide, the Court of France granted

the whole region, including this settlement, by this time called Beaubassin, to the Sieur de la Vallière. Though the enterprising settlers were specially protected by royal order from interference by their new seigneur, they were deeply chagrined. Henceforth their expansion was severely restricted and they had seigneurial dues to pay. It is true that all this was according to the scheme of things in their world and they must have been accustomed to it. Yet, perchance, old Bourgeois had rashly allowed himself to dream of seigneurial rank for himself and for his heirs, perchance he had merely sought freedom for a yeoman existence beyond the bounds of the seigneurial grants. In any case, the colony ceased to thrive.

In the 1680's two habitants of Port Royal, Pierre Terriau and Pierre Melanson, independently founded settlements on the rich shores of Minas Basin. First, they went themselves with their many sons and sons-in-law. Then followed others of their relatives, then numbers of their friends, till thriving communities dotted the upper reaches of the Basin, and the dikes which they laboriously piled up kept out the mighty Fundy tides and provided broad acres of meadow-land and corn-land.

It was not until the next decade that the fever of expansion seized Pierre Thibaudeau. In 1698 he was sixty-seven years of age, but the blood still ran warm in his veins and his natural energy was undiminished. In that year, in the spring, he provisioned a large barque which he possessed, and, with four of his seven sons and one hired

man, he set off exploring westward in the Bay of Fundy. It is probable that he knew the coast-line somewhat, and that he sailed directly to Chignecto Bay. Here he must have eyed most carefully each river mouth and indentation. Most carefully he avoided the limits of the seigneury of Beaubassin where lay old Bourgeois' settlement, and, striking northeast, he followed up Shepody Bay and its river, Chipody they spelled it in French, to the River Memramcook. Here on the Shepody he chose his situation with the practised eye of the old inhabitant. The equipment put ashore and the camp well under way, he re-embarked for Port Royal for another load of implements and provisions. En route he called around by the mouth of the St. John River where the Governor of the moment, M. de Villebon, had his temporary headquarters in the old fort, lately rebuilt. The Governor welcomed Thibaudeau's display of initiative, and gave him ground for his greatest hopes. Secure now in his mind about his title to possession, and brimming with enthusiasm, he sailed straight over to Port Royal to spread the news of his good fortune.

Among those who were excited by the news was Guillaume Blanchart. He lost no time in getting his barque also under weigh in the same direction. With him went his two eldest sons. He sailed in company with Thibaudeau who had quickly reloaded his ship with flour for at least six months, spades, picks, and all useful implements, two oxen, one horse, and quantities of various seeds for sowing. In his ship, too, went a number of the young men of Port Royal, lured by the hope

of lands, and binding themselves to work for the season for their keep alone.

Already, it would seem, there had crept into the back of old Thibaudeau's brain seductive dreams of great results from his little beginnings, nothing less, indeed, than rising, old as he was, above the condition of life to which he had been born. In fact, there swam before his mind's eye the vision of himself as seigneur of the seigneury of Chipody, as a gentleman, in truth. He would raise his heirs in the social scale. He would found a family. Hence it was that several of the young labourers who went with him were promised lands on his hypothetical estate.

Thibaudeau's ship and Blanchart's arrived on the coast of their master's fortune at the end of July. Blanchart sailed on and up the Petitcodiac, and there, not far from his old friend, he cast anchor and chose his ground.

Through the summer, in Thibaudeau's absence, the work had been going steadily on. After his arrival, it proceeded with additional energy throughout the autumn. There arose a log house on an eminence which overlooked the flats. Soon there was added a barn to shelter the abundant hay, and a stable for the animals. Here the trees grew tall and close. On the far slope they were cleared as the building progressed. The clearing was roughly fenced, and among the stumps the young men sowed the wheat.

Not all was work, for there was hunting and fishing, necessary for the feeding of the company. Game was abundant, and the Malecite Indians of the surrounding country, friends and allies of old,

came in to trade their venison and their furs. Old Pierre himself was not always there to supervise, for, once or twice, he journeyed inland to explore. Eventually he found that which he sought, a spot prepared by nature for a mill-race.

It was a happy life. The Acadians knew no other and they throve upon it. Besides, they were working in an exaltation of the discoverer's spirit and of hope extraordinary. On Sundays, the patriarch would assemble his people and celebrate "une messe blanche"—"a White Mass". That is, because there was present no priest, he would read the prayers of the Mass and the intermingled liturgical chants. He could read, this old peasant of parts, as could many another of his compatriots, notwithstanding the modern conception of the illiteracy of these Acadians; and what mattered the occasional mispronunciation, when the heart's devotion was undefiled.

The autumn passed. Winter approached. The work had perforce to cease. Reluctantly they boarded up the buildings leaving the implements piled inside, drove the animals on board and set sail on the grey autumn tide for Port Royal.

It was a busy winter in the little provincial metropolis. Preparations were thorough, even lavish. The imagination of the pioneer had full play. In the spring of 1699, four oxen went aboard. Fresh stocks of provisions and equipment were loaded on. The Thibaudeau company and the Blanchart company set sail with eagerness. In the autumn they had solemnly entrusted their little buildings to the guardianship of the

friendly Indians, and when they arrived in the spring they found everything as they had left it.

There was more felling of trees in the woods, more building, more sowing of grain. Then the master of the enterprise set his men to work upon the real task, the peculiarly Acadian task, the building of the dikes. The tides in the Bay of Fundy are the highest in the world—sometimes seventy feet. At flow they cover vast areas of flat alluvial deposit. At ebb these rich areas are bare. It was on such stretches at Port Royal, securely fenced from the tide, that Acadian farming had begun. Here at Chipody, the inhabitants of Port Royal turned at once to the familiar field. They started their dikes this summer, "abboiteaux" they called them. This is how they made them. First, choosing a marshland where the tide entered by a reasonably narrow opening, at ebb laboriously they planted upright five or six rows of tree-trunks deep in the mud. Then between them they laid flat other great logs, one above the other, till a huge barricade had arisen. On this they tamped mud and earth and sod until the wall was impervious to the sea. On the wall they planted willows, and in it they fitted a crude valve, perfectly adapted to the purpose, which was shut to prevent the high tide entering, but which allowed the marsh to drain when the tide was out. It was heart-breaking labour and not for the individual to attempt; but with many willing hands employed for many days the thing was done, and from the second year the harvest was always amazing. When at length the yield perceptibly decreased, there was nothing simpler

than to allow the tide to enter for months or years and again to shut it out. Lying fallow thus beneath the restoring sea, the pristine richness of the meadow invariably returned.

It was in this year that a little cloud blew up on the fair horizon. Among those whom the story of Chipody reached was M. de Villieu, one of the officers of the tiny garrison which His Majesty of France maintained in the forts at Port Royal and at the mouth of the St. John River. He happened to be the son-in-law of the Sieur de la Vallière, absentee seigneur of Beaubassin, and over-zealous in his father-in-law's interests. Though the limits of the seigneury of Beaubassin had seemed to Pierre Thibaudeau fairly well defined, they began subtly to extend themselves now that he had staked out his estate and won some part of it already from the sea. The little capital was humming with the threats of M. de Villieu against himself and Blanchart when Thibaudeau stepped ashore in the autumn of 1699. He was dumbfounded. They told him that the Governor, the Sieur de Villebon, had been officially warned that his land was comprehended in the limits of the seigneury of Beaubassin. Straightway he consulted his son-in-law Desgouttins, the clerk of things in general. The latter communicated immediately with the Governor at St. John. The Governor took the matter under advisement and forthwith shifted the responsibility to His Majesty's Council in France.

Meanwhile, stout-hearted old Thibaudeau slipped away in his ship to Boston. There he purchased for himself the mechanism of saw-mill and

flour-mill complete. He was back in time to continue the fight with M. de Villieu, who contended that his father-in-law had always looked upon these lands as contained within the boundaries of his seigneury. Thibaudeau and Blanchart answered that Chipody Bay was entirely separate and distinct from the Bay of Beaubassin, to-day called Cumberland Basin. Nevertheless, they were willing to come to an understanding with M. de Villieu. Let the matter be referred to the King. If M. de Villieu's pretensions were sustained, they would hold their lands from his father-in-law, provided he recognized in advance their right to all the lands of which they were at the moment possessed, and what they had staked out. If his pretensions were not sustained, they would hold the lands as seigneuries from the King, should His Majesty so grant them. The offer seemed fair enough, but M. de Villieu, cankered with his petty social elevation above these pushful peasants, haughtily declined to recognize in advance their right to so much territory. Thibaudeau and Blanchart immediately applied to the King through the serviceable Desgouttins for a grant of their lands as seigneuries.

The spring of 1700 was upon them, and the faithful barque stood up the Bay of Fundy once more for the Promised Land. Aboard was old Pierre, with his wife, this time. The company comprised a young farmer named Brossard, sent by his father to pre-empt a good location on Thibaudeau's estate, four young labourers, who intended also to take up land eventually, and six young hired men under contract for two years.

Of course, the precious mill machinery was in the hold, with piles of implements and every kind of necessary provision, including the inevitable brandy. Also, there was a complete farmyard, a horse, a bull, cows, pigs and poultry.

Throughout this winter four of Thibaudeau's sons had stayed upon the spot and worked. Piles of implements, of squared timbers, of fur-packages; new fences, new buildings proved to their father that they had been by no means idle. No time was lost in getting animals and cargo ashore, and the work proceeded—spring seeding and further construction upon the dikes.

Already acting the seigneur, the quondam miller of Port Royal made the rounds with his people, and allotted them their future holdings. Actual, if unlegalized lord of this embryonic manor, he enjoyed the survey of his rapidly prospering domain. On saint's days and holidays, with spruce-beer and brandy he played the open-handed squire to his workers and his Indian friends. The mill-race was quickly ready, the buildings finished, and the machinery installed under the old miller's practised eye.

The little harvest from the cleared lands reaped and threshed and in the barns, the fall wheat sown amid the stumps and fire-blackened trunks, the little colony of eighteen souls at Chipody prepared to break up for the winter. They had a splendid summer's achievement to look back upon. There stood the mill working. There lay great piles of squared logs. There stood several new log-houses for the newest tenants and for the hired men of the manor. There lay in full sight the meadows

fenced by the "abboiteaux" — nearly a mile of dikes and ditches. Proud of his estate and full of enthusiasm for the future, the seventy-year-old pioneer turned again to Port Royal at the approach of the cold. His wife of fifty-seven, mother of eleven children, had left her dairy and her poultry-yard a little earlier. Her presence was needed at Port Royal where preparations were going forward for the marriage of one of her sons. The seigneur followed at the first frost. He left for this winter on the estate three of his sons, Pierre, Michel, and Charles, together with one volunteer and the six hired men.

There was no scarcity of work for the hardy old man during the winter. His mill, his farm near Port Royal, his fur-traffic, his minute preparations for the coming season at Chipody, these with frequent social gatherings with his neighbours occupied his time. In fact, he was too busy when the spring came in 1701 to go to his seigneury at all. He forwarded equipment and provisions in his vessel, which carried also three young bridal couples with all their dower of household effects and domestic cattle. So there were established this year several new tenant families on the estate, holding their land from Pierre Thibaudeau "provided that he should be confirmed in his seigneury, for this species of contract was of no effect except between tenant and lord."

Meanwhile, at the settlement on the Petitcodiac, only a few miles away, the same process was being repeated a year behind, the same fears, the same pride and hopes, the same accomplishments. The hardy enthusiastic pioneers of both estates

met together occasionally in social gathering or religious. All the while there came no word from the Court of France.

The winter of 1701-1702 was the first during which the little settlement was graced with the presence of Acadian women. Catherine Brossard remained with her daughter, the wife of Jacques Martin, and the new-born baby. There were, too, the newly-married pairs. Life was hard here in the almost unscratched wilderness, but they, as their parents before them, were used to its moods and its grimmest demands. It held no terrors for them and they faced it with Gallic gaiety—work and play and little social joys. In the very early spring of 1702 the whole colony made camp amid the mighty maples, whose groves dotted all that country, and boiled the maple-sap to sugar, to the accompaniment of much wholesome, rustic merry-making.

With the spring came more settlers from Port Royal with their effects. Later came the hypothetic lord of the manor with his wife and children aboard his barque. He brought yet more equipment and provisions and further hired assistance. Seventy-two years of age and worried, he with no friends at Court, about His Majesty's delay in deciding this matter of his rights in this his seigneury (which seemed so plain to him), yet he stepped ashore the vigorous master of the land. The tiny population received him with all due ceremony as seigneur. Jean-François Brossard, just arrived before Thibaudeau's coming, led the procession to pay respects and welcome him. Three Indians presented belts of wampum for

their tribe. Rounds of musketry were fired. Then began the seigneurial inspection—first the sugar-camps. Here were more volleys of musketry and more hurrahs. Then it was the precious mill, a bit upstream. There the inevitable repairs and adjustments were ordered with minute instructions from the experienced master-miller. From the mill this mill-seigneur-pioneer could sweep with a proud eye his prospering domain — five farms with their buildings grouped about the home-farm with its more extensive buildings around the manor-house. Small blame to him if there rose a satisfaction in his soul at the sight of this his fine achievement, he who had started life with nothing but his bare hands and his courage. Small blame to him if he indulged his hopes of higher social standing for his heirs; had he not by toil and by ambition earned the right to make them gentlefolk!

Thibaudeau brought the news that war between England and France might break forth at any moment. There was work to be done. Back sailed the barque to Port Royal to return immediately laden with every kind of store from Boston and from what trading ships might come from France, before the seas should become unsafe and the source of supplies be cut off and the little settlement left to its own resources. The seigneur himself immediately selected a remote spot, several miles away, amid the forest,where, in a clearing, forthwith there was begun the erection of a strong log-house to serve as magazine for valuables and necessaries in case of attack by the ever-ready Bostonians.

The summer passed in varied and enthusiastic activity. Thibaudeau felt that it was perhaps his last upon the soil of the seigneury. So he settled the succession upon his fourth son Pierre. Moreover, he arranged the marriage of Pierre with Marie-Madeleine Brossard, daughter of his old comrade Brossard, who had now come to be his tenant on the new estate. The betrothal was celebrated at the beginning of the flowery month of June.

The old man did not remain long this summer of 1702. He was present, however, for the festival of the haying. The rich harvest of the lowlands and the diked lands gathered in, on the top of the last load sat Thibaudeau, his wife on one side of him, his future daughter-in-law on the other. Garlands and festoons of flowers and long green leafy branches were hung about the wain. Four oxen drew it, led by Jean-François Brossard and Germain Savoye, the oldest of the *habitants*. All the little population clustered, laughing and singing, about the procession. At the threshold of the manor-house the good wife Brossard met them with smiles of welcome. Then all sat down together to the rustic banquet spread in the open air. There was merriment and drinking, then songs and speeches, and the old miller-seigneur was almost mastered by emotion as he thanked his people.

About the first of August the faithful barque stood once more down Chignecto Bay, bearing the founder of the settlement, who was never to return. With him went his wife, the Brossards, and young Pierre Thibaudeau with his fiancée,

Marie-Madeleine. Within a month the young couple, wedded with all ceremony, had embarked again with the Brossards for Chipody. War had broken out and they must needs get quickly back to their wilderness homes.

Soon after his landing at Port Royal M. de Villieu approached Thibaudeau with a suggestion for compromise. The Sieur de la Vallière, his father-in-law, would agree to confirm to the absolute possession of Thibaudeau and of Blanchart the entire valleys which they were asking as seigneuries, if they would recognize him as their seigneur. Perhaps he was unwise, but Thibaudeau was playing now for higher stakes, the gentility of his heirs. He refused, and Blanchart stood with him.

During the years 1703 and 1704, Thibaudeau awaited the royal decision at Port Royal, shipping regularly to his son at Chipody the necessary supplies and, little by little, receiving some return in grain and produce. The news from his estate was excellent. Work went on apace. The population was increasing. In 1703 there were five births and four in 1704. The cattle, too, were multiplying rapidly. Everything promised a permanent prosperity. With this news in his ears, in the joy of accomplishment, Pierre Thibaudeau died at his mill near Port Royal on December 28th, 1704.

It was on June 2nd, 1705, that His Majesty's Council of State rendered its decision that the seigneury of Beaubassin, held by the Sieur de la Vallière, should be extended to include the rivers Petitcodiac, Chipody and Memramcook. The

pioneers there settled were confirmed in the lands which they actually occupied, and it was stipulated that they should be in no way annoyed or dispossessed by their lord.

The dream was over. For the family of Thibaudeau, he who had sunk his capital in the development of these new lands, there was now no hope of compensation or of return upon the investment. All was handed over to an absentee landlord. The spirit of the colonists was broken, and though most of those who were already there clung to their little patches won from sea and forest, the rapid growth ceased. The colony languished and then the English came.

VAUQUELIN

ON May 16th, 1760, was performed one of those superbly heroic actions of which there is such a wealth in the history of Canada. The hero was Captain Vauquelin, who had fought his ship, the *Arethuse,* so gallantly at the final siege of Louisbourg two years before, and, just before the end, had run the gauntlet of the overwhelming British naval blockade to carry despatches to France. Next year, in the spring of 1759, he was back in Canadian waters. After the British closed the River St. Lawrence in June, and while the British men-of-war prowled up and down before Quebec, his own vessel, the little *Atalante,* rode safely in hiding in the mouth of the Richelieu River, while his gunners served the artillery in the trenches along the Beauport Shore, east from Quebec. In that defence of the citadel-crowned Rock Vauquelin had small part; his hour of glorious action was still to come.

After the death of the Marquis de Montcalm in the early morning of September 14th, 1759, following the battle of the Plains of Abraham, the Chevalier de Lévis was senior French general under the Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil-Cavagnal. Upon him fell the burden of the further defence of Canada. General Wolfe's victory had given the British only the city of Quebec. Montreal became the base for the last desperate struggle of the French.

There was still a reasonable hope that the captured fortress of Quebec might be won back. General Murray was holding it through the winter of 1759-1760 with a garrison of 7,000. The British, unused to the merciless weather, and wretchedly billeted among the ruins to which Wolfe's batteries on the heights of Lévis had reduced the city, were suffering terribly. Before the spring, more than 700 of them lay beneath the snow, for the frost-bound sod was too hard to allow of digging graves. Fully half the rest were ill in hospital or in their billets. De Lévis, whose intelligence service was excellent, knew all this, and, though his own forces at Montreal were also in a terrible plight, harried the garrison of Quebec to the limit of his power.

Meanwhile, at Montreal feverish preparations were going on for the great venture of the spring. De Lévis' one chance was that, with the British garrison weakened, he might carry the assault of the town before a British fleet came up the river with reinforcements. But he could not stir from Montreal until the ice went out, for the river was his only safe means of transportation. That would leave him but a short time for his work. He knew that, failing the intervention of a fleet from France, a very unlikely contingency, the British vessels would be up the St. Lawrence as soon as the lower river was passable.

About the middle of April the ice went out. Having equipped and supplied his army of nine thousand or so with incredible effort and ingenuity from the exhausted and denuded country, de Lévis embarked them on the 20th. From the

mouth of the Richelieu came Vauquelin's little fleet of one store-ship and two flat-bottomed river-boats laden with baggage, under the escort of two frigates, the *Atalante,* Vauquelin's flagship, and the *Pomone,* commanded by Captain Sauvage. They followed the army down and, joined by another store-ship, two schooners and two square-rigged vessels, came to anchor on April 28th at the Anse de Foulon, two miles west of Quebec, where Wolfe had got his army up to the Plains of Abraham eight months before, and to-day called Wolfe's Cove.

De Lévis had landed his men at Saint Augustin, a few miles further up the river, on the night of April 26th, had driven in the British outposts, and, on April 28th, in the morning, had engaged all of General Murray's effective troops, 3,000, in the second struggle on the Plains, the bloody battle of Ste.-Foye. In this battle the British lost in casualties one third of their force, and were compelled to retreat behind the crazy fortifications of Quebec. Vauquelin's fleet arrived just after the battle, and he could see from below the victorious French soldiers quietly cleaning up on the heights above, and starting their entrenchments. He stood by in the mouth of the Cove to reconnoitre, maintain communications and protect the supply-ships, which were landing stores and equipment to be hauled up to the Plains as the army needed them.

Construction on the French batteries along the high ground just outside the western walls of Quebec was rushed. They were almost ready to commence bombardment when, on May 9th,

around the point of the Island of Orleans appeared a British frigate, the *Lowestoft,* brought by the steadily freshening north-east wind. The beleaguered British garrison went delirious with joy. Their huzzahs and the frantic pealing of the bells rang out over plateau and river. The frigate brought word to General Murray that a British fleet was close behind. De Lévis did not know this, however, and, as one ship could not make him raise the siege, he held on, finished the batteries and started their fire on May 11th. Vauquelin, a little uneasy because that north-east wind continued to blow, borrowed sixty Canadian militiamen from the army to add to his hundred and ten, so that the guns of the ship might be properly served.

The bombardment on the heights continued for the next five days, most effectively replied to by the array of British pieces which crowded the western walls so closely that they almost touched each other. At length the fire grew slower and slower. The French guns, from failure of munitions, were rationed twenty shots a day. The north-east wind still held. De Lévis heard that there were ships in the lower river. He hoped against hope that they were French and would bring him ammunition.

On May 15th, on the flow tide at dusk, came up two British vessels, the *Vanguard* and the *Diana.* The two little French frigates were now heavily outmatched. Vauquelin was certain of attack. He sent an officer ashore in a canoe to get orders from the Chevalier de Lévis. All night the wind blew a gale from the north-east. At four in the morn-

ing of May 16th it was light enough for Vauquelin to see one of the newly-arrived frigates, the *Diana* as it happened, making sail in his direction, also the first arrival, the *Lowestoft,* slipping from her moorings by the Lower Town. Just then his messenger came aboard to report that the General had kept him waiting till midnight, and that in starting back the gale had wrecked his canoe, necessitating his finding another. He said that the General already had information of the arrival of the British ships, and, knowing that the French frigates were too small, too poorly armed, supplied and staffed to engage the British, he ordered Captain Vauquelin to stand up the river the moment he should see the enemy under sail to attack him.

At that very moment the British vessels were in full career above Quebec, and barely a mile away. Vauquelin gave the signal for the fleet to fly. No time to bring aboard the men ashore! He cut his cables and the rest cut theirs. Hardly had they got before the wind when the *Pomone* struck on the very point of Wolfe's Cove itself. The *Atalante* covered the small supply-ships for six miles till they could run into the mouth of the creek called the Cap Rouge River. The little sloop of war, the *Marie,* laden with the French wounded, threw overboard her guns and sped on up the St. Lawrence, while the *Atalante,* under all sail, fought a rearguard action with the two British frigates, which were now close upon her. For twenty miles the unequal race ran on to Pointe aux Trembles. Nearly three hours of cannonade and there was now no hope of escape. On the shelving

banks at Pointe aux Trembles Captain Vauquelin ran his ship aground that he might at least save some of the crew for further service.

For two hours more the heroic little ship fought on, sitting there in the mud as the tide began to ebb, while the British frigates, anchored at close range, proceeded to pound her to pieces. The *Atalante* carried sixteen guns; the *Diana* thirty-two; the *Lowestoft* twenty-four. That his ship's decks might remain level the longer as the water fell, Vauquelin cut the mainmast and sent it crashing over the gunwale. He climbed himself to nail the lily-flag of France aloft on the jagged stump.

At half past nine his powder was entirely spent. The water rushing through the great rent in the vessel's bottom had gained the magazine and submerged the last four barrels. Still the gallant crew fought on with muskets, and the regular crash of the British cannon-balls continued to shake the timbers, splinter the decks and add to the dead and dying.

In the helter-skelter of the flight the *Atalante* had lost her small boats astern. There was now no means of sending the survivors of the crew ashore. Repeatedly the watchers afar on the high banks were hailed, but none would brave that hail of iron which churned the water around the doomed vessel. Finally some unknown hero rowed across. The boat was filled, and parted for the shore, trailing a line by which those aboard the *Atalante* could draw her back. Through the carelessness of those who landed, the tide, now swiftly ebbing, was allowed to carry the boat aground

and out of reach. The remainder of the crew saw themselves marooned.

The vessel now showed a list at a terrifying angle. To ease the strain Vauquelin sent overboard the mizzen-mast. Then he set his men to work on the sharply-slanting deck, amid the unrelenting storm of iron, at the making of a rude raft from the abundant wreckage. This finished, painfully they poled their clumsy makeshift over to the stranded boat, refloated her, and the work of taking off the crew continued. Still the British frigates fired.

Gradually the *Atalante* heeled over till her gunwale rested in the mud, one broadside of guns sighted at the clouds and the other choked with slime. Only the hull was visible to the enemy, and he suspended fire. Then, as he saw the boat ferrying across more men and as the flag remained unstruck, the cannonade commenced again. Finally, however, since there was no reply, it ceased once more. The *Diana* and the *Lowestoft* had spent well on toward a thousand shots upon the heroic little vessel.

A boarding-party rowed across to her. There sat Vauquelin, himself wounded, at the foot of the mainmast stump under his country's flag and amid his wounded and his dead. There were with him five of his officers and only six unwounded of his crew. He had thrown overboard his sword that he might not have to hand it to his country's enemies.

"Why don't you haul down your flag?" called out the boarding officer.

"If it were not for lack of ammunition my guns

would be speaking further with you," answered the defiant Vauquelin. "If you want my flag, you will have to climb up and take it down yourself."

The boarding officer climbed himself and tore it down.

They took Vauquelin aboard the *Diana* with one of his officers; the others went aboard the *Lowestoft*. Vauquelin requested Captain Schomberg of the *Diana* to take off the wounded who remained on the wreck, with which request Captain Schomberg most willingly complied.

Vauquelin was the hero of the hour among the British. Captain Deane of the *Lowestoft* and Captain Schomberg treated him as their honoured guest. The British officers in the Quebec garrison received him with all possible distinction and wined and dined him in right royal fashion. It was the splendid homage of brave men to a splendid valour. Nor did this homage effervesce in fine words and dinners. Admiral Lord Colville arrived before Quebec the day after the battle, commanding the main body of the British fleet. In a fervour of delight at the recitation by British naval officers of Vauquelin's performance, when he met the hero he said to him,

"Sir, I am so struck with admiration at your courageous defence that I beg you to let me know how best I may serve you. I am at your disposal."

"My lord," replied Vauquelin, "It would please me best to be given my liberty and permission to return to France."

Forthwith the Admiral commissioned a vessel to land Captain Vauquelin in France with those

French prisoners whom he might choose to accompany him—a courtesy which, needless to say, was not abused.

In France Vauquelin went unhonoured. The Duchess de Mortemart took up his case with de Berryer, Minister of Marine, who replied,

"I know that Captain Vauquelin has served the King with an extraordinary devotion and courage. He is a hero, but he does not belong to the nobility. I have on my hands a perfect mob of scions of old houses, who are awaiting promotion. Captain Vauquelin, before the war, was in the merchant marine. I advise him to return to it."

Vauquelin lived in poverty except for one brief flash of fortune, and died in obscurity. He was the victim throughout his naval career of the intense class feeling of the aristocracy who officered the French navy. It was only by accident that his children were able to rehabilitate his memory long after his death.

SHIPS THAT WERE SENT TO SEA TO SINK

THE heartlessness of capital has been the inexhaustible theme of socialistic orators and writers these many decades, as, indeed, it still is. Modern capital is philanthropic, however, compared with its progenitor of a hundred and fifty years ago. Public opinion and governmental regulations have reduced it to affability and solicitous consideration.

A favourite trick of the capital represented by the shipping interests of bygone days was the sending to sea of aged and infirm vessels. If, by the mercy of Heaven, they came to the other side, they could then make yet another voyage. If they sank, the owners lost nothing; their rates had been received; the ships were practically worthless anyway; ship and cargo were often, by dishonest inspection of course, heavily insured; and loss at sea was "an act of God". The owners paid no pensions to sailors' widows and mothers, nor any damages to relatives of passengers. They could accept no responsibility, the sea being what it is—notoriously unsafe, capricious and incalculable.

From the many hundreds of instances which sprinkle the pages of the Empire's history there are a number which stand out conspicuously in the annals of Canada—two especially, stories of inhuman greed. One of these is the experience of

the Chevalier de Johnstone, who, for all his French knighthood, was a Scot. Rather a romantic person, too, this young Jacobite who had been aide-de-camp to Sir George Murray, the commander of Bonnie Prince Charlie's army in that last disastrous attempt of 1745 to replace the Stuarts on their forfeit throne. In perils oft, he had had adventure enough in escaping from England after the failure of that expedition to satisfy the most insatiable knight of fortune. Small blame to him if, after having by his wits eluded the long arm of British vengeance, which reached even to his hiding-place in Holland, he lost himself for a year or two amid the seductions of Paris, salving his conscience the while with the faint expectation that France would yet finance another attempt against Great Britain on behalf of his beloved Prince. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, however, brought him to his senses. Bonnie Prince Charlie was exiled from France to satisfy the British Government. The dream was over. Looking hastily about for some niche in the service of France, he found that all the best places available for unfortunate Scottish officers were gone. Himself the senior captain of Prince Charlie's force, he relied upon the promise of the King of France that officers of that force who escaped to France should be absorbed into the French military establishment with the same rank as they had held on active service in Scotland and England. Though recommended by influential members of the aristocracy of France, when he applied for a captaincy in the infantry stationed in San Domingo or Martinique, he was offered

nothing better than a junior lieutenant's commission in the infantry companies detached for service at Louisbourg in Cape Breton (Isle Royale the French called it). At first indignantly refusing this, he ended by accepting it as better than nothing at all. Kissing Paris goodbye, he set out in June, 1750, to report at Rochefort, ready for the voyage.

At this port he made the acquaintance of his three travelling companions, all officers who had been on the Reserve and were being put on the active list once more at Louisbourg. These were the Chevalier de Montalembert, the Chevalier de Trion, and M. de Frêne. The Chevalier de Montalembert commanded two hundred recruits whom he was taking to reinforce the garrison at Louisbourg. The four became good friends, as brother officers in the same service have a knack of doing in all ages. Johnstone felt that they were charming fellows, and he was delighted when all four were ordered to La Rochelle to sail together on the ship *Iphigénie*.

On arrival at La Rochelle, they found a mutiny in progress. It was no comfort to the travellers to be informed that it was the crew of their ship, the *Iphigénie*, which was in revolt. The men, headed by the ship's carpenter, who ought to have known about such matters if anybody did, declared that the ship was rotten through and through, and in no condition to make a transatlantic voyage. They refused to serve and were clamouring to be allowed to state their case before the Admiralty authorities.

The *Iphigénie* was a merchant vessel owned by

M. Michel Roderique of La Rochelle, and chartered by the Crown. The owner entertained the four officers at dinner, and the mutiny was the theme of the conversation. M. Roderique was plausible. He assured his guests that his ship was staunch. He said that if he were going back to Louisbourg, where he had lived for many years, of all the ships in the harbour of La Rochelle he would choose the *Iphigénie* in which to embark himself and his family. The *Iphigénie's* bad reputation, he said, was the result of the jealousy of rival ship-owners of the port, nothing more. They had tampered with his crew and incited them to mutiny.

The three Frenchmen were a bit sceptical, but Johnstone swallowed hook, line and sinker. He turned in and persuaded his new-found friends that Roderique was really the victim of conspiracy. They came around to his view, and the four officers took a hand in suppressing the mutiny. On June 28th, 1750, they went aboard. At daybreak on the 29th the anchor was weighed and the *Iphigénie* stood out to sea.

Only three or four days out, off Cape Finisterre, Johnstone was quite ready to admit that he had been a dupe. It was only too evident that the sailors had been right. They had declared in harbour that the water in the ship's hold rose twelve inches an hour. Now, at sea, in fairest weather, the water was found to be rising twenty inches an hour. Johnstone could hardly believe that there could exist such duplicity as that of Roderique, or such depravity as the man had shown in thus, for a trifling profit, sending three

hundred human beings to their death, for there were other passengers besides the officers and their men.

The captain, one Frémont, came to the Chevalier de Montalembert, and begged for soldiers to man the pumps. The crew numbered only fourteen, many raw, inexperienced lads among them, and could hardly manage the sailing tackle, to say nothing of the labour of the pumps. Considerably shocked, M. de Montalembert arranged for sixteen to be always at work, relieved in rotation every quarter hour.

It was not long after this when, at nine o'clock in the morning of a beautiful day, the sea being far from rough, the mizzenmast suddenly crashed down on the deck without warning, missing the main-mast by inches. There was no reason for this disaster except the general rottenness of the vessel. A pin somewhere below, decayed like the rest of the ship, gave way, and the foot of the mast came smashing through the wall into the saloon, where M. de Montalembert happened to be standing directly in its path. He escaped death only by the extraordinary agility of his dodging. The weather being fair, it was the work of only a few moments for the sailors to hack the mast free and to cut the shrouds. In foul weather it would have gone hard with the ship.

That was the opening flourish of calamity. All hope of life soon centred in the strong arms of the two hundred soldiers, for the weather began to prove that there was no reliance to be placed in it. Storm after storm swept across the path of the *Iphigénie*. Off the Azores her topmasts were

carried away and all her sails ripped to tatters. It was during this blow that a gigantic wave washed over the vessel, demolished the hatches and drowned the live sheep and poultry below. In those days before cold-storage, all ships endeavoured to go to sea with sufficient live-stock aboard to supply them with fresh meat for the major part of the voyage. It was about the same time, too, that it was discovered that the fresh water supply had putrified. The despicable Roderique had had it shipped in rotten, unwashed wine-barrels. Now, five weeks out, it was as black as ink and stinking to high Heaven.

These were mere inconveniences, however, for death stared the whole company in the face. It was only too plain that the ship might disintegrate at any moment beneath them all in mid-ocean. Even when the weather was fair and the wind behind, the captain dared not hoist more than a sail or two at a time for fear that more canvas would carry away the other masts as the mizzen-mast had gone. Hope began to die in the breasts of all.

So passed July and August. By the mercy of Providence the *Iphigénie* had outridden nine separate storms. On September 9th, she was on the edges of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. That day was very calm. At midnight the wind rose suddenly, and by morning it had achieved the fury of a hurricane. The captain, Frémont, came down to the officers' cabin about nine o'clock to warn them to prepare themselves for death. He said that they were past all human aid; the only recourse was prayer. He added that the

crew had just made a vow to Saint Nicholas that they would have a High Mass sung at Louisbourg, if it pleased God to deliver them from their peril. He invited the officers to join the sailors in subscribing the necessary funds for this Mass, for it was the only hope. Somewhat reluctantly, in the bitterness of their feelings against both owner and captain, the four officers each contributed six francs. Johnstone remarked that he had been in dire peril once in an English ship on the Baltic, and that, as far as he could see, the difference between French sailors and English sailors was that the French put more reliance in prayer than in their own effort, while the English worked like madmen and swore like fiends as long as their heads were above water.

Johnstone climbed on deck to appraise conditions. The sight turned him white. Waves like moving mountains towered above the ship, each with a cluster of hills about it, their summits crested with iridescent foam. The ship seemed never to rise out of the deep valley among these mountains. A magnificent sight surely, he felt, but only to be appreciated to the full from land. The ship was wallowing without a single sail set to steady her, for as soon as the crew attempted to hoist one, it was carried away like a sheet of paper. From one beam end to the other she rolled with a horrible, sickening motion, and each time Johnstone held his breath lest she should go right over.

He did not stay long on deck. When, bruised and battered, he regained the cabin, it was a disturbing sight that met his eyes. From sheer ex-

asperation M. de Frêne was beating with his fists upon the wall. "Blast it!" he complained to Johnstone, "Isn't it damnable to have to die in this manner after having come safely through that inferno of lead with the Grenadiers of Lowendhal at the battle of Berg op Zoom!"

M. de Montalembert was sitting calmly by, floods of tears running down his cheeks. The Chevalier de Trion, whose age was about twenty, did not seem to be worrying at all. He remarked to Johnstone that he had prepared himself for death before leaving Rochefort. It struck Johnstone that the longer one lived the more one seemed to object to dying, and he could not help wishing for a painter to fix on canvas the contrast of temperaments and characters so vividly before him in this crisis. For himself, he had made up his mind that, often as he had escaped the scaffold in England by a hair's breadth in his flight after Culloden, and often as death had passed him by after seeming hesitation, he was "for it" this time. His outward calm gave no hint of the upheaval within.

Just then some one ran in to say that Captain Frémont had fallen down dead. Johnstone went to see, and found him recovering from a fainting-fit. Johnstone did not rejoice, because this wretch's ambition to command a ship had been the origin of the whole terrible situation. He had been willing to misrepresent the condition of the ship in order to secure his chance of promotion. Moreover, insolent and overbearing as he had been in fair weather, it was nothing but his utter panic which had laid him out now.

Amid the continual crash of tons of water on the deck overhead, the constant swirl and swish of the long waves, and the furious howl of the wind, Johnstone spent the whole day reading the Psalms of David and trying to piece together from all that he had read some conception of a future life. About three in the afternoon a wave smashed in the portholes of the cabin and washed the Chevalier de Trion out of his bed beneath them. Johnstone took him into the cubby-hole that had been allotted to him at the entrance of the larger cabin. But de Trion was able to spend but little time there, for just at this moment the soldiers struck work at the pumps. So many of the poor fellows had been seriously injured on deck by the great waves thundering across, often hurling them from one side of the ship to the other; so many had narrowly missed being swept overboard, that they declared that if they had to die they might better die between decks than be crushed to death in the open or washed into the sea. In this crisis the non-commissioned officers lost all control of their men, and it was de Trion who, by cajolery and threats and now and then by blows, brought up the relief each quarter hour.

About six in the evening the ship's carpenter, skilled, indefatigable worker and incorrigible wag, came to work by the door of Johnstone's cubby-hole, where the latter was lying on his bed with de Trion. Johnstone called out to him, "What's the news?"

"Extra special news!" he sang back. "Extra special! The forepart of the ship is wide open and the water is pouring in by barrelfuls. The

soldiers have not been able to make the slightest headway against it this long while, and the pumps are broken. Ho, hum! So there we are, gentlemen, straight on the road to Davy Jones's locker. It won't be an hour before we're all drinking out of the same glass. Ho, hum!'' and he went on whistling as he planed his board.

Johnstone was done out. He felt sleepy, told de Trion that he was going to try to sleep himself into the next world, bid him goodbye, turned over and was off in a moment. From ten o'clock that evening till seven the next morning he slept, without being disturbed in the slightest by the comings and goings of de Trion, who was up every fifteen minutes or so all night to keep the men at the pumps. When Johnstone awoke, for a moment he thought that he had passed over, but de Trion assured him that he was still alive and lucky to have been asleep that night. De Trion said that from moment to moment they had expected the *Iphigénie* to founder, and had been kept in this cruel suspense until dawn. The crew had actually bound the bow of the ship together by cables completely around her, passed under the keel. The carpenter had mended the pumps, and then the soldiers had worked like madmen under the spur of de Trion's personality. Finally they had had the satisfaction of seeing the water in the hold receding. Best of all, he said, the wind had gone down and the sea was not quite so boisterous. It was now believed that for the present the ship was out of danger.

The day was beautiful, with a fine breeze behind, but a new peril arose now that the storm had

blown over. This was no other than the captain himself. Johnstone and his brother officers suspected him of incompetence. When Johnstone talked to the mate, M. Lion, he grew more and more uneasy. M. Lion said that by his log the ship was now close on Cape Breton, but that by the captain's log they were still six hundred miles away. In consideration of the rock-bound character of the Island's coast, Johnstone decided to spend the night on deck, and persuaded M. Lion, in whom all the officers had confidence, to do the same. It was a beautiful star-lit night, and they spent it peering into the distance ahead. About two in the morning their reckoning was justified when they heard the lookout whom M. Lion had placed in the bow sing out "Land Ho!" Johnstone ran forward with Lion, and there were the rocks plainly visible not a quarter of a mile away. The ship was put hard about to stand off the coast. As soon as daylight came the captain pretended to recognize the land they had seen as the neighbourhood of Indian Brook, forty-five miles north of Louisbourg, and so he steered a south-westerly course. About three in the afternoon the ship was off a wide harbour which Frémont decided was Louisbourg. He hailed a passing fishing-smack and asked whether this was not the entrance to Louisbourg harbour. Raucous laughter greeted him, and the fishermen wanted to know the name of the fool who did not know the difference between St. Peter's Port and Louisbourg, sixty miles to the north-east. It was a cruel disappointment to the passengers, all ready as they were to go ashore. The land they had

sighted in the early morning had been close by Louisbourg.

The ship was put about. After a fair and uneventful night, early in the morning of September 13th she slid into Louisbourg harbour and hove to under the shadow of the great fortress. The residents crowded down to the quays to see this half-wrecked vessel, which all had believed lost, and to congratulate the passengers on their marvellous delivery from death. A little ship, which had left La Rochelle on the same day as had the *Iphigénie,* had arrived nearly four weeks earlier, and the rottenness of the *Iphigénie* had been the common talk of the fortress town.

Next day Johnstone was a spectator at an interesting ceremony. The crew of the *Iphigénie,* in fulfilment of their vow made at the height of the last storm, walked naked, save for their shirts, from the quay through the streets to the church where High Mass was sung as a thanksgiving.

Johnstone himself staged a different sort of procession. The four officers and the other passengers had suffered much at sea from the continued insolence of the incompetent scoundrel Frémont. Now, the first moment that Johnstone caught Frémont on land, he rushed up to him and started to castigate him with his heavy walking-stick. Frémont drew his sword, but instead of using it to oppose the fury of the Scot, he merely carried it in his hand, and every time that Johnstone raised his stick he made a half-turn to the right, presenting his shoulders, most obligingly Johnstone thought, as a broad and certain mark. In this manner Johnstone drove the wretch along

the entire length of the quays, amid the hysterical laughter of the bystanders, who included most of the passengers of the *Iphigénie*. The Adjutant-General of the fortress, M. l'Oppinot, who witnessed the beginning of this comedy, discreetly remembered imperative business elsewhere, and was unable to return and order Johnstone to desist until the latter had administered such a drubbing as Captain Frémont would remember to his dying day by the welts he carried on his body.

The Commissariat officials ordered the *Iphigénie* back to France at once, but the sailors appealed to the officers of the Admiralty. They inspected the vessel and found it so thoroughly decayed that one could shred the rib-timbers with one's fingers, and ordered it broken up forthwith. It was then that Johnstone found out why such a ship had been allowed to sail in the King's service. Roderique in La Rochelle had an understanding with the chief supply officer of Cape Breton, and the latter had an understanding with the chief clerk of the Department of Marine in France, all working into one another's hands. Hence there was no real mystery in the approval of the *Iphigénie* by the ship-inspectors of La Rochelle. Fortunately, the representatives of the Admiralty at Louisbourg were more upright and humane than the representatives of the Commissariat Department.

The other instance of this nefarious practice occurred just eight years later, and it was a British ship. For callous brutality it cannot be surpassed in our annals.

The expulsion of the French *habitants* from

Nova Scotia has occupied so prominent a place in the public memory that it is often forgotten that three years later there was an expulsion from Prince Edward Island also. Isle St. Jean, as the French called it, was settled mainly by pitifully impoverished French, removing, under the influence of that arch enemy of the English, the Abbé Leloutre, from Nova Scotia after it became a British Province under the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The British authorities came to regard the Island as a strategic position, which it would be dangerous to allow the French to continue to hold as a base for domination of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and as a menace to the infant settlements of the British in Nova Scotia.

There were about four thousand settlers on the Island. They were inoffensive, hard-pressed in their struggle for a hand-to-mouth existence. The offences charged against the French in Nova Scotia could not be imputed to these people. They had not incited the Indians to fall from the shadows of the forest upon the British settlements, nor themselves taken part in any raids, nor were they in a frame of mind to, nor able to raise their hand in conspiracy and rebellion. Yet the order of expulsion issued by Governor Lawrence at Halifax on July 28th, 1755, applied to them as well. Such an order had been contemplated earlier, in 1745, when the great French fortress of Louisbourg in Cape Breton was taken by the Massachusetts militia and the British Navy, and Isle St. Jean was handed over with Cape Breton in the capitulations. There had not been sufficient transports then, and, in any case,

Louisbourg was handed back to the French by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. In 1755, however, the authorities were in earnest; transports were procured, and the Nova Scotia expulsion carried through in the autumn.

The *habitants* of Prince Edward Island were allowed a respite of three years, because there were other more pressing matters to attend to in those opening years of the terrible Seven Years' War. It was not until the second, and final capture of Louisbourg in the summer of 1758 that the order was executed in Prince Edward Island. Probably eight or ten transports were employed to carry the population to France. The information is obscure and conflicting, but it is doubtful if the removal was thoroughly prosecuted. Some families were left, and at the present day, in spite of constant emigration, the French-Canadians in the Island number well on to fifteen thousand.

The story of one of the transports is the high light of this tragedy. It was a rotten old tub, whose captain protested that, unseaworthy as she was, it was murder to send her loaded with men, women and children across the Atlantic through the autumn storms. Told to keep quiet and do as he was bid, he took on board about three hundred French, including many whole families, and sailed from Port La Joye on October 20th, 1758. The passage was long and terrible. On December 13th the ship was still at sea just outside the Bay of Biscay, and three hundred miles off the Scilly Isles. The strain of the battering at sea had told and she was sinking fast. The pumps proved useless against the volume of the inflow, and the

captain resolved to abandon her. There was space enough in the ship's boat, however, only for the crew. So the captain sent for the parish priest, Father Girard, and offered him a place in the boat with one or two of his parishioners whom he might select. For this he was to persuade the French to consent peaceably to the crew escaping in the boat. He agreed. Mustering all the unfortunate exiles on deck, he preached to them for half an hour. He explained that he was going with the crew because they were heretic Protestants and he might be able to convert some of them and save their souls, whereas his hearers were all in a state of grace. With some little weeping and moaning the French accepted their fate, and despairingly consented to stand by and watch the English row the boat away. Then Father Girard exhorted them with spiritual words in preparation for their earthly end and gave them absolution.

One Frenchman only stepped into the boat with Father Girard. His wife cried out, "So you are the kind that leaves his wife and children to perish by themselves, are you!" Turning swiftly the man clambered back to die with them. As the ship's boat cleared from the doomed vessel, she settled under the waves with all her human freight.

After days of suffering the crew, who had betrayed the great traditions of the sea, reached an English port in safety with their friend the parish priest, who had betrayed the great traditions of his order.

WALKER'S EAR

HARDLY had the capitulations which handed over Canada been signed at Montreal in September, 1760, when there rushed northward a number of fortune-hunting American colonists. Some of them represented business houses in London, more of them had connections with mercantile interests in Boston and New York, and many of them merely dropped over to see what they could pick up in a country which they imagined to lie at the mercy of the conquering race. In fact, they were all inclined to be overbearing and insulting to the French-Canadians, and the majority of them considered these to be legitimate prey. As greater numbers of them collected, their assurance grew. They regarded themselves as the representatives of the victor nation, and spurned the British officers and soldiers in garrison, who had really done the work. They conceived a hatred for the Governor, General the Hon. James Murray, because, after the institution of civil government in 1764, he failed to grant them a legislative assembly, though there were not more than four hundred of them, and because, to the best of his ability, he protected the French-Canadians from their rapacity.

These merchant adventurers were somewhat of a factious, contentious set, especially those in Montreal. It is the undying glory of General Murray that he blocked their designs concerning

the French. They clamoured vociferously in Montreal, Quebec, Boston, New York and London for a legislative assembly, from which they insisted on excluding every one of the seventy thousand odd of the French population, on the ground that they were Roman Catholics and, as such, could not be elected to a parliament under the British Constitution. They held it bitterly against the Governor that he allowed the French to serve on juries, but the Governor was unyielding. So, some of them began a campaign of misrepresentation and slander against him in London, while to their friends in Boston and New York they shouted of British tyranny and monarchical oppression.

There was one, Thomas Walker, a merchant, in Montreal, who had spent his business life in Boston, though he seems to have been born in England. One of the most energetic of the new colony of English-speaking people, he was also the most contentious. A man with an immense sense of his own importance, of a choleric disposition, overbearing, intolerant, argumentative, impatient of authority's restraint, he was not a pleasant companion, and he made a most irritating enemy. Because he had become one of the most substantial of the English-speaking residents, on the inauguration of the civil administration in the summer of 1764, he was appointed one of the new magistrates.

There were no barracks in Montreal. The soldiers in garrison had to be billeted on the civil population. No civil community likes to have soldiers billeted upon it, but, under the pressing

necessity of the situation, a more reasonable, tractable people might have put up with the temporary inconvenience. The English-speaking residents resented it and by no means in silence. The new magistrates lost no time in making life intolerable for the army. Absurdly severe sentences were passed upon privates for peccadilloes, and the magistrates, led by Walker, who had already shown an almost insane hatred of the military, watched eagerly for opportunities to use their power against the officers.

That friction might be minimized the houses of the magistrates were exempted by law from the operations of the billeting-officer. In November, 1764, Captain Fraser, in charge of billets, assigned Captain Payne of the 28th Regiment to rooms in a French-Canadian's house which he himself had just left. One of the English-speaking magistrates had rooms in the same house. As soon as Fraser had gone he claimed the house was exempt because of his august presence there. Captain Fraser replied that the exemption applied only when the magistrate was the owner or lessee of the house. Captain Payne moved in. He was awakened from his first night's sleep by the irate magistrate ordering him out. He paid no attention. In an hour or so came a constable with a warrant for his arrest signed by Walker and other magistrates. He was unceremoniously marched off and lodged in prison. It was several days before he was liberated by a writ of Habeas Corpus from the Chief-Justice himself at Quebec. Everyone regarded the incident as an outrage, especially the officer himself and his regiment.

Nor was this all. Hardly a day passed without irritating interference from the magistrates—an officer provided with unheated, unfurnished rooms; non-commissioned officers evicted, and through it all Magistrate Walker's hostile hand most patent. Complaints from the officer commanding at Montreal to the Governor at Quebec became incessant and General Murray ordered Magistrate Walker and three of his colleagues to report for an investigation at Quebec on December 13th. But the investigation did not take place.

About nine o'clock on the evening of Thursday, December 6th, 1764, Magistrate Walker and his wife were sitting at supper with a Miss Hurd and Walker's clerk, John Lilly, in the "hall" of their comfortable establishment in the heart of Montreal. Behind Walker's chair was a door with a window in it, outside of which a small vestibule and a strong door opening upon the street. Suddenly there came a rattling of the latch of the street door. Mrs. Walker, sitting opposite her husband, called out in French, "Ouvrez!" Immediately the outer door burst open and she could see a crowd of masked men press in. Before she could move, the inner door burst wide and this strangely disguised, blackened, masked mob poured through. Forthwith pandemonium reigned. A number of the intruders jumped toward the doors into the parlour to cut off retreat that way. Meanwhile, Mrs. Walker, Miss Hurd, John Lilly and the servants escaped by the kitchen door and the door leading into the back yard, both of which faced the street door on the opposite side of the room.

Walker's intention was to gain the parlour and then his bedroom which opened off the far end of the parlour. Here he kept a considerable assortment of fire-arms always ready loaded. As he rose to execute this manoeuvre and saw several of his assailants already barring the entrance to the parlour he was struck from behind, probably with the blunt edge of a sword. Nevertheless, staggering to his feet, he threw himself upon those in the doorway, and, heavy, powerful man as he was, fought his way through them into the parlour, though he was severely handled in the process and wounded in several places. In front of the bedroom door, however, stood two of the intruding party. He might have engaged these had not the crowd from behind piled on him, and forced him to the side of the room, where he brought down the heavy window curtains about him. These curtains he believed saved his life, for they deadened the blows which were rained upon him.

For a moment here he seems to have been stunned. As in a dream a voice sounded from the end of the room, "Let me get at him. I will despatch the villain with my sword." This roused him. With a tremendous effort he heaved himself up, wrenched free of the curtains, broke from the grip of those who held him and rushed, his eyes half blinded with the blood streaming down his face, across to where the voice had sounded. Here he suddenly found himself against two men with drawn swords. One of these swords he seized with his naked left hand and put aside. At this moment the others caught up with him from behind, bore him to the floor and carried

him struggling furiously to the fireplace. He thought they intended to throw him on the fire. Catching at the jamb, where the bloody print of his fingers remained, he managed with almost superhuman effort to turn about. As he did so he was felled with a terrific blow upon the head which the doctors afterwards said was probably given by a tomahawk. At the same time he received another blow across the loins which gave him trouble for years.

Lying prone in front of the fireplace he was knelt upon by someone whom he imagined to be attempting to cut his throat. Desperately twisting his head and clutching with his hand he resisted this and one finger was cut open to the bone. The struggle ceased. He lay still and held his breath. Dimly he heard a voice say, "The villain is dead," and another reply, "Damn him, we've done for him." Then came oblivion. When he came to himself in bed days later he found that instead of cutting his throat his assailants had largely succeeded in cutting off one of his ears.

This outrage created a tremendous sensation not only in Montreal but in Quebec, in all Canada and even in London. General Murray acted promptly. He came himself post-haste to Montreal accompanied by the Attorney-General and the whole Council. There he found the population in a high state of nervous tension. Whenever a soldier made a purchase over the counter a blunderbuss faced him all the while. Even the French, so far neutral or inclined to sympathize with the army, were nervous. Murray argued with General Burton, in command of the troops in

the Montreal district and over whom the Governor had no military authority, till he consented that the 28th Regiment, which had suffered most and was most bitter against the magistrates, should be removed forthwith to Quebec. As a reward for information £300 was subscribed by the citizens of Montreal. The Government added £200, and, if the informer were a soldier, immunity, free discharge and transportation to any other British colony. No one claimed the reward.

The mystery regarding the guilty has recently been largely cleared up through the researches of Prof. A. L. Burt of the University of Alberta. Four men of the 28th Regiment were arrested almost at once, two sergeants and two privates. Four other privates of the same regiment were suspected, as were also the adjutant of the Regiment and Captain Payne, the victim of the billeting incident. None of these latter was arrested. General Murray promised Walker that the trial should take place in Montreal. Then, finding that twelve unbiased Anglo-Saxon jurymen could not be found in Montreal, and as Walker would not hear of a French-Canadian jury, he decided on a change of venue to Quebec. Walker was furious, in spite of the fact that it was the Governor's intention to move the 28th Regiment out of Quebec during the trial. William Conyngham, recently arrived in Canada, a friend of the Chief-Justice, and appointed coroner and clerk of the peace for the Quebec District, was retained by their Regiment as counsel for the prisoners. He secured their release on bail, after the prison at Montreal had been twice broken into and the soldier pris-

oners freed, though only to be recaptured. A very cunning rogue, Conyngham was probably convinced of the guilt of his clients and dared not allow them to come to trial. So he proceeded to Montreal, became intimate with Walker, worked that inflammable authority-hater into a defiant rage till he flatly refused to go to Quebec, and bitterly inveighed against the Governor, who was anxiously doing everything in his power to run the perpetrators of the outrage to earth. In Walker's absence the Grand Jury at Quebec returned "no bill" and the prisoners were released.

General Murray saw to it that they were re-arrested at once. To allow Walker no ground for complaint the Governor compromised. The venue was once more changed, this time to Three Rivers. Still obstinate, Walker refused to appear, and both he and his wife hid themselves to avoid the summons. The prisoners were, of course, acquitted. Within a short time they had all left the country, some home to England, the rest with their regiment to New York.

Walker went to England and, through his powerful influence there, attempted to have the suspects retried. He failed. He returned to Canada and brought charges against three Captains, two lieutenants and one civilian of Montreal. He had one witness, a palpable perjurer, besides himself and his family. He grossly insulted the Grand Jury, which returned "no bill" for all but one, Captain Disney. The latter was tried in March, 1767, and acquitted in short order. The Grand Jury were so angry at Walker's conduct that they prepared to indict Walker himself and

his wife for perjury, but the Chief-Justice succeeded in stopping this.

The real perpetrators of the outrage escaped through Walker's own uncontrollable temper, the machinations of Conyngham, and perhaps through army solidarity. The £500 reward and immunity, discharge and transportation must have been a sore temptation to many a penniless soldier.

Walker was a born insurgent. Later he became the head and centre of the large rebel group in Montreal which co-operated with the rebel organization in the American Colonies to the south, and by example, by propaganda, and in devious ways, tampered with the growing loyalty of the French-Canadians. When the rebels began military operations against Canada, Walker became so perniciously active that Governor Carleton ordered his arrest for high treason. Captain Bellair went with twenty regulars and twelve Canadians to execute the arrest at the Walker country house at L'Assomption where he owned a potash works. Walker, true to form, resisted, fired upon the posse and was fired upon. The soldiers then set the house alight. Mrs. Walker was lowered in her nightgown from a window and caught by a soldier on a ladder. When the room in which he stood was burning Walker himself surrendered and was rescued with difficulty. He was held in irons in prison for a month and then placed in a cell aboard a schooner to be taken to England for trial.

When the invading rebel forces captured Governor Carleton's fleet in the St. Lawrence some days later, he was released, and he returned to

play the host at Montreal throughout the winter of 1775-1776 to the rebel leaders, notably Benjamin Franklin. When the rebel headquarters fled southward from Montreal in the spring, before Carleton's victorious army, the Walkers went with them and were left at Albany. Their guests parted from them there "civilly but coldly". Franklin noted in his memoranda that the Walkers "took such liberties in taunting at our conduct in Canada that it almost came to a quarrel. I think that both have an excellent talent in making themselves enemies and I believe even here they will never be long without them."

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED

IT is the year 1770. The scene is the London house of Lord Howard of Effingham. For months there has been a frequent visitor there, a colonial governor, General Guy Carleton, a great friend of the Earl's and indeed of the family's. He is home on business of state, giving advice to the Cabinet who are much perplexed as to how to provide for the government of Canada in view of the rising tide of rebellion in the colonies southward along the Atlantic seaboard. They are framing an Act which shall be known as the Quebec Act, and General Carleton is very anxious that they shall incorporate certain liberal provisions for the amelioration of the lot of the French-Canadian subjects of His Majesty, and for the stabilizing of administrative conditions. He finds the Earl's assistance valuable both in the theory and principle of the Act and in Parliamentary influence.

In the house are two charming young daughters, Lady Anne Howard and Lady Maria Howard, twenty and eighteen years of age. Miss Seymour, their cousin, is with them frequently. They are fond of her and they need companionship, for their mother is dead. All three have grown to respect and admire the Earl's friend, so kindly, so courteous in his perfect manners, as distinguished in his erect and military bearing as they know him to be in achievement and position, an

aristocrat to his fingertips. They know something, too, of the love affair the unhappy course of which has kept the General unmarried, though distinctly eligible, till his forty-seventh year. He has loved his cousin Jane Carleton and she has married another.

As General Carleton's visits become more frequent, and as they see more of him, with their quick woman's wit they forecast events. Long before the General has said anything to their father they know that he will ask the hand of one of them in marriage. They know also that their father will give his consent, for they see how highly he regards his friend and they know that he thinks him a coming man, destined for a great career. They do not mention their knowledge to each other, but each knows that the other knows. Neither is quite sure, however, which he will choose, for in their society he shows no preference, but seems equally delighted with them both. The odds are in favour of the Lady Anne, however, for she is the elder and ought to be married first.

It is not strange that the soldier-administrator, at home after four years of exacting service at Quebec, should fall under the spell of the daughters of his friend the Earl. Members of the premier family of the aristocracy of England, they have not long returned from the completion of their education at Versailles. There, at the court of Louis XV, they have added to their personal charm all the formal graces and elegant accomplishments of that centre of civilization. They possess completely every quality and ability for

which a vice-roy can ask who is seeking a partner to hold court with him in the ancient and romantic Château St. Louis on the Rock of Quebec.

For their part, as they see the crisis approaching, each views it apprehensively for widely different reasons. It is not that General Guy Carleton is almost the same age as their father. There is a fire in his eye and a youthful energy about him which shows through his formal deportment and belies his middle age. It is something far more serious than that. The fact is that the Lady Anne is in love with General Guy's own youthful nephew and there is an understanding between the two. She fears that she is certain to be asked for and will have to give pain to her father's friend and her own by refusing him. On the other hand, the Lady Maria is in love with no one, but she has sufficient feeling for him, and perhaps sufficient ambition, to be ready to marry General Carleton if he should ask for her. She feels sure, however, that it is her sister who will be asked for, that her sister will refuse, and that there will be small chance of any subsequent proposal for her hand.

The day arrives. General Carleton is closeted with the Earl, their father. The Lady Anne and the Lady Maria are sitting with Miss Seymour in their boudoir. They know perfectly well why General Carleton has come to-day, though none of them refers to it. Hence there is really no surprise when a servant brings his lordship's request that the Lady Anne will be so good as to come down at once. She goes and the others await her return in suspense. Suddenly she bursts into

the room, dreadfully agitated, eyes red, tear-stains upon her cheeks. The Lady Maria asks impatiently what the matter is, why are her eyes so red.

"Your eyes would be red too," she sobs, "if you had just had to refuse the best man on earth."

"The more fool you!" retorts the unsympathetic Maria. "I only wish he had given me the chance."

No doubt General Carleton was taken aback, disappointed but hardly plunged into the depths of despair. After all, his youthful love disaster had not left him so much a prey to passion again. He came and went from the house of his friend Lord Howard, and he saw the young ladies often. There came a time when he could even bear to discuss with Miss Seymour the subject of his rejection by the elder daughter of the house. Perhaps Miss Seymour tactfully manipulated the conversation in that direction. In any case, she managed successfully to tell the General the story of what had happened in the boudoir on that agitated day, and how the Lady Maria had impulsively remarked, "I only wish he had given me the chance." General Carleton was decidedly impressed. Miss Seymour saw that her potion was at work.

It was not long afterward that General Carleton was closeted with the Earl once more, and the Lady Maria knew why, though it is probable that nothing had been said by anybody. It was now the Lady Maria's turn to answer her father's summons. This time there were no hysterics. There was a gracious acceptance from the fair

one, couched in language unimpeachably correct, and she carried herself in every way most becoming to the occasion. If there was no high passion, there was certainly great esteem and perfect trust on both sides of this eminently auspicious match, and there was promise of tranquility and content. The wedding was not long delayed, and the union was never clouded by reproach or any lack of concord.

In September, 1774, General Carleton returned to his post of Governor of Canada to face the storm of the American Revolution and the American invasion of Canada. Lady Maria, now nearly twenty-two years of age, accompanied her husband with the two baby boys who had been born in the meantime. The petite, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed vice-reine lacked no dignity, however girlish she may have looked. Her slight and graceful figure, her erect and stately carriage, her perfect command of the French language and her knowledge of the ways of the Court of France and of the Court of England, all combined to fit her for her exalted position as the consort of the greatest of the British Governors of Canada, and enabled her to charm as well as awe the British civil officials and military officers and the French-Canadian aristocracy that frequented her court. For four years, four anxious years of war and upheaval she reigned most brilliantly.

It was now that occurred one of the whimsical pranks of Fate. Lady Maria Carleton's elder sister, Lady Anne, now married to the General's nephew for whom she had rejected the uncle, came out with her husband, who was to serve on that

uncle's staff. Lady Maria Carleton thus found her anomalous position brought into sharp relief, aunt to her own elder sister as well her social superior, while Lady Anne must act the niece to the man whom she had rejected as a suitor.

In 1778, when her husband, knighted for his gallant defence of Quebec against the American rebels, and the only successful British general in America, was removed from civil office and military command by the haughty, incompetent and malicious Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord George Germain, to satisfy a disgraceful private grudge, Lady Maria Carleton accompanied him home with her children, now three in number.

In 1782 Sir Guy Carleton was back in America, this time in New York as Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces. At last a capable and whole-hearted officer had been employed by the British Government. There seemed a fair chance of his saving the bungled situation even at this late date, but the British Government suddenly changed its mind and decided to grant complete independence. There was nothing for the outraged and furious Carleton to do but protect the evacuation of the loyalists. During this interlude of intensely hard work in circumstances which aroused the General's indignation, Lady Maria was in England. Carleton returned thither in December, 1783.

The two years of 1784 and 1785 were a breathing space during which Sir Guy and Lady Maria lived the life of the country gentry. Then, with the opening of 1786, came the offer of the Gover-

nor-Generalship of all British North America. Sir Guy, now sixty-two, accepted the heavy honour. Later in the year he was, tardily enough, created Baron Dorchester in recognition of his great services. In October he arrived once more in Quebec with his family to receive a genuinely warm welcome from the French-Canadians and from the British Loyalists, so many of whom he had protected and learned to honour in New York. For ten years Lady Dorchester ruled her court in the Château St. Louis. During her reign two young princes of the royal blood added brilliance and anxiety to that rule. Prince William Henry, later King William IV, paid a visit with his ship in 1787, and the Duke of Kent, great-grandfather of our present King was stationed with his regiment in Canada for years. Both were extremely popular, and both contributed to the grey hairs on the vice-reine's head. A fairly accurate idea of their tirelessly energetic, informal and democratic behaviour can be obtained by reading the newspaper accounts of the present Prince of Wales' progresses through Canada or Australia.

Lady Dorchester, stately, awe-inspiring, gracious, a *grande dame* of the ornate days of the French Court's splendour, built up and left a tradition in the grey old fortress city, and it is hardly yet forgotten. With her husband she vacated the scene of her grandeur in 1796 and returned to country life in England. For twelve years Lord Dorchester managed his estates and his thoroughbred stud. He died in 1808, aged eighty-four.

Lady Dorchester lived on for a quarter of a cen-

tury, a strange, delightful anachronism, for she never left the period of Louis XV in dress and manners and to the end of her days retained her vice-regal bearing. All her family circle stood in awe of her and she exacted the last degree of ceremony, but with what a charm and grace! Her powdered hair built high with lace and scarlet ribbons, her pointed bodice of richest stuff, her wide, panniered skirts that swayed and rustled as the slim little figure stepped so majestically, so daintily in high-heeled scarlet shoes with buttons of shining gold—she was a rare vision of the spacious privileged past. Mother of many children (six of her sons died on active service) she had played her part as wife and parent conscientiously and well and her public rôle with brilliance. When she passed from the stage democracy was rising in a new England and a new Canada and a fascinating link with the aristocratic past was gone.

PERSONAL ATTENTION

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK is probably the most romantic personality of our history since the British conquest of Canada. Even in his own day there was a magic in his name, and the charm and the force of that tall, commanding figure impressed our fathers as his story impresses us.

Brock spent the ten years of his maturity in Canada, from 1802 till 1812. In that time he learned the country and its people from Rimouski to the Detroit River. He lived for varying periods at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Niagara-on-the-Lake. Wherever he was his presence was a tonic for the army and for society. It is no exaggeration to say that his men worshipped him, his brother officers admired and imitated him, and civilians were exceedingly proud of his notice or acquaintance. Writing at eighty years of age in 1866, fifty-four years after Brock's death, that delightful Canadian seigneur of the old school of manners and of thought, Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, cannot help returning in his *Mémoires* again and again to reminiscences of the hero in those far past days when the nineteenth century was just opening and Brock commanded in the grey old fortress city. Whenever he mentions the name of Brock his words glow with his enthusiasm for the gentleman and the officer.

Brock had a touch of genius. Indeed military genius seems to have brushed about the globe in the year of his birth, 1769, for both Napoleon Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington were born that year. It was Isaac Brock's fate to play his part in a little-considered, far-lying theatre and to reveal his greatness in what we should have called during the Great War of 1914-1918 a "side-show". Chafing because he was not at the centre of world-action in those exciting days when Britain and Portugal alone defied the conqueror of Europe, Governor after Governor of Canada held General Brock here because he was too valuable to let go, in the face of the long-continuing threat of hostile action from the United States. However, permission for his release from Canada to command a brigade under Wellington in Europe had just arrived from the War Office when the War of 1812 broke out. Brock instantly threw aside all thought of other fields of action, and sprang to the herculean task ready here to his hand. For, by all the rules of warfare, the defence of Canada was quite impossible against the United States, in view of the tiny handful of troops available and a line of communications which ran for more than a thousand miles directly across the enemy's front. Out of the two and a half years which that war lasted Brock was in it not quite four months. Yet, in that short space of time he accomplished the miracle. He inspired the civilian population with a hope which they had not dared to hold, organized, equipped and heartened to tremendous effort the little force of almost untrained and undisciplined militia, proved

to the country by his master-stroke of the capture of Detroit that the overwhelming numbers of the enemy did not mean so much after all, and, finally, by his ceaseless, unsparing energy and his heroic death set an example which thrilled the heart of every Canadian.

It still thrills the real Canadian, that sacrifice of Brock's. According to strict military precedent his death was not at all necessary—the result of a rash exposure of himself where a junior officer should have been leading, and he, the brain of the Province's defence, ought to have been under cover. But Brock was of the stamp of military genius. It was militia he was commanding. This was their very first battle. Tremendous issues hung upon that battle and upon their behaviour. Brock never sent a man where he would not go himself. The great Tecumseh said, comparing him a year later with General Proctor, "General Brock say 'Tecumseh, *come* fight Yankee.' General Proctor say, 'Tecumseh, *go* fight Yankee.' " In the battle of Queenston Heights it was a question of *morale*. Just as many a young Canadian officer in the late war walked out over No Man's Land to his observation post when he should have crawled, solely for the effect of his action upon the *morale* of his men, so General Brock led a charge of two hundred militia where a captain, or at best a junior lieutenant-colonel, should have sufficed, solely for the effect upon the *morale* of the militia. He was killed, but the effect was electric upon all the citizen soldiers and the regulars in that war, and upon thousands of Canadian civilians and soldiers since that war. England has al-

most forgotten her splendid son who died defending a distant corner of her dominions while she fought in a death-grapple nearer home, and who never knew that his King had considered his services worth a knighthood, but the spot where that son's ashes lie is to Canadians holy ground.

It was a habit of Brock's to see to everything personally. Not that he was incapable of delegating authority, but because he could accurately gauge men and circumstances and knew when a matter was so important that no chance must be left for anything to go wrong. An incident occurred in the summer of 1803 when he was Colonel of the 49th Regiment and stationed with half of his regiment at York, the Toronto of to-day, the other half being the garrison of Fort George at Niagara-on-the Lake. The army discipline of that day was very severe and the mens' pay exceedingly small. The United States border was temptingly near to those who were "fed up" or had proved to be temperamentally incompatible with army life. Desertion became quite common —but not where Brock commanded. Once, however, at midnight the sergeant of the garrison guard at York found three of his men missing. He discovered also that a flat-bottomed boat was gone from the shed on the waterfront where one of these men had been sentry. Immediately he reported to the sergeant-major, the young Fitzgibbon, pride and special care of the Colonel. Fitzgibbon lost not a moment in rousing his commanding officer, who ordered him to man a large flat-bottomed boat at once with a sergeant and twelve men, and also to have the roll called forth-

with in the barracks. While Brock dressed this was done, and the report was three other men of the Regiment and a corporal mechanic of the 41st Regiment on command to the 49th, all absent.

Within half an hour the boat was pulling out through the western gap of Toronto Bay with Brock himself and his trusted sergeant-major aboard. Straight for the mouth of the Niagara River, thirty miles and more across the water, they rowed, and no doubt it was the colonel himself who, by star and compass, laid the course. The night was fair and the lake comparatively calm. As the sun was rising the boat shot over the sandbars at the mouth of the Niagara River to the little wharf in front of Fort George. The seven deserters had had perhaps an hour's start, but their boat could hardly have made such speed as the Colonel's did. The sentry at Fort George had seen no trace of it in the river. Not a second was wasted. Brock ordered out a boat manned from the garrison of the Fort by a party under Lieutenant Cheshire. He himself took the coast westward, while Cheshire patrolled eastward along the American shore. It was Cheshire who found the deserters and took them on United States soil. They had steered straight for their liberty and landed in the forest. Cheshire put an Indian, at the latter's own suggestion, ashore to run parallel with the boat. The Indian spied the red uniforms in among the trees and hailed the boat. Cheshire and his party landed, searched the countryside, but failed to run the deserters down till a few of his men, overcome with the heat, came back to the lake for a drink and found

some of the deserters there for the same purpose. All seven were taken without a single citizen of the United States being any the wiser, and lodged in the cells at Fort George.

Lieutenant-General Hunter mildly reprimanded Colonel Brock for so impetuously risking himself in a little flat boat across thirty miles of open sea. But Brock's was a purposeful impetuosity. There were no more attempts at desertion where he commanded.

ADVENTURE ON THE NIAGARA RIVER

THERE came to Canada in the year 1798 a little band of distinguished fugitives from revolutionary France gone mad. They were under the leadership of the gallant Lieutenant-General Count Joseph de Puisaye, and intended to make their home in Canada and to hew an estate from the virgin forest of York County, in Ontario, near the present town of Aurora, to replace in some measure the inheritances they had lost. The ladies of the party created somewhat of a stir in the tiny village capital on the shores of Toronto Bay, especially the Countess de Beaupoil, with her resplendent jewels, but the colony failed most dismally. By 1801, almost all of the original party had abandoned their forest acres on Yonge Street and had returned to England whence they had set out. By 1802 the leader, too, had gone never to return, and the romantic interlude was over.

One or two of the party, however, remained. Among these was M. Quetton St. Georges, an officer and a gentleman of family. His name had originally been Quetton. Escaping from the horrors of the Revolution, he happened to land in England on St. George's Day, and, in gratitude for the security he enjoyed, he marked forever the day by adding the Saint's name to his. When the agricultural venture in York County failed, M.

Quetton St. Georges engaged in trade. Necessity pushed, old aristocratic taboos and inhibitions had to yield, and Quetton St. Georges was extremely successful as a merchant-trader. Eventually he became very wealthy. His imagination and energy, his personal charm, his daring spirit, and his keen sense of the margin of profit were irrestible equipment. Dry goods, groceries, tools, trunks, empty barrels, wines, were among the articles which he imported, largely by way of New York or from New York itself. Also, he dealt to a certain extent in furs, and had trading-posts on Lake Simcoe. He started business in the Count de Puisaye's house on the banks of the Niagara River, midway between Niagara-on-the-Lake and Queenston, after the Count had gone to England and left him trustee. Later he had offices in various places, but his headquarters was in Toronto.

To this Toronto office he brought in October of 1804, as his junior clerk, Réné-Thomas Verchères de Boucherville, a young French-Canadian of nineteen years, son of a distinguished seigneurial family. He had met the lad at his father's house and had engaged him as a favour to the mother. Réné-Thomas led such a life for many months as junior clerk as would terrify most present-day young men of his age. Living in the establishment, he was required to be up at dawn and to perform, as junior, all the "dirty work". Often there was hard physical labour involved, and it was bedtime before he would be through with his task. There was little or no time for relaxation or private enterprise, even reading. This to our pampered modern youth would spell slavery, but

Réné-Thomas never harboured the slightest resentment against his seniors or his employer. The seniors always regarded him affectionately, and for M. Quetton St. Georges his feelings were always those of loyalty and gratitude.

Réné-Thomas's reward was not long delayed. During a lull in business in the autumn of that same year, 1804, his master sent him, a gentleman's son, on a visit to the homes of two of the gentlemen of the Count de Puisaye's company who were still "sticking it out" on their farm on North Yonge Street, the Count de Chalus and his brother the Viscount de Chalus. This little holiday was a sign that his master appreciated his spirit, his work, and his social standing.

In July of 1805 came a further sign of trust from his master. A man who owed M. Quetton St. Georges a large sum of money left Toronto secretly and in haste en route for the United States and via Niagara-on-the-Lake, Fort Erie, and Buffalo. M. Quetton St. Georges sent de Boucherville after him. The fugitive had two days' start. The Canadian warrant, of course, would be useless in Buffalo. The man must be seized before leaving Fort Erie. At four in the afternoon de Boucherville shot out from Toronto Bay through the western gap in a little bark canoe, paddled by some Mississauga Indians, and set his course straight across the lake for the Niagara River thirty miles away. At midnight he almost bumped into a schooner in mid-lake. It was the *Toronto*. Captain Hall invited him and his companion, named Cameron, aboard, lectured them for their folly, and gave them a glass of his

very best wine. At dawn, the low white cliffs of the southern coast were in sight, but it was the middle of the morning before they made land. They proceeded up the river to the Count de Puisaye's house. There de Boucherville found M. de Farcy, junior partner of M. Quetton St. Georges. M. de Farcy supplied him with a fresh fast horse. Not even waiting for breakfast, de Boucherville was off toward Queenston, followed by two men under his orders. At Chippewa, above the Falls, he halted perforce for a bite to eat. Here he learned that the man he sought had passed that way that very morning. This news put him and his men immediately in the saddle again. At Fort Erie he went straight to the Front Hotel. Here he found his man tranquilly eating his dinner. It was the work of a moment to read the warrant in the presence of witnesses and to arrest him in the name of the King. His men guarded the debtor that night. The next day the whole party journeyed more leisurely back by the same river-road, the "portage road", to Niagara-on-the-Lake. Here they found the schooner *Toronto* hoisting canvas, and returned by her to the capital. From that date M. Quetton St. Georges would trust de Boucherville with any mission.

Upon his return from his annual business trip to New York in the spring of 1806, M. Quetton St. Georges sent de Boucherville by way of Lake Erie to open a branch office at Amherstburg on the Detroit River. It was a garrison town and business was good. Wines formed a fair share of the stock. In two years de Boucherville made

his employer a handsome profit, though, of course, the volume of business, in view of the small population, could not have been very great and, in default of currency, the payment was often in maize, furs, or flour.

In the spring of 1808, M. Quetton St. Georges generously turned over this Amherstburg branch to his employee, stood his security, and saw him properly started off in business for himself. De Boucherville prospered, and within a few years became comparatively wealthy.

It was in August, 1811, that de Boucherville was free to visit his parents in the province of Quebec for the first time in seven years. On the way down he picked up M. Quetton St. Georges at Toronto. It was a business as well as a social trip for them both. His former master and present friend lodged with him at his father's house. Gay and witty, M. Quetton St. Georges was the soul of the jollity which reigned, till one morning he went to Montreal on business. He returned that evening a different man, pale and reserved. The family were amazed, and that same evening young de Boucherville insisted on knowing what the trouble was. Though reluctant to speak, finally M. Quetton St. Georges admitted that it was business trouble—in fact, that he was ruined. He showed his young friend a letter just received from M. Despard, his agent at Niagara-on-the-Lake. It read:—

"Sir,—

"This to advise you that your buyers in New York and Schenectady have informed me that

they have forwarded to you through Messrs. Walton and Co., as per your order, goods to the value of fifty-eight thousand dollars. These goods are at present detained in the customs-house at Lewiston on the United States bank of the river. They may not be removed to British territory on the opposite bank. The Americans are displaying exceptional zeal in the enforcement of this embargo law of theirs."

The embargo referred to was President Madison's answer to the regulations regarding neutral shipping issued by the two mighty protagonists in the death-grapple then at its crisis in Europe. Napoleon's Berlin Decree, Milan Decree, and other decrees, designed to ruin Britain's trade, were in principle just as injurious to the United States trade as the various British Orders-in-Council which rather successfully answered them. Yet because the French navy was comparatively ineffective and the British navy could enforce fairly thoroughly its Government's programme, the popular resentment in the United States was all against Great Britain. There were other causes for this, too, one of which was the widespread hatred of Great Britain surviving from the Revolutionary War days, only twenty-five years gone by. The United States Government, however, for sentimental reasons unwilling to hit at France, and as yet not prepared for open war with Great Britain, adopted the apparently impartial attitude of "A plague on both your houses!" and forbade United States citizens to trade with either country. Spasmodically en-

forced, this law injured United States traders as much or more than anyone else, save perhaps certain individuals in Canada. It was in one of the spasms that M. Quetton St. Georges' goods had been caught.

Fifty-eight thousand dollars was a very large sum indeed in Canada of that day, and its purchasing power was several times greater than that of the same amount to-day. Well might M. Quetton St. Georges believe that he was ruined. His notes were in the hands of his creditors and he would have to cash them shortly.

Young de Boucherville saw the situation at once. He left home as soon as he could conveniently get away without alarming his family. M. Quetton St. Georges remained in Montreal on business while his young friend went up the St. Lawrence to Kingston and thence on Lake Ontario to Niagara-on-the-Lake. Here M. Despard, M. Quetton St. Georges' agent, put him in possession of all the details. He had been present at Lewiston when his employer's goods had been unloaded from an American vessel. Everything had seemed regular enough then, but the United States Collector of Customs had changed his mind.

De Boucherville resolved to seize the goods from under the nose of the Collector of Customs. It was a bold decision and the adventure hazardous. It meant a raid from Canadian territory into that of a foreign power. Success must involve absolute secrecy, and, in the event of failure, no protection from the British Government could be looked for. Death was not unlikely, long imprisonment the least penalty, in case of capture.

M. Despard gave de Boucherville full information and plans of Lewiston and the river bank. The goods were lying in a shipping-shed right at the water's edge. The Collector of Customs for the port himself lodged immediately above the shed. From his bedroom a trap-door gave on the interior. This trap-door was always open at night. Further, it would be difficult to approach the wharf which ran along the front of the building, for there were two vessels moored there, taking up all the space.

De Boucherville went for a walk along the river-bank to think things out. By the merest chance he ran into a French-Canadian gentleman named Chinic, who had known de Boucherville's brother when they had been officers together in the Royal Canadian Regiment. Chinic saw that he was worried, pressed him for the cause, and de Boucherville told him everything. When Chinic heard that the venture was on behalf of M. Quetton St. Georges, he volunteered on the spot, for M. Quetton St. Georges had befriended him on more than one occasion. The two returned at once to M. Despard's house, and with their host drew up the most minute arrangements. They would enlist for a handsome remuneration a number of French-Canadians. These were not hard to find at Niagara, for in those days, before the building of the Welland Canal, the French-Canadians, the lake-and-river-men of Canada, were to be found in numbers at any time at either end of the portage-road around the Falls. There must be several of the large, flat-bottomed river-boats, then so common, called *bateau*. There must be a

ladder to reach the second floor of the customs-shed. There must be whistles and fire-arms.

The next day the men were engaged. A few at a time, as casually as possible, they dropped in at M. Despard's office, and there an oath of secrecy was administered on a spelling-book. The gay and gallant *voyageurs,* ignorant of all letters, believed they were swearing on the Bible, while de Boucherville could hardy keep a straight face. Once in the building, de Boucherville would not let his men go out again, for there might be some incautious or treacherous person among the forty he had collected. So there they remained till dark. De Boucherville spared no effort or expense to keep them contented and amused. Besides, he was making it worth their while. Each man was to receive ten dollars for the night's work, many times an ordinary day's wage of that period. De Boucherville was also paying forty dollars for the hire of a vessel and twenty dollars for each *bateau.*

At eight o'clock in the evening the whole company moved off for Fort George, just outside the town of Niagara-on-the-Lake to the south. In front of the fort, at the river's edge, lay the *bateaux.* Here arose the first difficulty. The *bateaux* had been placed for safe-keeping under the charge of the sentry at the blockhouse on the bank. The sentry would not allow the boats to be touched now, for the officer commanding the fort had forbidden the moving of the boats along the Canadian side of the river after nine o'clock in the evening. The order was designed to prevent incidents which might raise the existing

tension between the two countries to the breaking-point, in fact, to prevent just such expeditions as this one. The sergeant of the guard was called and confirmed what the sentry had said. The only remedy was to see the commanding officer himself.

The commanding officer of the moment was Colonel Proctor, afterward Major-General Proctor in charge of the Detroit frontier. Though Colonel Proctor was just then engaged in a game of cards with some brother officers and some ladies, de Boucherville did not hesitate to disturb him. The sergeant conducted him to the commandant's quarters. Colonel Proctor came out to see him. De Boucherville asked permission to use the boats, all owned locally. Colonel Proctor desired to know what he intended doing. Thereupon de Boucherville made a clean breast of the whole business, giving an account of the unreasonable detention of the consignment of goods and naming M. Quetton St. Georges. That name settled the matter. Colonel Proctor was sympathetic and forthwith wrote the order for the release of the boats. More than that, he wished de Boucherville hearty good luck as he shook his hand. De Boucherville thanked him most sincerely and hurried away to his boats. The men soon had them out and were binding rags around the oar-blades to muffle all sound. Meanwhile, de Boucherville, Despard, and Chinic served out a half-issue of rum as encouragement.

At the last moment, de Boucherville borrowed a ladder from the blockhouse by the river. The sentry, already impressed by de Boucherville's

influence with his commanding officer, handed it over with alacrity. By eleven o'clock everything was ready, and the flotilla pushed off into the black night.

The *bateaux* crept at first close along the Canadian bank. About two miles below Queenston they stole silently across to the United States bank, and some of the men were landed without discovery at a quarter after twelve. Carrying the ladder, the small select party moved off southward along the road. The *bateaux* followed slowly out in the river. All were armed, and all arms were ready.

When the customs-shed was reached, entrance was gained without much difficulty. The ladder was hoisted to the trap-door. De Boucherville led the way up, followed by Despard and Chinic. There had been no alarm and the Customs Officer was sleeping soundly. Stealthily the three approached his bed, guns in hand. They carried their lantern half open that their victim might be able to see the guns. They surrounded his bed. Suddenly he started up, unnerved to find himself looking into the muzzles of three heavy pistols. He pleaded that they should spare his life. They demanded peremptorily the goods belonging to M. Quetton St. Georges. He cried that he would be only too willing to let them have the goods if they would lower those muzzles. However, he was given no choice. Gagged and securely bound, he was laid again in his bed, and one of the French-Canadians was left to watch him. The rest descended through the trap-door into the shed and located with ease the consignment they sought.

At a prearranged signal, one of the *bateaux* drew silently in from midstream to the wharf. The men worked with a will, and the boat soon had its load. Quietly it departed, and another slid into its place. One by one they came and went, ferrying their cargoes across to the hired vessel lying by the wharf at Queenston under the guns of the little blockhouse there, and returning for more. It was strenuous work, made doubly difficult by the necessity for silence, but there was the zest of adventure and the spur of danger to keep the men at it. Long before daylight came the whole cargo had been shifted, and, in the early dawn, the ship and the *bateaux* slid cautiously downstream, hugging the Canadian bank, to Niagara-on-the-Lake.

That very same day the members of the company, with their well-earned money in their pockets, lounging about Niagara-on-the-Lake trying to look detached and innocent, were able to read the proclamation of the United States authorities, which someone excitedly brought over from the other side. It offered a thousand dollars reward to anyone who should hand over, dead or alive, any of those who had taken part in this affair, or to anyone who should afford information leading to the seizure of such persons. However, the United States Treasury was never drawn upon in this connection.

De Boucherville proceeded to Toronto. He started out at once to look for M. Quetton St. Georges. He found him walking by the lakeshore near the old French Fort Rouillé, in what is now the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition,

accompanied by a gentleman in official uniform. M. Quetton St. Georges was surprised, even alarmed, to see his young friend, and showed it. Evidently he thought that De Boucherville was the bearer of some bad news, for he knew nothing of his movements except that he was to have gone to Niagara, and had promised to send him word from there.

"What! You! Where have you come from just now?" exclaimed M. Quetton St. Georges.

"Don't be uneasy," answered de Boucherville. "That whole consignment of yours, which the Americans were holding, has been salvaged and is on British soil."

M. Quetton St. Georges could hardly believe his ears. The truth penetrated as he listened to de Boucherville's story. His delight and gratitude were unbounded. Turning he introduced de Boucherville to his companion, the Lieutenant-Governor himself, Mr. Francis Gore, afterward Sir Francis. The latter was vastly interested in the affair and set de Boucherville's mind at rest. He promised that the Government would under no circumstances surrender him to the United States authorities, even if he were recognized as one of the organizers of the raid. It was an affair of contraband, neither more nor less, he said, and not a criminal matter.

De Boucherville was proud to have been able to repay his former employer for his kindness toward him, and (small blame to him) proud of the efficient manner in which he had planned and carried the thing through. He always looked back upon it as a very neat bit of work.

War was declared in the early summer of the next year, 1812. For months before the outbreak prices were rising, and after it they soared. From that cargo, salvaged for him by de Boucherville, M. Quetton St. Georges made a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars.

SEDITION, PRIVY CONSPIRACY, AND REBELLION

IT was the summer of the year 1803. Isaac Brock, senior Lieutenant-Colonel of the 49th Regiment, was commanding the garrison at York, the present Toronto, where he held half his unit with him. The other half was the garrison of Fort George at Niagara-on-the-Lake, under Brock's second-in-command, Lieutenant-Colonel Sheaffe, who was a bit of a martinet. This quality showed up in greater relief inasmuch as Colonel Brock was a sympathetic commander who rarely made use of the severe punishments at his disposal under the army law and practice of his day, but whose electric personality obtained, apparently without effort, the finest kind of discipline.

The proximity of the United States was, for many who were tired of the stern discipline of the army of that day, and of the wretched pay, or had come to think that they could not endure army life any longer, a temptation to desert. A plot was hatched within Fort George to murder Colonel Sheaffe and perhaps some of the other officers. The conspirators, of course, intended to get away after the successful conclusion of their deed of iniquity to the United States, lying just across the Niagara River. By the mere chance of an officer's servant overhearing a threatening remark from a soldier the plot was uncovered, and the officers of the garrison gathered considerable

information about it. Colonel Sheaffe at once despatched all the information that he had found out to Colonel Brock at York, using as messenger a suspected man. A Government schooner, fortunately, had been lying in the river just ready to leave. Brock returned immediately in the same schooner, bringing with him his trusty sergeant-major, Fitzgibbon, the same for whom he afterward obtained a commission in the 49th. The Colonel had forced the messenger to confess the whole affair in detail, and he had his plans clearly formed. They arrived off the mouth of the Niagara River about noon of a hot August day, and, at Brock's request, the captain ran his ship into a little cove on the lake shore just west of the mouth of the river, where, under cover of a high bank, densely wooded, Brock disembarked, leaving Fitzgibbon for the moment on board.

Up through the village of Newark, now Niagara-on-the-Lake, walked Brock, across the military common and around to the eastern gate of the fort. It is all military property still, and many a Canadian militiaman will be able to imagine from personal knowledge of the ground every step of this route. The sentry, of course, recognized him and called out the guard. Everyone else was at dinner. Sergeant Clarke, known to the officers as one of the conspirators, was sergeant of the guard. Corporal O'Brien, another conspirator, was corporal of the guard. It was learned later that the rising was to occur when these were both on duty with the guard.

"Guard, present arms!" rang out Sergeant Clarke's command.

Brock walked over from the gate.

"Sergeant, let your guard shoulder arms," he said.

"Guard, shoulder arms!" shouted Sergeant Clarke, and with machine-like precision of slap and click the muskets went as one to the shoulders of the perfectly drilled men.

"Come here, sergeant," ordered Brock. Sergeant Clarke stepped briskly over and clicked to attention.

"Lay down your pike." Pikes were still carried by infantry sergeants as a regular badge of their office.

It was an order as stunning as a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Men did not disobey Colonel Brock, however. Sergeant Clarke laid down his pike.

"Take off your sword and sash, and lay them down." Sergeant Clarke, knowing now his fate, obeyed.

"Corporal O'Brien," called Brock.

"Yes, sir."

"Bring a pair of handcuffs."

Corporal O'Brien disappeared smartly into the guard-room. The little group on the parade-ground waited, tense and silent, beneath the blazing sun. Corporal O'Brien reappeared at the double with the handcuffs.

"Put them on this sergeant."

Corporal O'Brien's hands trembled as he snapped the key.

"March this sergeant to the guard-house, lock him in a cell, and bring me the key."

"Sergeant Clarke, to the guard-house, quick march!"

Off went senior and junior dramatically reversed. The guard stood like statues beneath the sun and a deathlike stillness reigned in the barrack-square. Corporal O'Brien reappeared, clicked smartly to attention and handed over the key.

"Corporal, lay down your arms," came the sharp order of the Colonel. With a quiver of hesitation O'Brien unbuckled his side-arms.

"Take off your accoutrements and lay them down also."

O'Brien obeyed.

"Come here, you grenadier," continued the Colonel's inexorable voice addressing the right hand man of the front rank.

The man stepped forward.

"Go, bring a pair of handcuffs."

The man turned, doubled off to the guard-room and swiftly reappeared.

"Put them on this corporal." In a moment it was done.

"March him to the guard-room, lock him in another cell, and bring me the key."

"Corporal O'Brien, to the guard-room, quick march," rang out the grenadier's command, and the pair stepped off. In a moment the grenadier doubled out again, drew up smartly to attention, handed the Colonel a second key.

"Drummer, beat to arms," continued Brock. The drum rolled the alarm.

Into the dazzling, burning heat of the parade-ground tumbled out the garrison. Lieutenant Williams, all breathless, sword and sword-belt in hand just as he had snatched them, was the first

to reach the Colonel, whom none but the guard knew to be in the Fort.

"Williams, go, instantly secure Rock. If he hesitate to obey, even for a moment, cut him down." The subaltern received his Colonel's order, turned, sprang into the barracks and raced upstairs. He called to Rock, one of the conspirators, a sergeant recently reduced to the ranks, "Come down with me at once."

"Yes sir," answered Rock," when I get my arms."

"No," rang the order," you must come without them."

"But I must have my arms, sir." Of course, under ordinary circumstances it was his duty to answer the alarm with his arms in hand if he could get them.

His hand was on his musket in the rack. Williams' sword flashed out.

"If you touch that musket, I will cut you down."

Rock's hand faltered.

"Go down instantly before me."

Rock turned and dejectedly marched down. There the garrison waited, formed on the alarm-post, each man dressed just as the roll of the drum had found him. The parade was called to attention. The men waited, silent, wondering. For some the suspense was terrible. The Colonel broke the stillness and the tension. His clear, sharp voice called slowly nine names. One by one they stepped out in front. The irons snapped on Rock's wrists, and one by one on the wrists of the nine others. The mutiny was over.

Twelve conspirators and seven deserters from

the garrison at York a week or two before, whom Brock himself had followed swiftly in an open boat across Lake Ontario at night and caught in the morning—a little manacled platoon marched down to the quay before the Fort. The schooner which had brought Colonel Brock bore them off to York. Thence they went to face their trial at Quebec. Four of the mutineers and three of the deserters were condemned to be shot. They all declared that if Colonel Brock had been commanding at Fort George they could never have thought of a mutiny. On March 2nd, 1804, they paid the penalty in the presence of the whole garrison of Quebec. Brock's voice was choked with grief as he read aloud to his garrison the general order announcing execution of the sentence.

From this time on Brock himself took command at Fort George, and there never was a mutiny where Brock commanded.

THE ROAD AS FORMERLY OPERATED

THE highwayman of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries fascinates the modern reader, and the highwayman of the Middle Ages has become a legendary figure of romance, if not a nursery hero. One does not stop to think of the modern thug who, armed with an automatic revolver, holds up two girls at a cash desk as essentially of the same brotherhood. Perhaps this attitude of mind springs from the perversity of human nature, or perhaps it is merely the boyish hunger for adventure, which is secretly gnawing the heart of even the most rotund of well-upholstered financiers, but the fact remains, and more than one opulent writer of this age owes his opulence to the avidity with which a large public swallows the imaginary super-highwayman of to-day whom he creates for the monthly magazines of several continents.

Criminal as he is and desperate menace to society, the highwayman commands the interest and often the sympathy of a vast number, mostly of those who have not suffered at his hands. This may explain the phenomenal sale of a certain little book which was issued on the 25th of December, 1821, in Boston, Massachusetts. It was the life-story of "Captain Lightfoot", a notorious young Irish highwayman who had transferred his operations to the New England States, and, after a highly exciting and more or less successful, if

brief, run, had been caught at Springfield, Massachusetts, had been tried in Cambridge in October, 1821, convicted under a recent statute, sentenced, and hanged at Lechmere Point on December 20th. The book was out on Christmas day. It sold so rapidly that a second edition was necessary for New Year's day. This also being immediately exhausted on January 20th, 1822, there was issued a third, a popular edition, revised and cheapened. So constantly were the copies of the book thumbed by succeeding generations that practically all must have been worn out, for few remain to-day.

"Captain Lightfoot" was born John Martin on April 9th, 1795, youngest child of a respectable farmer and his wife of the parish of Connehy near Kilkenny in Ireland. His three elder brothers and his sister were respectable and virtuous citizens, but John was from an early age uncontrollable and violent of temper. After a stormy childhood in which lying and theft were freely practised, at sixteen, without his father's knowledge, he joined the "United Irishmen", a secret society commonly called the "Ribbon-Men", whose membership included practically all the riff-raff of the neighbourhood, in addition to some of a better class. When his father locked him in his bedroom, he attended the clandestine meetings of this society at night by means of a rope from his bedroom window. After the drill in the use of the pike, rifle and musket, when the more high-minded leaders had gone home, many of the rank and file would drink till morning, concocting the while the next week's criminal escapades. John Martin was an apt pupil.

In the spring of 1812, at seventeen years of age, he went to Dublin, where his cousin, head clerk and cashier for Messrs. Nicholas, Rowe and Higginbotham, brewers and distillers, procured him a job in the distillery. Having gained his cousin's confidence by a year's good conduct, he found opportunity, by the use of a master-key, to steal from his cousin's cash-box sums as large as twenty-four guineas at one time, and thirty at another. Though suspected, he remained unconvicted. Further opportunities were carefully withheld, however, in spite of said cousin's apparent friendship.

One of the brewery warehouses adjoined the Lord Mayor's garden. Martin became acquainted with a handsome servant-girl in the Lord Mayor's house, and, because the gates were always shut at ten o'clock, and the servants not allowed to go out, he used to let himself down from the brewery windows by a rope and thus visit the girl by night. She believed he was going to marry her, but found out that he was engaged to several other girls at the same time. She was somewhat annoyed. She arranged that he should meet her in the garden the next night at twelve, and should find a rope hanging from her window for him to pull as a signal. He pulled the rope and out of the window came a heap of bedclothes. Almost immediately the Lord Mayor's head appeared in the window bawling "Robbery! Murder!" Martin dashed across the brightly moonlit lawn, pursued by a mob of howling servants, shinned up the rope and so in at the brewery window. Someone fired a shot which struck the sash as Martin disappeared.

The officers of the law were around next day but could get no clue.

When Martin next met the girl, he was more affectionate in his manner than usual, and made arrangements to help her out of the house at night to accompany him to a dance. At 11 o'clock on the night of the dance, when she appeared in the garden all dressed in her best, he confessed failure to provide the ladder for her to use in climbing over the garden wall, but suggested that she let him haul her up to the brewery window by a windlass. When she had finally consented and had tied the rope under her arms, he hoisted her up half-way, secured the rope and went off by himself to the dance, leaving her there all night. She was taken down in the morning more dead than alive. Martin found things looking a bit difficult and he left Dublin without ceremony or delay.

At home again he soon tired of industry, honesty and sobriety. He joined his evil associates once more and, finally, fell in with John Doherty, a notorious highwayman who called himself "Captain Thunderbolt". At this time Martin was a handsome young man of twenty-one, with a magnificent physique and a genial, intelligent face. Much taken with his general qualifications, Doherty cautiously opened negotiations, and, after considerable argument, persuaded him to enlist as his associate, and dubbed him "Captain Lightfoot".

Doherty held a fascination for Martin. A consummate actor and master of make-up, he played a variety of rôles—priest, beggar, pedlar, Quaker,

officer of the British army, huntsman—used a vast assortment of names, and thoroughly enjoyed the game. Married five times, his wives all living, he was at the moment again a bachelor. His theory of the business on the highway, he said, was the equalization of property. He mulcted the rich, occasionally assisted the poor, and never took life if he could avoid it.

They began the partnership in July, 1816, by robbing some gentlemen on their way to the meeting of a hunt in Martin's own home district. They took from these gentlemen their purses, watches, and the thoroughbred horse and the hunting togs of one of them, Lord Powerscourt. Doherty christened Martin's new horse "Down-the-banks" by pouring brandy into his ears.

Three days or so later, "we overtook a funeral of some poor peasant, and the people about the corpse looked so poor, that Doherty threw them some money, and I did the same. He proposed to dismount and assist them; but he had scarcely spoken, when looking back, he discovered a party of horsemen, their uniforms shining through the bushes. 'Now, brother,' said he, 'we must run the gauntlet, for the red coats are after us.' He immediately leaped a ditch, and set forward over fields and bushes. I followed him. The soldiers almost cut us off, and fired at us several times. They were so near that one shot struck Thunderbolt's saddle. However, as they had but common dragoon horses, and ours were good hunters, we soon distanced them."

Trying to shake pursuit, they went to Cork, lodged in the outskirts, became suspicious of a

trap, abandoned the horses and walked to Donerale, where they were traced by the soldiers. They escaped from their inn by knocking down the landlord, and both being remarkable runners, outdistanced their pursuers without much difficulty. The latter fired frequently, however, and one ball found a billet in the leg of "Captain Thunderbolt". Notwithstanding, they did not slow up, and got clean away. They ran ten miles—which argues extraordinary stamina in both of them—and found cover in a wood. Here "Captain Thunderbolt" fainted. When revived by a few drops of cordial "he directed me to take out the ball from his leg with a penknife. 'Cut as near the lead', said he, 'as you can; I can afford to lose a little blood.' It was the first time I had ever officiated as a surgeon; but I saw he was so resolute upon the subject, that I cut it out without any fear. He bound up the wound himself, and said we must remain in that wood some time." In a fortnight the wound was sufficiently healed and the pair fared forth to mend their fortunes at the public expense.

They attended the assize court at Clonmell, where a number of "United Irishmen" were being tried. Foiled in their attempts to rescue some of them, they took vengeance on the judge, who had not liked the looks of Doherty and had cautioned the landlord of the inn against him. The last night of the judge's stay Doherty and Martin succeeded in entering the stables and in removing the linch-pins from the rear wheels of the judge's coach. Of course, the coach disintegrated on the road next day. Ready on hand to watch, they

were prevented from robbery by the size of the crowd which collected, but managed to slip a guinea to the coachman, whose leg had been broken.

Proceeding toward Dublin, they robbed a wealthy knight of purse, watch and horses; then ransacked a fine country seat whose men folk were all at the hunt, kissed the ladies, but out of gallantry would not touch their jewels, and rode off with about 160 guineas booty. Continuing their journey, they forced some of the gentlemen of the hunt to exchange their fresh thoroughbreds for the jaded beasts the highwaymen had been riding.

A day or two later, at the village of Corquaan, they were surprised in the inn by dragoons. "Captain Thunderbolt" was captured, but "Lightfoot" escaped. The latter disguised himself, mingled with the crowd at the magistrate's house, heard "Thunderbolt's" examination, and at midnight set fire to the stables. In the commotion he entered the house, caught the three sentries off guard, and liberated his friend. The pair pushed off, leaving confusion behind them.

Having provided themselves again in the usual manner with the means of transportation, a day or so later they found a poor tenant about to be evicted for default in paying his tithes. Deeply touched, "Captain Thunderbolt" lent him the forty pounds necessary, without taking a note, but insisted that the tenant get a receipt for his money. They remained long enough to see the parson and the excise officer approaching. They waited all night not very far away, and at eight in

the morning robbed the forty pounds back from the parson and the officer, with a little added change and a watch or two as interest.

After a comic attempt on the part of Martin to marry a rich widow, which attempt was frustrated by Martin being recognized by a former acquaintance, who gave the alarm, the pair attended a wedding-feast uninvited, Martin dressed as a woman. Leaving early, they robbed the four officiating priests on their way home, "lifting" sixty guineas. The same night they were betrayed by a girl whom Martin had promised to marry, had to run for their lives, and were separated.

Martin robbed a doctor on the road, reached Dublin, but found it too hot for him. He cleared out for his own home district. There he discovered "Captain Thunderbolt" waiting in hiding for him. Providing themselves with mounts in the approved professional manner, they proceeded toward Belfast, keeping their hand in by an occasional robbery en route. At Belfast they chartered a small vessel for Scotland, and landed at Prestwick.

Before leaving Ireland they had buried here and there throughout the country the watches and the surplus cash which they could not carry. Each kept the location of his own caches secret from the other. Many of these spots must remain untouched to this day, for it is unlikely that they ever got the opportunity to revisit all their hiding-places.

Though they did a little business in the Lowlands of Scotland, they found the Highlands extremely poor picking. They did not visit Eng-

land, probably because their accent would make identification too simple a matter. They visited at Linton, near Crawford, in Doherty's native district, Doherty's widowed sister, whom he supported liberally and who, consequently, was the soul of discretion.

After a brush with a party of dragoons, the pair changed their method of life. Doherty became a quack doctor and Martin his apprentice. They were a great success throughout the countryside for about eight weeks. "This disguise kept us out of the way of suspicion; and as it was an honest and innocent trade, I was sorry that we could not follow it through life."

There is something Puck-like about the two, in spite of their rascality. Constantly they reveal the glee of mischievous boys released from home restraint. Amongst other things, they seem to have thoroughly enjoyed the advertisements for their own apprehension and the descriptions of themselves against which they were forever running, posted in inns and taverns.

After a robbery in Glasgow, they found a fishing-smack, forced the crew to sail them across to Bangor in Ireland, paid the crew handsomely and proceeded to Dublin. Here they renewed old acquaintances and acquired about £140 apiece by hold-ups at night. Most of this they buried in a grave not far from the city.

Martin proposed to rob a special stage for Kilkenny. Doherty would not hear of it. Martin walked out of the city alone, met the stage on a hill, managed to run behind and cut the straps and the leather cover which held the trunks on behind,

and undetected, pulled out four trunks, one by one. He went back, collected them in a field, opened them with a master-key only to find the usual gentleman's clothing, with about nine guineas in cash, but not the treasure he expected. Disgusted, he hung a red handkerchief on a tree, posted an advertisement for an auction sale, and then proceeded to the nearby farmhouse. There he enquired about the auction sale on the farm. The farmer, incredulous, went to see, guided by Martin. He flew into a passion at the impudence of the man who had dared to advertise an auction sale on his property, and began to throw the clothing into the road. At this moment there dashed up a number of people in search of the missing trunks. Martin saw them coming and evaporated. He found out afterwards that the enraged owners seized the farmer, bound him and delivered him to the nearest magistrate. As it happened, the magistrate knew him, listened to his story, and started the hue and cry after Martin. The latter, however, was lying snug in Dublin.

Martin never saw Doherty again. He had left the inn when Martin returned. Martin heard long afterward that Doherty had eventually gathered up much of his buried treasure, had moved to the West Indies, and had there set up a lawful and lucrative business of some sort.

Alone now, Martin ran wild at Donnybrook Fair, and then robbed the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in his own walled garden. This was probably his professional masterpiece. The Lord-Lieutenant gave up his purse, his watch and his diamond-studded snuff-box. Out of kindness of

heart Martin allowed him to keep his ring when he pleaded its sentimental value.

After this Martin sailed for New York, having once more buried his extra watches and all the money he did not immediately require. He went on board at Waterford on April 12th, 1819, and landed at Salem, Massachusetts, on June 17th. En route he staged a successful mutiny to prevent the captain from touching at Halifax or St. John, New Brunswick, because he feared arrest on British soil.

When his money was all blown, Martin hired himself as a farm-labourer to a Mr. E. H. Derby, near Salem, and continued an honest, if occasionally a riotous, farm-hand for over a year, until dismissed for repeated drunkenness. For a few weeks he worked as a brewer's assistant in Salem, then, having received $400 from Ireland, his share of the estate of his father, who had just died, he leased a brewery and set up business for himself, a business which lasted through the winter and spring of 1820-21. In May, 1821, he failed. He complained that the people with whom he had to deal were too sharp for him, for he had many bad debts. Failing to collect these, he tried to persuade the girl to whom he was engaged at the time to go with him to Montreal, where he would start afresh. She refused, and he set out alone. On the road in Vermont he returned to his old profession, and "lifted" about $70 from a Connecticut pedlar. "I took it for granted," he says "that he had been cheating some innocent people out of this money, and it would be much better in my keeping than his." He takes credit

for his moderation in not robbing anyone else before he reached the city of Quebec in June. There he sold the chaise in which he had travelled, and the horse (both of which he had borrowed), the first at a price of $100, the second for $63.

Ten days later, well dressed as a Quaker, carrying a sword-cane and armed with two heavy brass pistols, his inseparable companions, he set out for Three Rivers. In spite of distress from the heat, he held up a French-Canadian and an Irish gentleman riding together in a calèche somewhere near Portneuf, "borrowing" about $60. Next day he robbed an old gentleman and secured a good mount from a French-Canadian youth. Then he temporarily discarded his Quaker dress. Resting in out-of-the-way places by day, travelling by night, he pushed on to Montreal, where he remained on a drinking-bout for a week.

Leaving Montreal for Kingston, he stayed two days at Caughnawaga, the old Christian Iroquois settlement on the south shore of Lake St. Louis, opposite Lachine. Here he was very kindly treated. Travelling westward a few miles, he held up an Indian chief, who proved obstreperous, and challenged him to throw down his pistol and fight with his fists for the money. "I tried to make him understand that it was not my way of fighting—that in my country we made use of the shillaleh. He understood the word; and immediately said, 'Ah, you Irishman then? I fight you so.' I told him, if he would wait till I went into the woods, and cut a stick, I would throw away my pistol, and fight him. He agreed."

Martin had no intention of fighting and tried to

escape through the woods, but the chief saw what he was up to and, jumping from his cart, ran almost as fast as Martin's horse, calling his braves to his help. Trapped on the bank of a deep and rapid river, probably the Chateauguay, with the Indian chief and a crowd of followers on his heels, as the chief came up and hurled a stone at him Martin turned and shot him. He fell and Martin made off swiftly along the river-bank. This was the only time he ever intended to kill, he says. He hoped that the chief was only wounded.

A few days later, continuing toward Kingston, he enquired about the Kingston road of a British regular officer in a tavern one evening, "a blustering fellow", whose answer was, "Get out you vagabond. How dare you be so familiar with His Majesty's officers?" Martin was annoyed, and, walking out four miles, held up this man, took his money and threw it away, stripped him of his uniform, tied him to a tree and rode away on the officer's horse. He sank the uniform with stones in the first stream he came to.

Kingston Martin found very dull in his line, and, after a four days' stay, started again for Montreal. En route he cleverly robbed in his own house an elderly gentleman who owned a large tract of land. He got £170. Changing to his Quaker outfit he proceeded and passed a company of Irish immigrants, men, women and children, walking from Montreal to Kingston. In conversation with them he discovered that he, "Captain Lightfoot", had been hanged in Dublin. Pitying them in their destitution he gave them money.

Two days in Montreal were enough. The second night, having won $200 from a group of strangers by cheating in a card game he had never played before (one wonders if this was poker), he cleared out. He found advertisements for his apprehension posted everywhere. Burying all the money he had no use for at the moment, together with three watches, he crossed into the United States at Grand Isle. Here "I was standing at the door of the tavern one forenoon, and a man drove up with some advertisements in his hand. He asked me if I was the tavern-keeper. I said yes. He then handed me one of the advertisements, and requested me to have it posted up. He said it was for the apprehension of one of the most notorious rascals that had ever been known. I invited him to come in and get something to drink. I told him that I had been robbed myself by that man, and that I would add twenty pounds in addition to the reward for his detection. I asked him how many hand-bills he had. He said about fifty; and that he was going to Vermont to circulate them, for he had been informed that the rascal had gone that way. I told him that I had intended to set out the next day in pursuit of him; and that I would take the hand-bills and distribute them myself about the country. He readily gave me up all his advertisements, and went back, much obliged to me for taking the trouble off his hands. I crossed over to Burlington with my horse, as soon as I could get a conveyance, having first destroyed all the advertisements."

Martin had a bad scare in Burlington and made

for Enfield in New Hampshire. Thence he headed in the general direction of Salem again, intending to go to the West Indies and find Doherty, the former "Captain Thunderbolt". Along the way he embarked on a series of reckless robberies and hold-ups. In Salem he caroused with his old friends. Then he went to Boston and performed a daring hold-up of a certain Major Bray in the outskirts. Immediately afterward, in a brush with some chance citizens who suspected him, his stirrup-leathers broke and he fell, dislocating his left shoulder. Even so, on foot he outdistanced his pursuers. "I then dropped down from fatigue and the pain in my shoulder. After resting a few moments, I took off my suspenders and cravat, tied them together, fastened one end to a tree, and the other to my wrist, and so pulled the shoulder back to its place. Still it was very painful. I rubbed it with my stocking."

Deciding to go back to Canada now, he continued his way through a rain, and then stole saddle, bridle and horse from a wayside farm. At Springfield he went to bed at the inn completely exhausted. He was awakened in the middle of the night to find his bed surrounded. The horse from the farm had been traced by a sheriff and his posse. When they arrested Martin they had no idea they were arresting the notorious highwayman for whom the whole country was being scoured.

He was tried in October at Cambridge, and convicted on Friday the 12th. He had very able defence, but the evidence was damning and the statute was at least clear enough for the purpose.

When the Chief-Justice pronounced the awful sentence, prefacing it with certain eloquent remarks, Martin "stood unmoved and, with the most perfect nonchalance took up his hat, saying, 'Well, that is the worst you can do for me.' "

On the morning of Saturday, December 8th, he made a desperate attempt to escape. Having secreted a pocket-knife and small file which a friend had thrown in at his window, he converted the knife into a saw, and sawed through his manacles in such an ingenious fashion that no one could detect the break. Seizing his opportunity, he felled his gaoler with a blow from his manacled hands, and rushed out. To smash through a heavy padlocked gate just outside, he hurled himself five times against it until it gave way. This delay cost him the success of the attempt, for the alarm was general, and the gaoler had had time to come to. Martin was overpowered by numbers in a corn-field.

Before his attempt to escape, he had narrated bit by bit the story of his life to Frederick W. Waldo of Boston, a reporter on the *Columbian Centinel.* It was the statement of a dying man and bore the impress of veracity. Martin swore that it was true, whatever that was worth. Those incidents which could be, were checked up and found to be accurately described. Waldo believed in the truth of the whole narrative. Apparently the wording is partly Martin's and partly Waldo's. In any case, the reporting is extremely well done.

Toward the end Martin was penitent but cheerful. "He said that his crime would be punish-

able with death in his own country, and that he was ready to meet it here."

He was accompanied to the gallows by the Rev. Mr. M'Quade of the Roman Catholic church and Mr. Waldo. There was a huge crowd.

"The utmost silence," reported the *Centinel,* "was preserved while the priest and the convict, kneeling at the foot of the steps which led to the scaffold, recited the prayers of the church, suited to the occasion; Martin responding with serenity, and frequently making the sign of the cross. This service ended, the prisoner, the sheriff, and Mr. Train, the gaoler, ascended the scaffold. Martin surveyed the apparatus for his execution without any change of countenance, and then untied his neck-cloth, and appeared to assist in fixing the fatal noose to his neck, so as to occasion his death without suffering. He then took a handkerchief, and after the cap was placed over his face, and the sheriff and his deputy had descended to the stage, inquired in a firm voice, 'When shall I drop the handkerchief?' The sheriff answered, 'When you please.' Martin slowly raised his hands thrice to his breast, as in prayer, and then threw down the handkerchief, and was instantly launched into eternity. His death appeared to be immediate, and without suffering. This was the first execution under the law making the crime of which Martin was convicted, capital; and the regularity and decorum with which it was conducted must have made a deep impression on the great body of spectators which witnessed it, and inspired them with a suitable awe of the energy and majesty of the law."

The old book, so enterprisingly rushed to a public all agog in 1822, has been reprinted in a pleasant format by a new publishing house, The Wayside Press, of Topsfield, Massachusetts, under the title, "Captain Lightfoot, The Last of the New England Highwaymen". It is illustrated with the quaint woodcuts of the original.

Historically the book is very valuable as a vivid picture of the life and time in Ireland, Canada and the United States a hundred and ten years ago. Also one is amused to find throughout such ageless cant expressions as "lifted", "pushed off", "black legs", "Irish bull", "milked him", "grand haul", "a gift of the gab", "shell out", "walk off with", "full drive", "borrowed a purse".

The treasure which Martin buried just inside the Canadian border before crossing into the United States in the summer of 1821 is probably still awaiting a finder.

THE "QUEEN CHARLOTTE" RESCUES BROCK

IT was August of the year 1812. The United States forces under General Hull had invaded the western frontier of Ontario along the Detroit River, had threatened the safety of the entire Province, but had been held in check by the merest handful of regulars and militia with a few Indians, and had soon retired to Fort Detroit on their own side of the river. In the early morning of August 14th, the gallant Brock, Major-General commanding the defence of Upper Canada, had stepped ashore at Amherstburg after a voyage in furious haste from Toronto — by water to Burlington Bay, by land to Long Point on Lake Erie and then again by water. On the 15th, Brock's batteries at Sandwich had shelled Detroit. On Sunday morning the 16th, by a brilliantly daring move, Brock had crossed the Detroit River while the batteries at Sandwich roared a covering fire, leading three hundred and thirty British regulars, four hundred Canadian militia and six hundred Indians who were under the great Tecumseh. As this little force of one thousand three hundred and thirty appeared before the fort, General Hull had, without firing a shot surrendered the place and his command of two thousand five hundred men.

The next evening, August 17th, Brock was off again for the precariously-held Niagara frontier.

Most of the prisoners of war had gone on ahead the day before. He took seventy with him, however, aboard the tiny trading schooner which was the only vessel left after the larger vessels had sailed. There were less than a dozen militia on board to guard the prisoners, and the duty well nigh wore them out. No more than six Americans were allowed on deck for exercise at one time, and the hatches were kept securely battened over the rest.

For a week the little vessel tacked down Lake Erie, and all Brock's fuming impatience could not increase her exasperating pace. Then, on the night of the 22nd, when they judged that they were almost at the journey's end, the wind fell, a heavy fog came up. They were becalmed and drifting.

The sun rose red next morning. The fog was beginning to lift, and the sentry on duty looked hard at the shore-line that slowly sharpened before him. That should be Fort Erie yonder, but how had the ship got turned about? Suddenly the place stood out clear and bold. The flag that hung limp over there showed stripes. The truth burst upon him: they were close inshore by Buffalo and on board was the most valuable life in Canada.

Quickly the sentry called the officer of the day, Lieutenant Jarvis, who sprang down the aft hatch to the cabin and burst in upon his sleeping General.

"Sir, we are becalmed inshore off Buffalo!" he reported breathless.

Brock leaped from his bed and reached the deck

in a bound. His keen eye swept the blue expanse of river. There, not many rods away, lay Buffalo in the bright morning sunlight. There on shore he could see a crowd collecting. He could see the gesticulations of the individuals. His forehead flushed in anger. Turning, he caught sight of the anxious captain up beside the wheelsman. With long strides he reached him.

"You scoundrel," he said. The tone was sharp, the words clipped short. "You have betrayed me. Let but one shot be fired from that shore and I will run you up on the instant to that yardarm."

The confused and reddening sailor followed with his eye Brock's finger upward to the crosspiece selected for him. Yet it was not treachery, though perhaps bad navigation. The country, however, was full of traitors. Brock had had trouble enough with them already, even in the Legislative Assembly. He never knew when a merchant, a settler or a sailor might prove to be undermining his work, and it was perfectly natural that he should conclude that this man was either in the enemy's pay or giving assistance to the enemy from sheer sympathy or from raw republican enthusiasm. Carelessness, nevertheless, might just as surely have caused disaster and have lost Canada, for Queenston was still to be fought, and only Brock could inspire the defence in this most critical year when most of the inhabitants and many of the troops considered the guarding of the endless Canadian frontier as utterly hopeless.

The poor ship's master was at his wits' end.

The light breeze which was rising was from the Canadian shore. He ordered his men into the superannuated little tub which tagged astern, his vessel's only boat. They pulled as though their hearts would break, but swift current and breeze were too much for them.

There, far across the river lay the armed *Queen Charlotte* under the guns of Fort Erie. She had just disembarked General Hull and his American regulars who were being shepherded to Quebec. Brock gave the order and the private distress signal of the British fleet fluttered to the masthead. All eyes straining to the *Queen Charlotte,* they waited, but there rose no answer, nor was there any sign of movement.

Brock paced the deck. He could not afford to let himself be taken thus through a stupid sailor's bungling or treacherous intent, he who carried the defence of Upper Canada within his brain. A militia private stepped up and saluted.

"May I fire my musket, sir? That will attract their attention."

"No, no, my man," quickly replied Brock, who was not above suggestion even from the ranks, "It is too far. The *Queen Charlotte* might not hear and these people would. They are not yet sure who we are, and that would tell them."

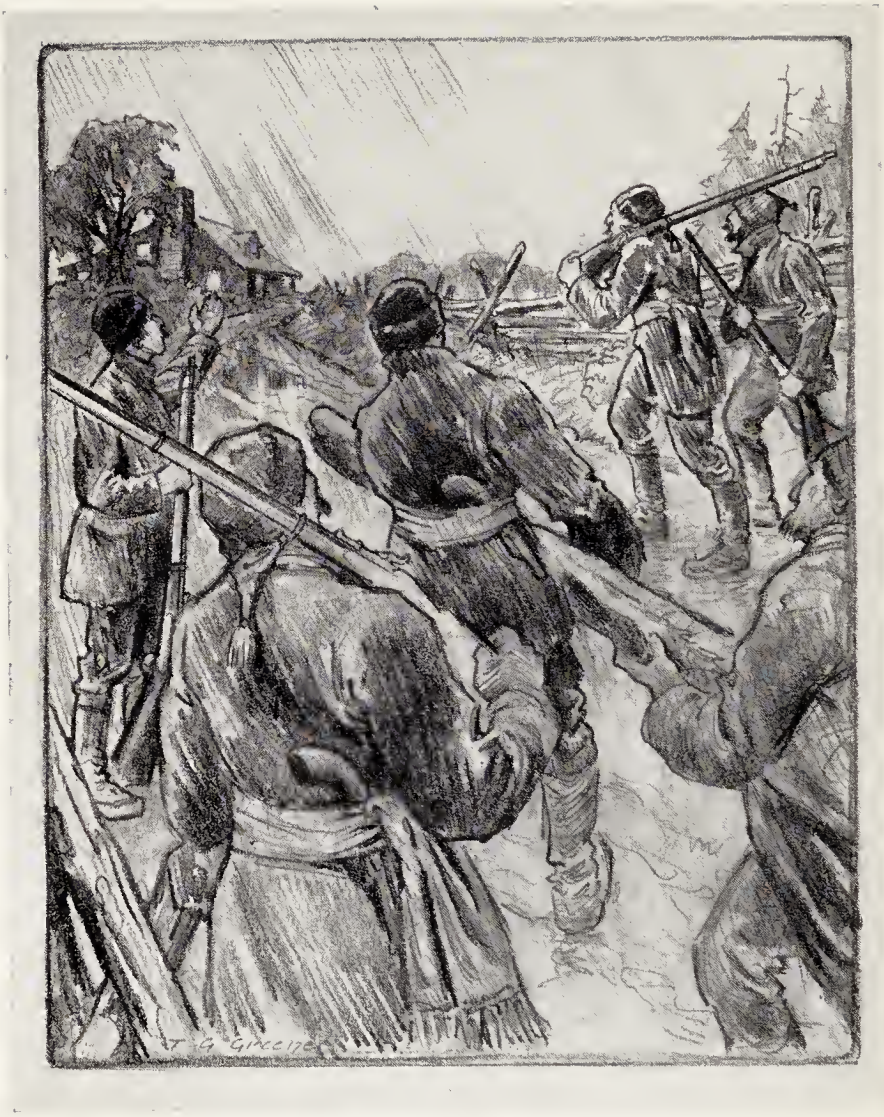
"If you'll excuse me, sir," returned the man, emboldened, "I have heard gunshots across this river here before."

Brock considered.

"Fire it," he ordered.

The report rolled out over the rippling blue waters, echoed from the American shore, then

faintly from the Canadian. A little answering pennant shot up to the masthead of the *Queen Charlotte.* Sails shook out; she moved; she bore slowly down upon them and, one by one, the watchers could see her portholes open and the black muzzle of a gun poke out. She was preparing to cover her sister ship if need arose. She ranged alongside, threw a line and towed the other as she tacked across again to the moorings at Fort Erie. Brock was safe to organize with feverish haste his slight resources and to die on the field of honour six weeks later.



Rebels of 1838

BATTLE, MURDER, AND SUDDEN DEATH

THE night of Saturday, November 3rd, in the year 1838 was stormy, and at intervals squalls of rain swept the valley of the St. Lawrence. Between the squalls the moonlight struggled through the scudding cloud-rack. It was a wild night, and there was wild work afoot. For, far and wide over the rich countryside, from Montreal southward to the border-line of Canada, armed bands were abroad, entering houses and, by persuasion or by force, drawing away with them the able-bodied, young and old, to swell the numbers of the army which was to make the country an independent republic. The rebels were mustering thousands in each carefully organized centre. In a dozen villages it was a night of reckless enthusiasm for the disaffected, and a night of terror for the loyalists, for the peaceful and for those saner, wiser heads who could see beyond the mad excitement of the moment to the dread reckoning to come. Southward at the border, Robert Nelson, self-styled President of the "Republic of Canada", exile since the rising of the year before, was marching from the United States with the nucleus of an army and with arms supplied by citizens of that Republic. It was intended that, as soon as he had effected a general rising of the Canadians, United States forces, organized by some of the most prominent public men there,

should swarm across the line and "liberate" the country.

On the outskirts of the village of St. Constant, not far from the Lachine Rapids, on the south side of the St. Lawrence and seven miles from Montreal, stood the clapboarded frame farmhouse of David Vitty. It was eleven o'clock and Vitty and his wife had long been in bed. A voice mingled with his dreams; "Mr. Vitty, you must get up." Gradually it disentangled itself from his slumber and grew louder, more insistent, "Mr. Vitty, you must get up; the rebels are coming." That should be the voice of neighbour North. Now he was awake, and North was shouting, "Let us in; the rebels are on us!"

It did not take long for David Vitty to get the door open. There stood a carryall with fifteen persons in it. Out they tumbled and pushed in panic in at the door. He counted them as they came; he knew them all—Mr. and Mrs. North and their five children; Mr. and Mrs. Walker and their four children; Mrs. Fletcher and her boy. They were fleeing to Laprairie, five miles further east, where the garrison of British regulars would give them protection, when one of the horses collapsed on the road beside the Vitty farm.

Even as they stumbled in, a confusion of noises was to be heard along the highway. There already came the rebels. No time to stable the horse. It was left in the traces in front of the house. Just time to shut and bar the doors and windows, seize the guns and ammunition, and pack the children into beds, for some of them were stark naked and shivering with the cold. There

had been no time to dress them before the flight. Just then the sleepy farm-hand came down the stairs in answer to his master's call. Hastily he was given instructions to run to Laprairie for help from the barracks there, and then shoved through the window at the rear of the house.

By this time a multitude of clamorous rebels was in front.

"Come out, Vitty," shouted a French-Canadian using English.

David Vitty stuck his shaggy head out the window. "Who wants me?" he said.

"Never mind," came the answer. "Open the door. We want you."

"Tell me what you want with me and I will open the door."

"Open that door."

"If you have business with me, come by day and not at this hour."

"If you don't open that door, we will smash it in."

"The man that touches that door I will shoot."

Vitty jammed the window shut to the accompaniment of "Open!" "Ouvrez!" He and Walker each stood ready with a gun. Vitty's was a military musket, and he fixed his bayonet. North had no gun and was in the kitchen cheering the women and children as best he could. Crash! a volley of bullets tore through the house. North and Vitty both shouted to the women and children to lie down on the floor; they all fell flat. Next moment the house was shaken by the impact of a beam against the front door. The door splintered inwards. Then Vitty fired and

Walker fired. Now the shots crashed through from every side, for the rebels had surrounded the place. The women screamed; the children shrieked. Still Vitty and Walker fired as fast as they could load. The doors inside between the rooms swung open, smashed by the bullets ripping through. The inner front door was smashed by bullets. Guns were poked in, and blazed. Suddenly Walker said hoarsely, "Vitty, I'm gone," and pitched head-forward to the floor. Mrs. Walker jumped up to catch him, and he fell half into her arms. One gasp and he was dead, shot through the breast.

Meanwhile Vitty held the door. Hit in four places, he was streaming with blood. "Come on ye damned scoundrels and allow me the pleasure of running ye through!" he shouted. Said scoundrels, however, had a better plan. From the rear they fired down the centre of the house. A ball went through the furious Vitty's shoulder, and his gun dropped from his grasp. Up the stairs he dragged himself to the garret, where he lay groaning on the floor.

The moment Vitty's gun dropped, in swarmed the rebels, rough *habitants,* extempore soldiers of an imaginary republic, with infinite exultation and excited chatter. "Where is he?" they shouted; "Where is he?" They searched downstairs and up. They dragged Vitty from his attic. In a bedroom they found a bottle of brandy, and Mrs. Vitty had to serve it out to them, while the rest of the women and children knelt, as they were ordered, on the floor, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, begging for their lives. Here

and there a pike-head was shoved against a child's or woman's breast to point the moral. The rebels tramped all over the house from cellar to attic again in search of more spirits and more arms. Of these latter they unearthed two military muskets, beside the guns which Walker and Vitty had used. These they carted out with all the ammunition in the place. Then they prepared to leave the wrecked and desolated home.

North was dragged out first, a prisoner, and placed at the head of the column with other prisoners gathered along the road. Then the women and children were driven screaming outside and ordered off to a neighbour's house — all except Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Vitty. They remained behind, the one, mourning her dead, to nurse her nine-months baby, and the other to tend her wounded, delirious husband.

Meanwhile, the cavalry were galloping from Laprairie, but they came too late. The evil work at the Vitty house was done. They met one column of the rebels in front of the Vitty home, on the other side of the little stream, La Tortu, rode them down and dispersed them with pistol shots. The rebels of the other party, which held the prisoners, had proceeded from the Vitty house across the stream and on toward Laprairie on their errand of seizing arms and ammunition and of making prisoners of the loyalists. Someone on horseback came dashing up and delivered a message. Then the rebels hurriedly retreated across the little river. When they heard the cavalry ride up on the other side, heard the shots ring out and the shouts of terror from their comrades, they

fled in all directions, and the prisoners proceeded to safety in Laprairie.

If the injured families, victims of that night's mischief in the Vitty homestead, desired revenge, they had it. A week later, Sir John Colborne with his troops had stamped out the rising from Montreal to the United States border. The trials began on November 28th in Montreal before a General Court Martial. The Constitution had been suspended, martial law had been declared. The Governor could not trust the civil courts. A French-Canadian jury would have acquitted all the prisoners; an English-Canadian jury would probably have hanged them all, and either way justice would have been brought into contempt. On January 3rd, 1839, seven men, leaders in that night's work, came to their trial for treason and for murder. The case was strong against them, and, in spite of their desperate turnings and twistings, they were all found guilty and sentenced to "be hanged by the neck until they be dead, at such time and place as His Excellency the Lieutenant General Commander of the Forces in the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada and Administrator of the Government of the said Provinces may appoint."

The only public recognition, and the only satisfaction which Vitty received—and he was one of the very few who had dared openly and heroically to oppose the rebels that first week in November —was that, still in bandages, he was called as the Crown's first witness.

Joseph Robert, leader of the rebel mob which surrounded the Vitty house, was hanged. So

also were hanged Ambroise Sanguinet and Charles Sanguinet, the first of whom had been heard to boast that it was he who had got his gun through the broken door and picked off Walker. Francois Xavier Hamelin was likewise hanged. The sentence of death passed upon Pascal Pinsonnault, Theophile Robert, Jacques Longtin was commuted, and they were transported to the penal colony in Australia. The majority of that excited crowd went free. The authorities picked only the obvious leaders for an example lest treason and rebellion become of light account among the people.

NIGHT-WATCH

IT is the night of November 25th, 1837. The scene is the straggling little village of St. Charles on the banks of the River Richelieu. Since noon there has been a battle here. All about the southern limits of the village are evidences of the struggle. The smouldering ruins of several houses on the outskirts; the dinted, riddled walls of other houses just inside the limits; the wreckage strewn around of barricades, of breastworks; the flintlocks, fowling-pieces, pikes, swords, pitchforks,—all these are evidence. But if one look more nearly there is ghastlier evidence yet, for, to the west of the main road, in that ploughed field which was soggy this morning and this evening is ice-bound, hard as iron, lie here and there little heaps of homespun, frozen in. And over by the edge of yonder wood to the east lie other little heaps of homespun, ice-coated with the clods. These are the human wreckage of revolt. They will lie thus throughout this long frosty night till, to-morrow, Her Majesty's troops will reverently inter them with their own dead, and when they find field-hogs rooting at the bodies will shoot these for desecration. In the meantime, friends, relatives, and comrades are either fled or dare not stir outside their doors.

Late this afternoon the troops have been demolishing barricades and piling the logs for burning to-morrow. Colonel Gugy, self-appointed com-

missary officer in default of any supplied from Headquarters at Montreal, has been making a survey of the buildings of the village, and, by twilight, has succeeded in providing billets for all officers and men. The village is settling down to its cold, uneasy night. The little detachment of artillery have placed their two field-guns, one pointing each way along the main street and all ready to sweep the approaches, should an attack develop in the dark.

Inside the parish church there is presented a strange, romantic picture. In the great box-stove in the centre of the nave there blazes a bright warm fire. The shadows rise and fall with the leaping flames. Round the fire sit in groups the British Tommies of the guard, resting easy, while two British officers sit, stand or move about in turn, restlessly on the watch against surprise. One of these, Captain Lord Charles Beauclerk, is to carry the vivid impress of this picture upon his mind until his dying day. There, in the long, black shadows of the chancel, lighted by the star-like rays of the single candle in the building, lies at the foot of the high altar the row of stiff, cold corpses, comrades, victims of the recent fighting. The night is bitter cold outside, and cold within the church as well, for, in the lower windows the glass is smashed and gone. There have been two alarms already, and it is expected that the rebels, who have been driven from the village at the point of the bayonet, will not rest content, but will make an attempt at rescue. For, in the chill, dark vestry off the chancel there waits through the night in an agony of suspense a group of prisoners,

their comrades and their leaders. Hour after hour, these men, who, bravely if misguided, with pitiful, almost hopeless equipment, under chiefs whose courage has shown but poorly beside their own, have dared to raise their hand against the constituted authority of the land, kneel silently in prayer. They know not what their fate will be, but they expect the worst from a Government which they have been taught to look upon as tyrannical.

They are to suffer this agony of suspense for many a month to come as they languish in the prisons of Montreal, for, Sir John Colborne, temporary administrator of the Province, lacks the authority to deal summarily with their cases. They must wait until the young Queen's plenipotentiary, the Earl of Durham, comes, grants an amnesty and sends them home again, to the joy of their anxious, destitute families.

MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS

IT is not politic to glorify rebellion. Nor is it wise to sympathize too nearly with rebels, even of long ago. They may have been right about the grievances they urged, but, by their very act of rising against the majesty of government, they jeopardized the mere existence of the commonwealth which we inherit and which we hold dear. Yet, surely, while we condemn their course, we may admire or pity the human beings, those warm-blooded, hot-headed, generous men and women who were to be found in that rebellion in our country ninety-one years ago in 1837 and 1838, especially in that part of it enacted in the Province of Quebec. For there passions burned more fiercely and there was far more fuel than in the movement in Ontario.

When the British armies conquered a portion of a highly civilized European race in Quebec in 1760, the British Government did not bother its head greatly about the theory of the thing, but tried to make the best of a thorny situation, thorny for both conquered and conquerors, and, in spite of the interference of dangerous fanatics, the Administration in London merely blundered benevolently along from year to year. Not knowing how to solve the very intricate problem of fitting the government of an Anglo-Saxon, Protestant system of laws and customs, to a foreign and Roman Catholic race, the harassed men who com-

posed the shifting cabinets of the period waited to see if the problem would solve itself. When it did not solve itself they wrung their hands in mental anguish for a while, and then determined to give the conquered everything they might be conceived as wanting, so long as it was definitely understood that the Anglo-Saxons were managing the country. Then came frantic outbursts from the jealous Anglo-Saxons who had rushed into Canada hard after the army, intent upon the spoils, who alleged that the conquered were being pampered. More mental anguish in London. Finally, the conquered and their newly arrived British co-citizens were presented with a brand new toy British constitution, House of Commons, miniature Lords, Cabinet and all complete, to keep them quiet. It looked life-like; the paint was most impressive. When it was tried out, it seemed to work. It was years before the conquered and some of their Anglo-Saxon fellow-citizens gathered sufficient courage and familiarity with the thing to look inside. Great was the indignation when it was discovered that the mainspring had been omitted. Yet it was running. They looked again, and became aware that the motive power was the will of a certain handful of Anglo-Saxon officials.

Indeed, the mainspring had been very carefully omitted. After deep and mature reflection, His Majesty's advisers in London had quietly effected it that the Cabinet in French Canada should all be Anglo-Saxons, need not be members of the Lower House, need not resign when they were not supported by a majority in that House,

in fact, need pay little attention to the will of that House at all. The French-Canadians found themselves excluded from all real power and office in their own land, their membership in the Legislative Assembly useless. They had preserved intact their language, ancestral customs, and their church. Having passed through the long, bitter years of reconstruction after the terrible havoc of that war which had left them under an alien hand, they had developed a national and racial spirit such as they had never had before. There were fine brains, fine political brains unfolding in many a town of the thriving countryside. But there was no employment for these brains; there was no outlet for the rising pressure of the political energy in this expanding people. Is it any wonder that questions of political abuses got mixed with the racial feeling, and that it all flared up into a rebellion?

Then came the Earl of Durham, keenest of consultants. In a flash he had diagnosed the trouble, soothed the passionate, smoothed the situation out, released almost all prisoners, would have no hangings. However, the mental anguish had set in once more in London. Lord Durham was the victim of scandalous betrayal by Her Majesty's advisers, and, after six months of brilliant labour here, went indignant home.

Immediately he was gone rebellion broke out a second time. Sir John Colborne, fine old hero of Waterloo, left to administer the government of Canada, felt he could take no chances. He moved swiftly. His regular troops were stern and rough; his militia was vindictive. Within a

week everything was over. The rebels had really got no start. There had been no battle, only a petty skirmish or so, but one could follow the line of march of the troops by the charred remains of houses—presumably of rebels.

There were scores of prisoners. Sir John decided there should be no second amnesty to be mistaken for amiable weakness. The prisoners should be tried. There was no court which could be trusted. No jury could be found which would be impartial. Sir John determined on a court of army officers—a court martial. Under martial law he was empowered to set up such a court.

This court met in November, 1838, and sat through until April, 1839. The prisoners were tried in batches of from three to nineteen. All questioned the jurisdiction of the court, but this availed them nothing. The first hangings took place in December, 1838. There were more in January; more again in February. One hundred and eight rebels—"patriots" their countrymen called them—underwent their trial for treason. Ninety-nine were condemned to death. Nine were acquitted. The Governor himself picked out the most dangerous from among the condemned and exercised his prerogative of clemency upon the others. Twelve of them were executed; twenty-nine were let out on suspended sentence, and fifty-eight were transported to the penal settlement in Australia. The survivors of these last were brought back years afterward.

There are features of the case which excuse the scalding tears which have fallen upon the pages of their apologists. These prisoners were not

the scum of the community. Many of them, most of them, were of splendid character and fine intelligence. They were not the principal leaders; those escaped; but they were leaders in their districts, men of worth, means, achievement, influence. Their terrible plight and the sad predicament of their families wrung then, as it has wrung since, many a sigh from those who condemned their course of action. They were genuine patriots, however mistaken their course, who suffered, who risked and lost all from love of country and of race.

The first two days of executions had passed—December 21st and January 18th. Seven had paid the capital penalty. The others lay in the shadow of death in the "New Prison" in Montreal. It was February 13th. Several had been sentenced on January 20th and were hourly expecting the final summons. The turnkey appeared and called out two—Charles Hindenlang and Chevalier de Lorimier. In suspense the others waited. After a brief absence these two came back to bring the news that only they two of those in this section of the prison were to face the gallows. The sentences of the others had been commuted to penal servitude. Three more from other sections had been selected also; the third hanging should number five. The day set was February 15th.

Relief was mingled with anguish for the unfortunates in the breasts of the imprisoned group. It was a bitter night they passed in their cells. The next day, February 14th, calm reigned outwardly. In the afternoon the reprieved gave,

with permission of the authorities, a farewell banquet to those about to die. At four o'clock they all sat down in a room in which they were allowed to assemble during the day. The hour was conditioned by the fact that the prisoners were daily required to retire to their cells to be locked in at six o'clock.

The life of the party was Charles Hindenlang, the young French officer who had joined Robert Nelson, principal leader of the second outbreak, in the United States, and, labouring under considerable misapprehension concerning the whole state of affairs in Canada, had entered with the rebels from over the border in November, had fought like a gentleman in a situation which was hopeless and quite other from that which he expected, and had been condemned by a tribunal against which he vehemently and in vain protested. He presided at the table. The high-minded young lawyer, de Lorimier, did not take his chair. His wife was in the corridor, and, except for a few moments during the drinking of the toasts, when he came to the table, he was walking up and down with her. Other relatives of his were in the corridor also, seated on chairs, and all of them in tears.

The gaiety of the affair, though perhaps a little forced, did not flag. The hearts of all were heavy, but they showed a brave front. As they ate and drank the doors opened and six Anglo-Saxon spectators were admitted by the gaoler, some officers and civilians of consequence, among them the editor of *The Herald*. Wondering, deeply moved, they stood against the wall and watched.

Hindenlang was bright and loud. He talked much and laughed much, though every now and then the laugh was angry or very bitter. There was no lack of variety in the food, yet no one tasted much. It eased the nerves to drink the wine, however. The toasts were soon called. De Lorimier came in to propose his toast—

"My country—may she never forget that for her we have died upon the scaffold! Patriots we have lived and patriots we die! Down with tyrants! May their domination cease!"

They stood and drank to these brave words. De Lorimier, setting down his glass, went back to his sobbing wife in the corridor.

Hindenlang stood up to reply to the toast;

"Brothers in misfortune, I am almost a stranger to you. Our relations date back only a few weeks. At the camp at Napierville and on the battlefield at Odelltown I met the most of you. But our unity of feeling is none the less deep for that, for we are bound together by the same love of liberty, and we are children of the same mother, France. O beloved France, thou hast received my earliest breath; thy son, who will die to-morrow on a foreign soil, loves thee forever! Yes, I cannot think of thee, my noble native land, without the tribute of a tear, a tear of deep affection. Farewell, land of the brave, land of the heroes! I have not dishonoured thee. I have been faithful to the motto of a Frenchman —"Death rather than dishonour!" I took up arms on behalf of the downtrodden against their oppressors. I have been defeated and have fallen into the hands of cruel enemies. They may

take away my life, but never what my soul enshrines. I die devoted as I have lived to the sacred cause of liberty, my conscience clear, in the certainty that I have done my duty in fighting for Canadian freedom."

Then the speaker burst into a bitter tirade against England. Afterwards he spoke tenderly of his mother, and then turned towards the other three present who were to die next day with him.

"O friends, brave comrades in misfortune, to-morrow will be a day of sorrow, not for us but for our friends. Take heart as you remember that our names will be engraved in letters of gold upon the altar of freedom. O Canada, may our death avail to deliver thee from slavery! This is the prayer of him who will to-morrow give his life for thee. A day shall surely come when thy sons shall remember, in their hours of festival, that Charles Hindenlang, a stranger, died a martyr for them, and victim of the British vengeance."

The speaker ceased. Tears stood in the eyes of every guest who sat beside the table; some were shaken with sobs. Tears stood also in the eyes of the uninvited curious ones against the wall. Someone entered to say that Madame Lorimier had fainted and lay unconscious in her husband's cell. The six Anglo-Saxons filed softly out. The guests rose from their seats. The strange gay-sad, nonchalant gesture of the banquet was over. The turnkey entered to announce that it was six o'clock and the prisoners must return to their cells. No vivacity, no brave front could now veil the stern and ugly morrow.

THE PIRATE OF THE SAINT LAWRENCE

WHO in peaceful Ontario to-day could think of piracy on the St. Lawrence without a smile? Yet, ninety-one years ago a very real pirate sailed those lovely waters, terrorized for months the Canadian shore from the Bay of Quinte to Brockville, committed more than one outrage, and bid defiance to the authorities both of Canada and of the United States from his hiding place among the Thousand Islands, which islands he seems to have known better than any others of that neighbourhood and time.

After the armed rebellion in Upper Canada had been crushed in December of 1837 and January of 1838, there were hundreds of Canadian rebels who were refugees along the United States frontier. They fomented a sympathy for their cause among the United States people of the border states, a sympathy already more than incipient. For two years and longer there existed a condition of high tension along the frontier, which almost galvanized the two countries into war, and which rose nigh to the breaking-point when the refugees, their forces largely augmented by United States sympathizers, made armed raids into Canada. These raids, though broken by the regulars and militia in the Province, were alarming enough at the time.

It was during the year 1838 that the pirate of the St. Lawrence ran his hectic career. His name was William Johnson, but he was invariably called Bill Johnson. Both the United States and the Canadian newspapers of the period frantically rejected him as compatriot, but there seems a probability that he had been born in Canada, or at least had lived in Canada. When the War of 1812 broke out, he turned traitor, crossed the river and threw in his lot with the United States. His daring, his resource and his knowledge of the waters from the Bay of Quinte down through the Thousand Islands made him a thorn in the side of the British forces in the Kingston District. On one memorable occasion in 1814 he landed near Presqu'ile, lay in ambush for a whole day, seized the army despatch-riders from both east and west, and got safely away, to the confusion of the Commander-in-Chief, whose operations were thus exposed to the enemy. Frequently he paid casual visits to the loyal Canadian settlers along the shores and plundered their houses. Once he was nearly caught. Driven ashore inopportunely in a gale, his whole crew was captured, but he slipped off, played hide and seek with the militia for two weeks in the neighbourhood of Kingston, and finally escaped in a bark canoe across the open lake to Sackett's Harbour, thirty-six miles away. Needless to say that he was well known along the whole St. Lawrence and the lower end of Lake Ontario, and that there was a price upon his head.

When peace came in 1815, an exile, though a willing one, Bill Johnson settled down on the

United States shore of the St. Lawrence at French Creek. Officially he was a merchant and trader. Privately he was a smuggler.

Then came the troubles of 1837 and 1838. A man of considerable imagination, Bill Johnson realized immediately that the hour of opportunity had struck for him once more. The American-owned steamboat *Caroline* which supplied William Lyon Mackenzie and his motley "army" on Navy Island, in the Niagara River above the Falls, was seized by Captain Drew, R.N., and the Canadian Militia on the night of January 29th, 1838, and sent blazing over the Falls. There was a great outcry in the United States. Johnson snatched this for a pretext. He gathered about him a band of refugees from Canada and of wild characters from the United States. He selected among the Thousand Islands an island which could be easily defended and which was difficult of approach. This he is said to have fortified to some extent, and this he called "Fort Wallace". No one ever found out exactly where "Fort Wallace" was and there is more than a suspicion that when he was pursued, "Fort Wallace" moved about with him. There is, however, a tradition which clings to a certain island just on the Canadian side of the boundary off the eastern end of Grindstone Island, and this is now officially named Fort Wallace Island. Here came together a number of malcontents, outlaws and thugs, variously estimated by the excited press of that day as from fifty to one thousand.

Johnson's master-stroke followed quickly. All through the day on May 29th, 1838, suspicious

characters haunted the steamship wharf at Wells Island. This is one of the largest of the Thousand Islands and lies in United States waters off the shore between Clayton and Alexandria Bay. Here the vessels from the lake ports, on their way down the St. Lawrence, stopped to load on cordwood for their furnaces. The man in charge of the wharf was uneasy. Nothing, however, happened during the day. About one o'clock in the morning the steamboat *Sir Robert Peel* sidled in to the wharf. Most of the passengers, especially the ladies, were in their cabins asleep. Some of the men were still up in the saloon, telling stories over their wine or their whiskey. As soon as the bumpers touched, the man in charge of the wharf jumped aboard to tell the Captain that there were people about whose behaviour boded ill to his ship. He advised immediately getting under weigh again. The Captain took a look about, saw nothing, and pooh-poohed this caution. The crew got to work at their loading of the wood piled high along the wharf. When he had seen them started, the Captain went to bed. So also did the gentlemen in the saloon.

Somewhat over an hour later the loading was all but finished. The engineer was preparing to start again. Just then, out of the darkness swarmed a number of small boats which were swiftly beached not far upstream. Many men sprang ashore, the coollest of the witnesses say about fifty. We may halve that number for the probable truth. A few remained to guard the boats; the rest rushed down to the wharf and aboard the *Sir Robert Peel.* By the flickering

lights on the wharf they were seen to be grotesquely disguised, some as Indians with paint and feathers, others as negroes. There was no obstruction of their progress, for they were fully armed. Some of them were walking arsenals. They left sentries on the gang planks, placed sentries at each main cabin door, at the door of the engine-room, in the bow and in the stern. Then they paraded along the decks, expeditiously awakening the passengers by smashing in the cabin windows and doors with rifle-butts and bayonets. As the passengers poured out in their night-clothes, they were ordered ashore with the crew, nor were they allowed to return for clothes or baggage. Those sleeping below awoke to the sound of smashing glass, women's shrieks, hoarse cursing and rough shouted orders. There was resistance; rifle-stocks were used as clubs; bayonets prodded; there was kicking with feet. Driven on deck, the gentlemen beheld the scantily-clad ladies weeping as they were brutally shoved about. They were in time to see Captain Bullock, former master of the ship *St. George,* rush among the ruffians to protect the ladies.

All were forced ashore, clad as they stood, in the raw night air of spring. The stewardess of the ladies' cabin managed somehow to procure wraps for some of her charges. They collected in a huddled group on the wharf at the edge of the blackness. The men were very indignant as they were hustled off. In spite of show of overwhelming force, cordwood sticks began to fly. Two of the bandits were severely wounded in the arm. The rest were too busy taking posses-

sion of the steamer to engage in reprisal, and so there was no shooting. The passengers all found refuge in a rough, log shanty at the edge of the little clearing by the wharf, the only evidence of civilized possession on the island. Here some of the more inquisitive of the ruffians followed them. One of these, evidently a rebel or a rebel sympathizer, remarked that their miserable predicament served them right. Immediately he was knocked down by the gallant Captain Bullock and dragged out of the shanty by the throat—rough justice which warmed the hearts of the sufferers almost as much as their shivering limbs were warmed by the fire which someone soon had burning.

Meanwhile, the pirates had cut the hawsers. Slowly the steamer stood off from the wharf and moved with the current, followed by the pirate-boats. A quarter of a mile downstream an anchor splashed and the *Sir Robert Peel* lay to. The night was not too dark for the straining eyes of the crew and passengers to see the rich loot from the cabins being dumped into the rowboats which had gone alongside. One by one they saw the boats pull away, piled high with freight. The ladies sighed as they thought of their jewellry and their dresses; the gentlemen cursed as they counted up their absent bonds and banknotes. Then they saw the flames spurt out aft, forward and amidships. The blaze lit up the retreating pirate flotilla.

The mate of the *Sir Robert Peel,* Roderick McSwain, slept in his cabin through it all. It was the heat of the flames by his bunk that wakened

him. Leaping from his covers, he dashed across the fire-swept deck and plunged over the side. Face, hands and feet desperately burned, nevertheless he swam till the crew, who from the wharf at Wells Island saw his dive, had procured a boat and gone to his rescue.

Probably in this same boat the purser got to Gananoque and so to Kingston, spreading such a sensation that the authorities held in port all boats due to leave Kingston harbour. The shivering passengers were rescued in the early dawn by the American steamer *Oneida* of Oswego, whose captain would hear of no remuneration when he landed them at Kingston.

Excitement was intense all along the border. American vessels would not call at Canadian ports for fear of reprisals at the hands of undiscriminating enthusiasts. The Canadian Militia was called out, such of it as was not already out, and special steamers and schooners were chartered, which scoured the tortuous channels of the Thousand Islands for days, but without result.

The authorities of the United States, in whose waters the outrage had been committed, showed signs of activity too, though Canadians were suspicious, perhaps unduly, of their entire wholeheartedness, for the *Sir Robert Peel* was a Canadian steamboat, owned mainly by Judge Jones of Brockville, where she had been built just a year before. Though Bill Johnson and others of his gang were too well known on the River to escape recognition by the crew and some of the passengers, no matter how well they were disguised,

the information as to their identity was useless, for they were not to be found.

However, in the meantime, one of the passengers of the *Sir Robert Peel* had been doing more efficient detective work than the militia and police on both sides of the international boundary. There was a physician aboard, who offered his services to the two ruffians whose arms had been almost broken by blows from sticks of cordwood. When the pirates left Wells Island to plunder the vessel, they took him with them, and he was a witness at close range of the process of robbery. They carried him off afterwards to their lair, "Fort Wallace". Here he was with them all that day, while they washed off their disguise of colour, and divided the spoil. The doctor, whose situation, of course, was delicate, made himself a thoroughly good fellow, especially to his most severely wounded patient, a man named Scanlan, from Kingston. The ruffians grew quite fond of him, and mistook him for a "patriot", that is to say, a sympathizer with the recent rebellion. In their generous enthusiasm they presented him with a share of the spoil, which latter was so large that they could afford to be generous. He had to accept it to avoid complications. The pirates took the precaution of administering to him an oath of secrecy, which he took with the trifling reservation that it was not to apply if he found himself before a magistrate. Then they ferried him, the next night, to French Creek on the United States shore, at which place the party broke up. The doctor lost little time in finding himself before a magistrate in the United States.

As a result, nine were soon lodged behind the bars of the Watertown gaol and six more were identified, though not apprehended. Nothing very serious, however, seems to have happened to those caught.

Bill Johnson continued among the Thousand Islands to defy the militia companies and the flotilla of gunboats which cruised in search of him. Governor Marcy of the State of New York made a show of feverish energy by travelling hither and thither along the border to superintend operations, but with little effect. The pirates were understood to have taken up their summer residence on the Duck Islands in the open lake, fifteen miles southwest of Kingston. But before they left the Thousand Islands they were seen by numerous acquaintances and were spoken to on the water. Johnson let it be known that the burning of the *Sir Robert Peel* was in retaliation for the burning of the *Caroline* by the Canadian Militia in January. This thin camouflage was meant for consumption along the United States border. He also issued a "proclamation" which read as follows:

"To all whom it may concern—

"I, William Johnson, a native born citizen of Upper Canada, certify that I hold a commission in the Patriot Service of Upper Canada, as commander-in-chief of the naval forces and flotilla. I commanded the expedition that captured and destroyed the steamer *Sir Robert Peel.* The men under my command were nearly all natural born British subjects—the exceptions were volunteers

for the expedition. My headquarters was on an island in the St. Lawrence, without the jurisdiction of the United States, at a place named by me Fort Wallace. I am well acquainted with the boundary line, and know which of the islands do, and which do not belong to the United States; and in the selection of the island I wished to be positive, and not locate within the jurisdiction of the United States, and had reference to the decision of the commissioners under the 6th article of the treaty of Ghent, done at Utica, in the State of New York, 13th June, 1822. I know the number of the island, and by that decision it was British territory. I yet hold possession of that station, and we also occupy a station some twenty or more miles from the boundary line of the United States, in what was Her Majesty's dominions until it was occupied by us. I act under orders. The object of my movements is the independence of the Canadas. I am not at war with the commerce or property of the citizens of the the United States.

"Signed this tenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight.

"William Johnson."

The Earl of Durham, just arrived in Quebec as Governor-in-Chief of British North America, issued a proclamation, too, in which he offered £1,000 for the capture and conviction of each and every person engaged in the outrage on the *Sir Robert Peel.* Governor Marcy of New York State also issued a proclamation offering $500 for the

apprehension of Bill Johnson, $250 for each of his chief lieutenants. Bill Johnson then issued yet another "proclamation" in which he formally declared war against Great Britain and went on to announce that those members of his "army", who, after the destruction of the *Sir Robert Peel,* deserted into the United States, acted in defiance of his express command, and that he offered a reward of $100 for each one delivered into his custody.

About the 20th of June, the passengers on board the United States steamer *Oswego* were startled by the sudden appearance of Johnson nearly ten miles west of Brockville. He was in one of his swift-rowing boats with four of his men, all of them armed with a large and picturesque assortment of firearms. The passengers were astonished to see the vessel lie to while a boat was lowered and the captain and mate rowed over and held a long conference with the pirate. The officers returned to say that Johnson sent his compliments to the people of Canada. He boasted that a few days before he had been lying securely in harbour within pistol shot watching the armed vessel *Cobourg* searching the channels for him.

Others spoke to him frequently on the water. On these occasions he was always to be seen in his custom-built rowboat, forty feet in length, of white cedar most brilliantly painted in contrasting reds and yellows, very light so that it could be portaged with ease by the crew when they got into a tight place, driven by sixteen oars, and capable of greater speed than any vessel, steam or sail, upon the lakes. Usually he sat on the stern

which was decked for several feet, his cushion the flag of the *Sir Robert Peel,* six pistols in his belt beside a murderous bowie knife, several repeating rifles lying nonchalantly about here and there. He would say that he was at war with the Queen of England for injuries received from her Canadian subjects; that his warfare was honourable; that he knew that the Canadian authorities charged him with piracy; that, of course, he could and did expect no mercy, but that he would never be taken alive; that, if he could expect no mercy neither would he give any, and that those who came searching him had better bring their coffins with them.

He was at this time about fifty-eight years of age, very powerfully built, credited with absolute fearlessness and untiring energy. His four sons, who constantly accompanied him, seem to have resembled him considerably. Of them and of his daughter he appears to have been extremely fond, and it is likely, that much of the proceeds of the loot from the *Sir Robert Peel* found its way to their home at French Creek.

On the night of June 7th, the pirate band made a descent on Amherst Island, about ten miles west of Kingston. At about eleven o'clock the farm households of Mr. Preston, of Mr. Patterson Sr., and of Mr. Tait were rudely awakened by the noisy entrance of armed men. These ordered the inmates up, took from them their watches, what guns they had, what loose change there was about, all the food available for transportation, a certain amout of bedding, perhaps for their lair on the Main Duck Islands, and some clothes. There

was resistance. Mr. Preston, missed by the bullet intended for him, was knocked senseless by a blow from the butt of a pistol. The bullet which missed the father took off several fingers from the hand of one of his sons. Another son was stretched out in the same manner as the father. Meanwhile, Mrs. Preston escaped to alarm the neighbours, who arrived in time to see the pirates carrying away the loot from the Patterson house. They followed circumspectly, at a distance, and watched the robbers load their boats. In high indignation, Patterson junior jammed four balls into his musket and was aiming when the neighbours struck the barrel up. Let well enough alone, they said. The pirates, if provoked, might return and burn all the houses of the community out of hand.

So the marauders rowed unmolested away and, defrauded, no doubt, of their just measure of excitement for the evening, proceeded to rob the mills at Booth's Creek.

On the morning of Saturday, June 9th, a boat from Wolfe Island disturbed the pirates on Pigeon Island, a haunt of myriads of gulls, where they were apparently feasting on the eggs. The intruders did not wait for the second order to be gone.

All summer the pirates hung about, now dwindled to a very few, now increased in numbers, while militia and regulars hunted them in their special steamers and their schooners mounting guns. They seem to have been content with the excitement of the chase and with the opulence afforded them by the loot from the *Sir Robert Peel,* for their depredations were few and mostly petty.

They had succeeded, however, in raising the tension along the whole border of the Great Lakes. Rumour was perpetually busy, even to the extent of affirming that Bill Johnson had proceeded in disguise to the Upper Lakes to repeat there his exploits below. This was patently absurd, for the Canadian border afforded no other such buccaneering paradise as the Thousand Islands, strategically lying in the very highway of the country's commerce. Excited Canadian opinion blamed the interfering sympathy of United States citizens in behalf of the rebel cause in Upper and Lower Canada. The more impetuous and the wilder spirits were for taking summary vengeance. At Dunnville on the Grand River, Captain D. P. Dobbins, master of the schooner *Nicholas Biddle* from Erie, Pennsylvania, his ship lying in the river loading, hoisted on Sunday the American ensign. The rougher characters of the town gathered a mob to burn his vessel. He got wind of it, and, hoisting sail, put off; just in time, as a musket ball through his canvas told him. Returning to his home port, he vociferously cautioned United States vessels against visiting the port of Dunnville.

Along the Niagara River there gathered a small army on the United States shore, with the apparent purpose of burning Niagara-on-the-Lake and Queenston. It all came to nothing, however, for the Canadian Government sent cavalry to Queenston, and the United States Government stationed troops at Lewiston to prevent raids into Canada. For a long time, nevertheless, the regular steamers from Toronto took on

a heavy guard at Queenston before venturing across the river to Lewiston to deliver the mail.

That Bill Johnson had a commission, as he boasted, in the rebel forces of Upper Canada is probably true enough. The rebel leaders would be glad of the aid and influence of such a man. They had many officers far less effective than he. But even he was to be shown ineffective in his own river later in that same year of 1838. In December, a conglomeration of enthusiasts and thugs, calling itself an army of invasion, was assembled along the American border, chiefly at Oswego and Sackett's Harbour. The whole was under the leadership of "General" Bierge and of Colonel Von Schultz. Bill Johnson commanded one of the schooners which bore the invaders across from Ogdensburg to Prescott on the morning of November 12th. "General" Bierge felt himself too ill on the day of the attack to take command; Bill Johnson managed to run his schooner on a sandbar in the river and never reached the Canadian bank; only Von Schultz, chivalrous, misguided gentleman of Poland, landed his men and commanded them, though deserted by his friends, till the regulars and militia surrounded his position, captured him and led him away, to be hanged a month later.

Johnson did not show up well in this incident, but he had his apologists, and it is quite possible that bad organization rather than cowardice explains his conduct. He could at least say that this was not the sort of thing to which he was used, and that he had always been more successful when he was the leader and the sole organizer.

To outfit this schooner Johnson had "lifted" a brass cannon belonging to the militia of the State of New York, which was in the safe-keeping of C. T. Burwell of Ogdensburg. This gentleman, responsible for the piece and facing considerable pecuniary loss as soon as a court of enquiry should sit upon the matter, got him a companion, Mr. A. B. James, and went gunning for Bill Johnson. They found him about three miles west of Ogdensburg. Apparently they watched the river well, saw him approach in a rowboat with one of his sons and land at this lonely spot, and then they traced him through the woods. James attended to the son while Burwell followed the father. Covering young Johnson with his gun, James made him land, disarmed him, and made him pull up the boat. Then he removed the oars, took them off among the trees and hid them. Meanwhile, Bill Johnson, rounded up by Burwell and fearing an ambush, came rushing madly down to the waterside, shouting, "My boat! My boat!" Here he ran against the muzzles of James' pistols, and was ordered to surrender. He himself had a pistol in each hand, and, though Burwell came along at this moment and cut off his retreat, he refused to surrender. The two men then seized him but he shook them off, and warned them on peril of death against repetition of such impudence. They closed with him again, and again he struggled free. No trigger was pulled, for apparently neither side wished to push matters to extremes, and to complicate the affair with bloodshed. Johnson's son stood by and shouted to him to run into the woods because the oars were

gone and there was no hope by water. Johnson attempted this manoeuvre, but James and Burwell were too quick for him and headed him off. Finally, realizing that the game was up, he offered to surrender himself, provided that his captors allowed his son to carry off his weapons. Burwell and James readily answered that he could do what he liked with his arms, for they merely wanted him. There was high talk back and forth for some moments, but at length Johnson handed over to his son a repeating rifle of Cochran make fitted with a magazine holding twelve discharges, and two large rifle pistols. It was several minutes before the two men could persuade him to divest himself of the four smaller pistols which he also carried, and of his long bowie knife. This transaction completed at last, the prisoner and his escort set off toward Ogdensburg. They had not gone far, however, when, coming out upon the road, they ran into a squad of United States regulars, accompanied by a deputy-sheriff from Jefferson and a deputy United States marshall. Burwell and James willingly turned over their captive to this military and civil force. He was put aboard the United States patrol boat *Telegraph,* commanded by Col. Worth, which happened to be near by in the river, and he was taken thus to Ogdensburg.

Johnson does not seem to have remained long in detention. The Canadians when they heard of it came immediately to the conclusion that his escape had been connived at by United States officials. However that may be, when next heard of, Johnson was enjoying himself in New York.

There he was arrested at the end of August, 1839, on a bench warrant. He was brought to Watertown by a deputy-sheriff from Albany. At Watertown Johnson offered bail. The deputy-sheriff took his prisoner to Adams to see a certain Judge Wright about this. The Judge seemed willing enough, but demanded $10,000. Johnson protested that this was exorbitant. He said it was paramount to being placed behind the bars. Then he made an offer of $5,000. The Judge had apparently had this figure in his mind when he had started the bargaining, because he closed on it with alacrity. That a judge should have been willing to release on any bail a man charged with piracy and other very weighty offences gives some colour to the Canadian accusations that the United States officials were going through certain motions for formality's sake, and were not serious.

The figure of the bail fixed, the deputy-sheriff accompanied Johnson from Adams back to Watertown, on the understanding that Judge Wright would follow next day to make out the bonds. Johnson had become quite chummy with the deputy-sheriff and had succeeded in putting his suspicions to sleep. By the time they arrived at Watertown, the deputy-sheriff apparently thought him a fine and honourable fellow. It was already dark. Johnson requested to be allowed to hunt up some of his bail. The deputy-sheriff, glowing with faith in human nature, permitted him to get for a fraction of a moment out of his sight. That fraction was enough. Johnson had granted himself a cheaper bail than even Judge Wright would have countenanced. A day later

the deputy-sheriff retraced his steps to Albany, a disillusioned and perhaps a more efficient officer. The Canadians, when they heard of it, were sceptical of the deputy-sheriff's faith in human nature. They called it something else. *The Quebec Gazette* headed an article "Another Instance of the Vigilance of the American Authorities."

As far as is known, Bill Johnson made straight for his old haunts. Within two or three weeks he was rumoured to be in possession of Grindstone Island, a large island near his old "Fort Wallace". It was said that on September 14th, 1839, there were landed three cases of muskets, several kegs of gunpowder and other munitions.

Perhaps Johnson was only fortifying himself against possible pursuit, to wait until the memory of his exploits was dim. At any rate Johnson faded at this point from Canadian history. The excitement of the Rebellion was dying down. The tension on the border, eased greatly by Lord Durham's representations at Washington and his diplomatic behaviour with regard to the United States, passed slowly away. What Johnson did for further diversion is lost in the silence which descended on his life once more. It is probable that he realized that his hour of opportunity had quite departed. It is probable that he was satisfied to escape hanging on Canadian soil, a fate that befell more than one of his followers of the *Sir Robert Peel* escapade, and that he retired once more to some kind of peaceful smuggling. Scoundrel as he was, however, he left a colourful trail across a corner of a page of Canada's story.

A TRAGEDY OF GENEROUS YOUTH

FATE can reserve the strangest adventure just around the corner of even the most monotonous existence. It would seem a *tour de force,* however, to embark a young man for one foreign country where he hopes to make his fortune, and within a few weeks, to plunge him into the midst of an insurrection in another foreign country, raise him to the rank of general, throw him ten days later into the hands of the outraged government to be tried before a court martial and pitilessly compelled to face the black shame of the gallows. It all happened in 1838 and 1839 and the final scene was staged in Montreal.

Without palliation of the hothead folly of the young man, we must admit the story of Hindenlang a pathetic one, indeed a romantic one. He had his mad adventure; it failed; he paid the forfeit. He stands in no man's debt henceforward. Interloper in the affairs of our country as he was, he can claim our interest and our sympathy.

Charles Hindenlang was born in 1810 in a very respectable Protestant family of Swiss origin which had long since become Parisian. He was five years old when Napoleon's star was finally eclipsed at Waterloo. He grew up amid the golden mist of the Napoleonic legend. He was one of the new generation which forgot, because it had

never experienced the oppression of the Imperial upstart, the blood-shed unceasing, the suffering, the callous exploitation, and remembered only the glory. His mind saturated with a hatred of England and with a burning enthusiasm for that most impalpable of desiderata—liberty—both of them a legacy from Revolutionary-Empire days, he was of the very choicest stuff for tragedy. When a rising occurred in his own city of Paris he could hardly be expected to keep out of it. He won distinction at the barricades in that hectic July of 1830 when Louis Philippe replaced the absolutist Bourbon, Charles X, and became the first—and last—king of France to reign but not to rule.

Hindenlang was decorated for his services and he enlisted in the army. An incurable peace, however, seemed to have set in and, after years of waiting, he saw no hope of rising within a reasonable time beyond his lieutenancy in the 5th Light Infantry. So he resigned and emigrated to New York in 1838. There he intended to establish himself in business, an importing business, perhaps as a branch of his father's firm in France.

While he kicked his heels in the commercial capital of that country in which the name of his fellow-countryman, Lafayette, stood so high, and waited for his first consignment, he could not help meeting the refugee French-Canadians in the city. There were a number of them, men who had taken part in the Rebellion in Canada the year before and who could not or would not return. Of these the one who influenced young Hindenlang most was Ludger Duvernay, he who afterward chose the maple leaf as the emblem of Canada. Duvernay

told him that another effort was under way. Hindenlang took fire. Here was the situation to appeal to him—England oppressing (so he was told) a part of his own race. Hatred of Napoleon's conqueror, love of liberty, these formed the ground of his romantic mentality. He did not know the country; he absorbed the haziest notion of the condition of affairs, but it was enough for him that Frenchmen were under the heel of a tyrant. He threw in his lot with the conspirators.

That there was deliberate deception practised upon him, as he afterwards most bitterly charged, seems improbable. But, no doubt, the men who persuaded him were themselves the victims of highly coloured reports from their country, and of their own high hopes. In any case he and another Frenchman, Touvrey, who was responding to the same stimulus as he was, saw the prospects as quite rosy, though in reality the arrangements were pitifully inadequate and the whole affair was one of the most hopeless in the long tale of the world's insurrections.

The two young Frenchmen were forwarded from New York to Plattsburg and thence to the village of Champlain where they were kept carefully hidden by the conspirators. On the dark stormy night of Saturday, November 3rd, 1838, they were ferried to St. Albans where they met Dr. Robert Nelson, "President of the Provisional Government of Canada". He was accompanied by one man, a guide. In his boat there lay two hundred and fifty muskets provided by an American, Colonel Burton, for the arming of the Canadian rebels. With the boatman the party num-

bered five. The boat pushed off in the pelting rain and dropped down the lake into the Richelieu River. At the Canadian boundary they disembarked. Here, according to Dr. Nelson's confident forecast, there would be a great assemblage of Canadians to receive them. Not a soul appeared. It took the guide an hour to discover half a dozen men willing to turn out to land the arms. This done, three horses were procured and Dr. Nelson and his French companions journeyed through the night to Napierville, twelve miles or so to the northward.

At Napierville the travellers were received, that raw morning of Sunday, November 4th, with more distinction. Dr. Côté, Nelson's right-hand man, who had preceded him hither, paraded his total force, about three hundred men. A large crowd of the curious collected to watch the ceremony. Dr. Nelson was proclaimed "President of the Republic of Lower Canada". There were fervent speeches. Hindenlang and Touvrey were presented as two French officers whose sympathy had brought them overseas to help in freeing their brethren. The two stood modestly shivering as they listened to the forensic fireworks. Disillusionment was beginning to set in for them.

For four days Hindenlang remained at Napierville drilling the rabble which poured in, part willing, part reluctantly driven, and forming it into a semblance of military organization—sections of nine men and a non-commissioned officer, five sections to a company. Valued for his military experience, it is quite possible that he was valued even more highly by Nelson and his

associate conspirators for the psychological effect of his presence there upon the credulous *habitants.* It would bolster the rumour that Frenchmen in far-off France were at least interested in the fate of their kin in Lower Canada; hence might not many of them, might not France herself take action? This may help to explain why Hindenlang suddenly found himself exalted to the rank of Brigadier-General in the rebel army.

Meanwhile, Sir John Colborne, commander of the Forces and Administrator of the Province, had acted quickly. Regulars and militia were on their way from Montreal in the north. The militia had turned out southward along the border and were holding Odelltown. Nelson and his army were cut off from their base of supplies in the United States, and were in imminent danger of being crushed by Sir John's superior force before they were in any condition to meet it. Nelson retreated precipitately toward the border to open his line of communications.

On the morning of Friday, November 9th, the rebel army, less than a thousand strong (fifteen hundred and more than a thousand strong (fifteen ishes or had deserted) arrived at Odelltown, a mile or two from the border. There lay approximately two hundred volunteer militia to meet them, posted in the Methodist church. A small field-gun, captured three days previously from a rebel party under Dr. Côté, swept the road in front of the church and caused frightful havoc in the ranks of the insurgents as they came on. They were in three columns, that on the right commanded by Hindenlang. They deployed and attacked.

The battle lasted from about 11 a.m. till about 3 p.m. A sally made by the besieged deprived the rebels of the shelter of a barn. It was a desultory affair, neither side coming to close grips with the other until the end. About two hundred of the rebels were armed only with pikes, and many more were provided with the most ancient, rusty, rickety pieces, of outlandish makes. Large numbers of them had no stomach for this dangerous work inasmuch as they had been intimidated into joining the movement. Hindenlang, in his deposition made afterwards for the Government, graphically describes the scene—"Many persons were forced by the menaces and precautions taken by the cowardly Nelson to join in these movements. They were told they must declare themselves, and be either "patriots" or "bureaucrats". On arriving on the open ground fronting a fortified house, the greater part of the force spread itself into a field, to the right and to the left; there was only a handful of men, more brave than their fellows, who sheltered themselves behind a barn and opened fire. The greater part of the Canadians kept out of the range of shot; threw themselves on their knees, with their faces buried in the snow, praying to God, and remaining as motionless as if they were so many saints, hewn in stone. Many remained in that posture as long as the firing lasted."

Just as the rebels were becoming thoroughly discouraged in spite of the heroic efforts of Hindenlang, a company of one hundred loyal militia, having heard firing across the Richelieu River, burst upon the scene, and the rebels fled in

all directions. Hindenlang's five-day career as a general was ended. He was captured next day as he was attempting to cross the border. His chief, the "President", had made good his escape during the latter part of the action.

In prison at Montreal, frantically realizing his perilous position, he made a bid for lenience by writing a detailed account of the whole business, exposing Nelson and his associates. Most of those he mentioned, however, were safe beyond the border.

His trial began before the Court Martial in Montreal on January 22nd, 1839. His desperate twistings and turnings are a matter of official record. He questioned the prosecution's spelling of his name; he questioned the legality of the court's commission; he questioned the competence of a court of British officers to try a subject of the King of France; he instanced the cases of Lord Byron, Lord Cochrane, the Earl of Dundonald, Captains Napier and Elliott, and General de Lacy Evans, to show that British subjects interfering on behalf of rebels to foreign governments were at home considered heroes. He defied anyone to mention a modern political upheaval or insurrection in which British officers had not been implicated. He introduced as precedent the recent case of a ship manned by British officers and carrying British arms to Russian rebels, which, when captured, had merely been sent back to England by the Czar with a complaint. All to no avail. The trial was short. Found guilty, he was sentenced "to be hanged by the neck till he be dead, at such time and place as His Excellency the Lieutenant-

General, Governor-in-Chief, and Commander of the Forces, may appoint.''

The time was February 15th in the morning; the place was a gallows erected over the main door of the ''New Prison''.

Hindenlang was very bitter. He was furious at having been caught in such a trap. He felt, rather unreasonably, that he had been the victim of injustice. The truth would seem to be that he had not beforehand realized the gravity of his actions. The afternoon before his execution he was present at a banquet in prison, given in honour of those about to die by their fellow prisoners. In his rhetorical, but affecting speech, he inveighed most bitterly against Great Britain. That night he wrote letter after letter to his friends in France, burning words and words of gall. There is much of pathos in the scathing jeers he penned that night upon the object of his hatred, Great Britain and her government in Lower Canada.

In the grey dawn they bound his hands and led him out, pale, nervous, agitated. ''Courage, dear friend, this will soon be over'', called his companion, the brave French-Canadian de Lorimier, and he regained his self-possession. ''Death is nothing to a Frenchman,'' he cried. On the scaffold, standing beside the swaying noose, he addressed the crowd—

''From this scaffold erected by English hands I declare that I die convinced that I have done my duty. My sentence is unjust but I freely pardon those who pronounced it. The cause for which I die is noble and great; I am proud of it, and I do not fear to die. The blood shed for this cause

shall be redeemed by blood. May the guilty bear the responsibility for this. Canadians, in bidding you goodbye, I bequeath you the device of France, 'Liberty forever'."

A moment later the trap had fallen and the adventure was over.

Hindenlang's sentence had been severe as a deterrent to other would-be interlopers from the United States, for there were many along our borders. But the altruistic enthusiasm of the young man lifts him far above the ruck of the riff-raff composing these forces of invasion. His case is comparable with that of the chivalrous Pole, Von Schultz, who, labouring, as did Hindenlang, under the wildest illusions concerning the conditions in Canada, behaved with courage in the invasion at Prescott when the real leaders and conspirators showed up badly, was captured, and was hanged at Kingston in December, 1838. Both of them, by their generous, mad escapades and their expiation, have carved for themselves a niche in the story of Canada.

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